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To:-

Nathan Stephen, Esq.,
F.S.P., F.P.C. (Lond.)

From:-

"Wembley"

Feb. 1921.

THE DICKENS DICTIONARY

THE
DICKENS DICTIONARY

A KEY TO THE CHARACTERS AND PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS
IN THE TALES OF CHARLES DICKENS

BY
GILBERT A. PIERCE

WITH ADDITIONS BY
WILLIAM A. WHEELER

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, LD.

PREFACE.

In passing the sheets of the English Edition of this Dictionary through the press, for Messrs. Chapman and Hall, I have found it necessary to make but very few alterations in the work of its American compilers. Such alterations as will be found in the book in its present form consist mainly in the omission of extracts from published criticisms, and of references to the originals (real and imaginary) of some of the characters in my father's books, these being matters which did not appear to me necessary to the plan of the Dictionary, and which, for many reasons, I thought it undesirable to retain. The extracts from the stories, in this edition, are taken directly from the novels.

I may, perhaps, be permitted to express a very favourable opinion of the singularly painstaking and careful manner, in which Mr. Pierce and Mr. Wheeler have carried out what has clearly been to them a labour of love.

CHARLES DICKENS.

January, 1878.

PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

On bringing the First Series of "All the Year Round" to a close, Mr. Dickens used these words: "It is better that every kind of work, honestly undertaken and discharged, should speak for itself than be spoken for." Now, as the general intent of this volume, the manner of its execution, and its usefulness to the reading public, will be sufficiently obvious on even a cursory inspection, they need not be "spoken for" here. A few facts, however, crave to be stated by way of explanation and acknowledgment.

The arrangement of the names of characters under each tale is alphabetical; but the order in which the tales themselves are treated is chronological. The latter remark, however, does not apply to the "Reprinted Pieces," which are put at the end of the list, as having been originally published, in "Household Words," at various dates between the years 1850 and 1856. Nor does it apply to "Some Uncollected

Pieces," which, though among the earliest of our author's productions, are placed after all the rest, as being little known, and, at present, inaccessible to the majority of readers.

Besides these, a number of other sketches and tales still remain to be gathered from "Household Words," "All the Year Round," and from other sources. To the "Christmas Numbers" published in connection with these two periodicals, Mr. Dickens was generally a contributor; and in 1867 he collected and revised, expressly for the "Diamond" edition of his works (published in America), "the portions of those numbers" written by himself—namely, "Somebody's Luggage," "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy," "Doctor Marigold," "Two Ghost Stories," "The Boy at Mugby," and "The Holly-Tree." He is said to have written the first and third portions of "The Perils of Certain English Prisoners" (1857), and more or less of "The Haunted House" (1859), "A Message from the Sea" (1860), "No Thoroughfare" (1867), &c.; but as he did not see fit to acknowledge any share in these composite productions, and as it would be impossible to separate his contributions from those of the other writers associated with him, these stories have been wholly omitted. It is to be noted, however, that although, in the "Diamond" edition, he claimed as his own only those portions of "Mugby Junction" entitled "The Boy at Mugby" and "The Signal-Man" (reprinted as the second of "Two Ghost Stories"), yet, in the Contents prefixed to this Christmas number of "All the Year Round," he put his name as author to two other portions, entitled "Barbox Brothers" and "Barbox

Brothers and Co." These are accordingly included in the present work.

In three or four cases, the extracts from Dickens are taken from his "Readings, as Condensed by Himself," and not directly from his novels. In the case of other extracts, omissions and explanatory additions are always carefully indicated.

The summaries of the Principal Incidents in the longer tales have been borrowed (with some slight additions and changes) from the "Diamond" edition; but, as the original references were to the pages in that edition only, these have been omitted, and chapter references given in their stead. They will be found to furnish an excellent analysis of the tales, and to be exceedingly convenient for reference. A general synopsis of each story may also be readily obtained by reading the account of the principal character or characters figuring in it.

The number of names of characters included in the General Index, and more or less fully treated in the pages preceding the Index, is upwards of fifteen hundred and fifty. The number of names of imaginary places, societies, and literary works, and of familiar phrases or sayings, and the like—also included in the Index—is upwards of two hundred.

On the completion of this Dictionary, it was placed in the hands of Mr. William A. Wheeler, as a "scholar of critical habits and approved experience," to be revised and corrected for the press; and he has read every page of it with scrupulous care, both in the manuscript and the proofs, suggesting many

alterations which have materially improved the work, besides furnishing contributions of his own, which have given it still greater interest, value, and completeness.

As the preparation of this manual has been a pleasant task, the Author would fain hope that those who consult it may find the perusal equally pleasant; and that it may help, in however small a degree, to extend and perpetuate the fame and influence of Charles Dickens, not only in his native land, where he rested his claims to remembrance, and in America, whose people he always regarded as "essentially one" with his own countrymen, but throughout the world, which he has so warmed and cheered with the sunshine of his genius and humanity, and to whose intellectual wealth he has added so much.

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ALPHABETICAL ORDER

OF

DICKENS'S NOVELS AND MINOR TALES,

WITH THE DATE OF THEIR FIRST PUBLICATION.

BARNABY RUDGE, 1841.

BATTLE OF LIFE, 1864.

BLEAK HOUSE, 1852–53.

BOY AT MUGBY, 1866.

CHIMES, 1844.

CHRISTMAS CAROL, 1843.

CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, 1845.

DAVID COPPERFIELD, 1849–50.

DOCTOR MARIGOLD, 1865.

DOMBEY AND SON, 1846–48.

GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION, 1868.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS, 1861.

HARD TIMES, 1854.

HAUNTED MAN, 1848.

HOLIDAY ROMANCE, 1868.

HOLLY TREE, 1855.

HUNTED DOWN, 1859.

LITTLE DORRIT, 1855–57.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, 1843–44.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK, 1840–41.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY, 1864.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS, 1863.

MUDFOG ASSOCIATION, 1837–38.

MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD, 1870.

NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES, 1869.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, 1838–39.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, 1840–41.

OLIVER TWIST, 1837–39.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, 1864–65.

PICKWICK PAPERS, 1836–37.

REPRINTED PIECES, 1858.

Namely:—The Begging-Letter Writer, 1850.
Bill Sticking, 1851.
Births. Mrs. Meek, of a Son, 1851
Child's Dream of a Star, 1850.
Child's Story, 1852.
Christmas-Tree, 1850.
Detective Police, 1850.
Down with the Tide, 1853.
A Flight, 1851.
The Ghost of Art, 1850.
The Long Voyage, 1853.
Lying Awake, 1852.
A Monument of French Folly, 1851.
Noble Savage, 1853.
Nobody's Story, 1853.
On Duty with Inspector Field, 1851.
Our Bore, 1852.
Our English Watering-Place, 1851.
Our French Watering-Place, 1854.

REPRINTED PIECES—*continued.*

OUR HONOURABLE FRIEND, 1852.

OUR SCHOOL, 1851.

OUR VESTRY, 1852.

OUT OF THE SEASON, 1856.

OUT OF TOWN, 1856.

A PLATED ARTICLE, 1852.

A POOR MAN'S TALE OF A PATENT, 1850.

POOR RELATION'S STORY, 1852.

PRINCE BULL: A FAIRY-TALE, 1855.

SCHOOLBOY'S STORY, 1853.

THREE "DETECTIVE" ANECDOTES, 1850.

WALK IN A WORKHOUSE, 1850.

SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS, 1854.

SKETCHES BY BOZ, 1836.

Namely:—OUR PARISH; *containing* The Beedle, the Parish Engine, the Schoolmaster; The Curate, the Old Lady, the Half-pay Captain; The Four Sisters; The Election for Beadle: The Broker's Man; The Ladies' Societies; Our Next-door Neighbour.

SCENES; *containing* The Streets—Morning; The Streets—Night; Shops and their Tenants; Scotland Yard; Seven Dials; Meditations in Monmouth Street; Hackney-Coach Stands; Doctors' Commons; London Recreations; The River; Astley's; Greenwich Fair; Private Theatres; Vauxhall Gardens by Day; Early Coaches; Omnibuses; The Last Cab-Driver, and the First Omnibus Cab; A Parliamentary Sketch; Public Dinners; The First of May; Brokers' and Marine-Store Shops; Gin Shops; The Pawnbroker's Shop; Criminal Courts; A Visit to Newgate.

SKETCHES BY BOZ—*continued.*

CHARACTERS; *containing* Thoughts about People; A Christmas Dinner; The New Year; Miss Evans and the Eagle; The Parlour Orator; The Hospital Patient; The Misplaced Attachment of Mr. John Dounce; The Mistaken Milliner; The Dancing Academy; Shabby-Genteel People; Making a Night of it; The Prisoners' Van.

TALES; *containing* the Boarding-House; Mr. Minns and his Cousin; Sentiment; The Tuggses at Ramsgate; Horatio Sparkins; The Black Veil; The Steam Excursion; The Great Winglebury Duel; Mrs. Joseph Porter; A Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle; The Bloomsbury Christening: The Drunkard's Death.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES, 1841.

Namely:—The Young Couple; The Formal Couple: The Loving Couple; The Contradictory Couple; The Couple who Dote upon their Children; The Cool Couple; The Plausible Couple; The Nice Little Couple; The Egotistical Couple; The Couple who Coddle Themselves; The Old Couple.

SOME UNCOLLECTED PIECES.

Namely:—IS SHE HIS WIFE? 1837.

THE LAMPLIGHTER'S STORY, 1841.

PANTOMIME OF LIFE, 1837.

PUBLIC LIFE OF MR. TULRUMBLE, 1837

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN, 1837.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES, 1836.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE, 1862.

TALE OF TWO CITIES, 1859.

TWO GHOST STORIES, 1865–66.

UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER, 1860.

THE DICKENS DICTIONARY.

SKETCHES BY BOZ,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE AND EVERY-DAY PEOPLE.

THESE are a collection of short pieces, comprising Mr. Dickens's first attempts at authorship. They were originally contributed to "The Monthly Magazine" ("The Old Monthly," as it was called to distinguish it from Colburn's "New Monthly"), *The Morning Chronicle*, and *Bell's Life in London*. In 1836 they were brought together, and republished, with illustrations by George Cruikshank, in two series, of which the former was contained in two volumes and the latter in one. The very first of these "Sketches" was that entitled "Mrs. Joseph Porter." It appeared in "The Monthly Magazine" for January, 1834. The first in which Dickens assumed the pseudonym of "Boz" was the second part or chapter of "The Boarding House," which came out in the same magazine in August, 1834. Of the origin of this name, the author has given the following account: "'Boz' was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother [Augustus Dickens], whom I had dubbed Moses in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield; which, being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and, being shortened, became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar household word to me long before I was an author; and so I came to adopt it."

Mr. Dickens's own estimate of "The Sketches"—given in 1850, in the Preface to a new edition of them—was, that they are often "extremely crude and ill-considered, bearing obvious marks of haste and inexperience, particularly in that section of the volume which is comprised under the general head of Tales."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

Our Parish.

The Beadle.

SIMMONS. Parish beadle.

The Four Sisters.

DAWSON, MR. A surgeon, &c., in attendance on Mrs. Robinson at the time of her confinement.

ROBINSON, MR. A gentleman in a public office, who marries the youngest Miss Willis, though he has to court her three sisters also, as they are all completely identified one with another.

WILLISES, THE FOUR MISS. Four sisters in "our parish," who seem to have no separate existence, and who drive the neighbourhood distracted by keeping profoundly secret the name of the fortunate one who is to marry Mr. Robinson.

Election for Beadle.

BUNG, MR. A man of thirty-five years of age, with five small children; a candidate for the office of beadle, which he obtains by a large majority. (*See below.*)

PURDAY, CAPTAIN. A bluff and unceremonious old naval officer on half-pay (first introduced, though not mentioned by name, in the sketch entitled "The Curate"). He is a determined opponent of the constituted authorities, whoever they may chance to be, and zealously supports Bung for beadle.

SPRUGGINS, MR. THOMAS. Defeated candidate for beadle; a little thin man, fifty years old, with a pale face expressive of care and fatigue, owing, perhaps, to the fact of his having ten small children (two of them twins) and a wife.

SPRUGGINS, MRS. His wife. She solicits votes for her husband, and increases the general prepossession which at first prevails in his favour by her personal appearance, which indicates the probability of a still further addition, at no remote period, to his already large family.

The Broker's Man.

BUNG, MR. A broker's assistant, afterwards the parish beadle. (*See above.*) One of those careless, good-for-nothing, happy fellows who float cork-like on the surface for the world to play at hockey with.

FIXEM. A broker, who assumes the alias of Smith; Bung's master.

JOHN. A servant.

The Ladies' Societies.

BROWNS, THE THREE MISS. Members of various visitation committees and charitable societies, and admirers of the curate, who is a young man and unmarried. They are opposed to—

PARKER, MRS. JOHNSON. The mother of seven extremely fine girls—all unmarried—and the founder of a Ladies' Bible and Prayer-Book Distribution Society, from which the Miss Browns are excluded.

Our Next-door Neighbour.

WILLIAM. A young man who overtasks himself to earn a support for himself and his widowed mother, and at last dies in her arms.

Scenes.

The Streets.—Night.

MACKLIN, MRS. An inhabitant of No. 4 in one of the little streets in the suburbs of London.

PEPLOW, MRS. A neighbour of Mrs. Macklin.

PEPLOW, MASTER. Her son.

SMUGGINS, MR. A little round-faced man, in the comic line, with a mixed air of self-denial and mental consciousness of his own powers.

WALKER, MRS. An inhabitant of No. 5 in the same street with Mrs. Macklin.

Seven Dials.

MARY. A woman who has taken "three-outs" enough of gin and bitters to make her quarrelsome.

SARAH. A vixen who falls out with her, and settles the difficulty by a resort to blows.

Doctors' Commons.

BUMPLE, MICHAEL. Promoter, or complainant, against Mr. Sludberry, in a brawling case.

SLUDBERRY, THOMAS. A little red-faced, sly-looking, ginger-beer seller, defendant in case of "Bumple against Sludberry;" sentenced to excommunication for a fortnight and payment of costs.

London Recreations.

BILL, UNCLE. One of a party of Sunday pleasurers at a tea-garden; considered a great wit by his friends.

SALLY. His niece, joked by Uncle Bill about her marriage, and her first baby, because a certain young man is "keeping company" with her.

The River.

DANDO. A boatman.

Astley's.

WOOLFORD, MISS. A circus-rider.

Private Theatres.

LARKINS, JEM. An amateur actor in the genteel comedy line, known to the public as Mr. Horatio St. Julian.

LOGGINS, MR. A player who takes the part of Macbeth, and is announced on the bills as Mr. Beverley.

Vauxhall Gardens by Day.

GREEN, MR. An aeronaut.

GREEN, MR., JUN. His son and assistant.

The Last Cab-driver and the First Omnibus-cad.

BARKER, MR. WILLIAM, commonly called "Bill Boorker" *or* Aggerawatin' Bill." An omnibus-cad, with a remarkable talent for enticing the youthful and unwary, and shoving the old and helpless into the wrong 'bus.

A Parliamentary Sketch.

CAPTAIN, THE. A spare, squeaking old man, always damning his own eyes or "somebody else's," and a complete walking-reservoir of spirits and water.

JANE. The Hebe of "Bellamy's," or the refreshment-room of the Houses of Parliament. She has a thorough contempt for the great majority of her visitors, and a great love of admiration.

NICHOLAS. The butler of "Bellamy's." He has held the same place, dressed exactly in the same manner, and said precisely the same things ever since the oldest of its present visitors can remember.

TOM, HONEST. A metropolitan member of the House of Commons.

The First of May.

SLUFFEN, MR., of Adam-and-Eve Court. A speaker at the anniversary dinner given to the chimney-sweeps on May-day at White Conduit House.

The Pawnbroker's Shop.

HENRY, MR. A pawnbroker, whose shop is near Drury Lane.

JINKINS. A customer, dirty, intoxicated, and quarrelsome.

MACKIN, MRS. Another customer, slipshod and abusive.

TATHAM, MRS. An old woman who tries to borrow eighteen pence or a shilling on a child's frock and "a beautiful silk 'ankecher."

Characters.

Thoughts about People.

SMITH, MR. A poor clerk, a mere passive creature of habit and endurance.

A Christmas Dinner.

GEORGE, AUNT. The hostess at whose house the Christmas family-party assemble.

GEORGE, UNCLE. Her husband.

JANE, AUNT. Another member of the family.

MARGARET, AUNT. Married to a poor man, and treated coldly by her relations in consequence.

ROBERT, UNCLE. Husband to Aunt Jane.

The New Year.

DOBBLE, MR. A clerk in a public office, who gives a quadrille party on New Year's Eve.

DOBBLE, MR., JUN. His son.

DOBBLE, MISS JULIA. His eldest daughter.

DOBBLE, MRS. His wife.

TUPPLE, MR. A junior clerk in the same office with Mr. Dobble; a young man with a tendency to cold and corns, but "a charming person," and "a perfect ladies' man."

Miss Evans and the Eagle.

EVANS, MISS JEMIMA (*called* "J'mima Ivins" by her acquaintances). A shoe-binder and straw bonnet maker, affianced to Mr. Samuel Wilkins.

EVANS, MISS TILLY. One of her sisters.

EVANS, MRS. Her mother.

WILKINS, MR. SAMUEL. A journeyman carpenter of small dimensions, "keeping company" with Miss Jemima Evans.

The Parlour Orator.

ELLIS, MR. A sharp-nosed man, with a very slow and soft voice, who considers Mr. Rogers "such improving company."

ROGERS, MR. A stoutish man of about forty, with a red face and a confident oracular air, which marks him as a leading politician, general authority, and universal anecdote-relater. Proof is what he requires—proof, not assertions—in regard to anything and everything whatsoever.

TOMMY. A little chubby-faced greengrocer, of great good sense, who opposes Mr. Rogers, and is denounced by him, in consequence, as "a willing slave."

The Hospital Patient.

JACK. A young fellow who treats his paramour so brutally as to cause her death, and yet is so loved by her, even to the last, that she cannot be persuaded to swear his life away, but dies praying God to bless him.

THE MISPLACED ATTACHMENT OF MR. JOHN DOUNCE.

DOUNCE, MR. JOHN. A fat, red-faced, white-headed old boy, a retired glove and braces maker, and a widower. He falls in love with a bewitching barmaid, who trifles with his affections, and at last tells him plainly that she "wouldn't have him at no price;" whereupon he offers himself successively to a schoolmistress, a landlady, a feminine tobacconist, a housekeeper, and his own cook, by the last of whom he is accepted, married—and thoroughly henpecked.

HARRIS, MR. A law stationer and a jolly old fellow; a friend of Mr. Dounce.

JENNINGS, MR. A robe maker; also a friend of Mr. Dounce, and a sad dog in his time.

JONES, MR. Another friend, a barrister's clerk, and a rum fellow—capital company—full of anecdote.

THE MISTAKEN MILLINER.

MARTIN, MISS AMELIA. A milliner and dressmaker who has an ambition to "come out" as a public singer, and tries it, but fails miserably.

RODOLPH, MR. AND MRS. JENNINGS. Her friends and counsellors.

THE DANCING ACADEMY.

BILLSMETHI, SIGNOR. A popular dancing-master.

BILLSMETHI, MASTER. His son.

BILLSMETHI, MISS. His daughter, a young lady with her hair curled in a crop all over her head, and her shoes tied in sandals all over her ankles. She sets her cap for Mr. Cooper, and, not succeeding in securing him for a husband, brings a suit for breach of promise, but finally compromises the matter for twenty pounds, four shillings, and sixpence.

COOPER, MR. AUGUSTUS. A young gentleman of Fetter Lane, in the oil and colour business, just of age, with a little money, a little business, and a little mother.

MAKING A NIGHT OF IT.

POTTER, MR. THOMAS. A clerk in the City, with a limited income, and an unbounded friendship for Mr. Smithers.

SMITHERS, MR. ROBERT. Also a clerk in the City, knit by the closest ties of intimacy and friendship to Mr. Potter. On the receipt of their quarter's salary, these two "thick-and-thin pals," as they style themselves, spend an evening together, and proceeding by degrees from simple hilarity to drunkenness, commit various breaches of the peace; are locked up in the station-house for the night; brought before the police court in the morning, and each fined five shillings for being drunk, and thirty-four pounds for seventeen assaults at forty shillings a head.

The Prisoners' Van.

BELLA. A young girl, not fourteen, forced by a sordid and rapacious mother to a life of vice and crime, which she loathes, but cannot escape from.

EMILY. Her sister, hardened in depravity by two additional years' experience of the debauchery of London street-life, and priding herself on being "game."

Tales.

The Boarding House.

AGNES. Mrs. Bloss's maid.

BLOSS, MRS. The wealthy widow of a cork-cutter, whose cook she had been. Having nothing to do, she imagines she must be ill, but eats amazingly, and has the appearance of being remarkably well. She makes the acquaintance of Mr. Gobler, and marries him.

CALTON, MR. A superannuated beau, exceedingly vain, inordinately selfish, and the very pink of politeness. He makes himself agreeable to Mrs. Maplesone, and agrees to marry her; but, failing to do so, she sues him for breach of promise, and recovers a thousand pounds.

EVENSON, MR. JOHN. A stern, morose, and discontented man, a thorough radical, and a universal fault-finder.

GOBLER, MR. A lazy, selfish hypochondriac, whose digestion is so much impaired, and whose interior so deranged, that his stomach is not of the least use to him.

HICKS, MR. SEPTIMUS. A tallish, white-faced, spectacled young man, who has the reputation of being very talented.

He falls in love with Miss Matilda Maplesone, whom he marries, but afterwards deserts.

JAMES. A servant to Mrs. Tibbs.

MAPLESONE, MRS. An enterprising widow of fifty, shrewd, scheming, and good-looking, with no objection to marrying again if it would benefit her dear girls.

MAPLESONE, MISS JULIA. Her younger daughter; married to Mr. Simpson.

MAPLESONE, MISS MATILDA. Her elder daughter; married to Mr. Septimus Hicks.

O'BLEARY, MR. FREDERICK. A patriotic Irishman, recently imported in a perfectly wild state; in search of employment, and ready to do or be anything that might turn up.

ROBINSON. A female servant to Mrs. Tibbs.

SIMPSON, MR. One of the "walking gentlemen" of society; an empty-headed young man, always dressed according to the caricatures published in the monthly fashions.

TIBBS, MR. A short man, with very short legs, but a face peculiarly long, by way of indemnification. He is to his wife what the 0 is in 90—of some importance with her, but nothing without her.

TIBBS, MRS. His wife, mistress of the boarding-house; the most tidy, fidgety, thrifty little person that ever inhaled the smoke of London.

TOMKINS, MR. ALFRED. Clerk in a wine-house; a connoisseur in paintings, and with a wonderful eye for the picturesque.

WISBOTTLE, MR. A clerk in the Woods and Forests Office, and a high Tory; addicted to whistling, and having a great idea of his singing powers.

WOSKY, DOCTOR. Mr. Bloss's medical attendant, who has amassed a fortune by invariably humouring the worst fancies of his female patients.

Mr. Minns and his Cousin.

BROGSON, MR. An elderly gentleman visiting at Mr. Budden's.

BUDDEN, MR. OCTAVIUS. A retired corn-chandler, residing at Amelia Cottage, Poplar Walk, Stamford Hill. He is a cousin to Mr. Minns.

BUDDEN, MRS. AMELIA. His wife.

BUDDEN, MASTER ALEXANDER AUGUSTUS. Their son, a precocious child, and the pride of his parents.

JONES, MR. A little man with red whiskers, a visitor at Mr. Budden's, and a "devilish sharp fellow," who talks equally well on any subject.

LINNS, MR. AUGUSTUS. A clerk in Somerset House, and a precise, tidy, retiring old bachelor, who is always getting into trouble when he leaves his own snug and well-ordered apartments, and who is thoroughly disgusted with a visit which he is compelled to make to his cousin, Mr. Octavius Budden.

SENTIMENT.

BUTLER, MR. THEODOSIUS. A very wonderful genius, author of a pamphlet entitled "Considerations on the Policy of Removing the Duty on Beeswax." This he presents to Cornelius Brook Dingwall, Esq., M.P., under the assumed name of Edward M'Neville Walter, and thus gains admission to his house, and an opportunity of winning the heart of his supersentimental daughter.

CRUMPTON, MISS AMELIA. A very tall, thin, skinny, upright, yellow, and precise maiden lady, with the strictest possible idea of propriety.

CRUMPTON, MISS MARIA. The exact counterpart of her sister, in conjunction with whom she carries on a finishing-school for young ladies, called "Minerva House."

DADSON, MR. Writing-master at the Miss Crumptons' school.

DADSON, MRS. His wife.

DINGWALL, CORNELIUS BROOK, ESQ., M.P. A very haughty, solemn, and portentous man, having a great opinion of his own abilities, and wonderfully proud of being a Member of Parliament.

DINGWALL, MRS. BROOK. His wife.

DINGWALL, FREDERICK. Son of Mr. and Mrs Brook Dingwall; one of those public nuisances—a spoiled child.

DINGWALL, MISS LAVINIA BROOK. Their daughter, the most romantic of all romantic young ladies; in love with Edward M'Neville Walter (otherwise Mr. Theodosius Butler), a young man much her inferior in life. She is therefore sent to the Miss Crumptons' educational establishment, to eradicate the sentimental attachment from her young mind, on the supposi-

tion that she can have no opportunity of meeting him there. She does meet him, however, and runs away with and marries him in haste, only to repent at leisure.

HILTON, MR. Master of the ceremonies at a ball at Minerva House.

JAMES. Servant to Mr. Brook Dingwall.

LOBSKINI, SIGNOR. A singing-master, with a splendid tenor voice.

PARSONS, MISS LÆTITIA. A brilliant musical performer.

SMITHERS, MISS EMILY. The belle of Minerva House.

WILSON, MISS CAROLINE. Her bosom-friend, and the ugliest girl in Hammersmith—or out of it.

The Tuggses at Ramsgate.

AMELIA, JANE, AND MARY ANN. Young ladies who take part in games of chance in a concert-room at Ramsgate.

SLAUGHTER, LIEUTENANT. A friend of Captain Waters.

TIPPIN, MR. A comic singer at Ramsgate.

TIPPIN, MRS. His wife; a concert-singer from the London theatres.

TIPPIN, MASTER. Their son.

TIPPIN, MISS. Their daughter; a performer on the guitar.

TUGGS, MR. JOSEPH. A little pursy London grocer, with shiny hair, twinkling eyes, and short legs. By the unexpected decision of a long-pending lawsuit, he comes into possession of twenty thousand pounds, whereupon he incontinently puts on airs, closes his shop, and starts with his family for Ramsgate, that being a fashionable watering-place.

TUGGS, MRS. His wife; in charge of the cheesemongery department.

TUGGS, MISS CHARLOTTE. Their only daughter. When her father becomes rich, she calls herself Charlotta.

TUGGS, MR. SIMON. Their only son; a young gentleman with that elongation in his thoughtful face, and that tendency to weakness in his interesting legs, which tell so forcibly of a great mind and romantic disposition. At first, he is a book-keeper in his father's shop; but, when the fortune falls to the family, he styles himself Cymon; attempts to play the gentleman; and roundly abuses his father for not appearing

aristocratic. Going to Ramsgate, he is neatly taken in and swindled by Captain Waters and his wife, whom he meets there, and greatly admires—especially the wife. He escapes with the loss of his veneration for appearances, and of fifteen hundred pounds in money.

WATERS, CAPTAIN WALTER. A pretended military man, and a sharper.

WATERS, MRS. BELINDA. His wife; a young lady with long black ringlets, large black eyes, brief petticoats, and unexceptionable ankles.

Horatio Sparkins.

BARTON, MR. JACOB. Brother of Mrs. Malderton; a large grocer, who never scrupled to avow that he wasn't above his business. "He made his money by it, and he didn't care who know'd it."

FLAMWELL, MR. A little spoffish toad-eater, with green spectacles, always pretending to know everybody, but in reality knowing nobody; a friend of Mr. Malderton.

JOHN. A man in Mr. Malderton's service, half-groom, half-gardener, but, on great occasions, touched up and brushed to look like a second footman.

MALDERTON, MR. (of Oak Lodge, Camberwell). A man who has become rich in consequence of a few successful speculations, and who is hospitable from ostentation, illiberal from ignorance, and prejudiced from conceit. The whole scope of his ideas is limited to Lloyds, the Exchange, the India House, and the Bank.

MALDERTON, MRS. His wife; a little fat woman, with a great aversion to anything low.

MALDERTON, MISS MARIANNE. Their younger daughter; a sentimental damsel.

MALDERTON, MISS TERESA. Their elder daughter; a young lady of eight-and-twenty, who has flirted for ten years in vain, but is still on the look-out for a husband.

MALDERTON, MR. FREDERICK. Their eldest son; the very *beau idéal* of a smart waiter, and the family authority on all points of taste, dress, and fashionable arrangement.

MALDERTON, MR. THOMAS. Their younger son; snubbed by his father on all occasions, with a view to prevent his becoming "sharp"—a very unnecessary precaution.

SPARKINS, MR. HORATIO. A young man whose dashing manners and gentlemanlike appearance so dazzle the Maldertons, that they think he must be a man of large fortune and aristocratic family. They even go so far as to suspect that he may be a nobleman, and are greatly mortified at last to discover that he is a mere clerk in a linen-draper's shop, and owns to the plebeian name of Smith.

The Steam Excursion.

BRIGGS, MRS. A widow lady; a rival of Mrs. Taunton.

BRIGGS, MISS. One of her three daughters.

BRIGGS, MISS JULIA. Another daughter.

BRIGGS, MISS KATE. Another daughter.

BRIGGS, MR. ALEXANDER. Her younger son, articled to his brother. He is remarkable for obstinacy.

BRIGGS, MR. SAMUEL. Her elder son; an attorney, and a mere machine; a sort of self-acting, legal walking-stick.

EDKINS, MR. (of the Inner Temple). A pale young gentleman in a green stock and green spectacles, who makes a speech on every occasion on which one can possibly be made.

FLEETWOOD, MR. One of the excursion party.

FLEETWOOD, MRS. His wife, who accompanies him.

FLEETWOOD, MASTER. Their son; an unfortunate innocent of about four years of age.

HARDY, MR. A stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a red face, a somewhat husky voice, and a tremendous laugh. He is a practical joker, is immensely popular with married ladies, and a general favourite with young men.

HELVES, CAPT. A military gentleman with a bass voice and an incipient red moustache; a friend of the Tauntons.

NOAKES, MR. PERCY. A law student, smart, spoffish, and eight-and-twenty. With a few friends he attempts to get up an excursion party to which no one shall be invited who has not received the unanimous vote of a committee of arrangements. But the obstinate Mr. Alexander Briggs being a member of this committee, and blackballing everybody who is proposed by Mr. Noakes or his friends, the original plan is abandoned; and every gentleman is allowed to bring whom he pleases. The party start on a Wednesday morning for the Nore, and reach it after a pleasant trip; but on the return a violent squall comes up; the pitching and tossing of the boat

bring on a general seasickness; and, when they get back to the wharf at two o'clock the next morning, everyone is thoroughly dispirited and worn out.

STUBBS, MRS. A dirty old laundress with an inflamed countenance.

TAUNTON, MRS. A good-looking widow of fifty, with the form of a giantess and the mind of a child. The sole end of her existence is the pursuit of pleasure, and some means of killing time. She is a particular friend of Mr. Percy Noakes, and a mortal enemy of the Briggses.

TAUNTON, MISS EMILY. Her daughter; a frivolous young lady.

TAUNTON, MISS SOPHIA. Another daughter, as light-minded as her sister.

The Great Winglebury Duel.

BROWN, MISS EMILY. A young lady beloved by both Mr. Trott and Mr. Hunter, but finally married to the latter.

HUNTER, MR. HORACE. Rival of Mr. Trott for the hand of Miss Emily Brown.

MANNERS, MISS JULIA. A buxom and wealthy woman of forty, formerly engaged to be married to a Mr. Cornberry, who died leaving her a large property unencumbered with the addition of himself. Being in want of a young husband, she falls in love with a certain wild and prodigal nobleman, Lord Peter, who falls in love with her handsome fortune of three thousand pounds a year; but in the end she marries plain Mr. Trott.

OVERTON, JOSEPH, ESQ. Solicitor, and mayor of Great Winglebury.

PETER, LORD. A dissipated sprig of nobility, attached to Miss Manners (or her money); killed by being thrown from his horse in a steeplechase.

THOMAS. A waiter at the Winglebury Arms.

TROTT, MR. ALEXANDER. A cowardly young tailor (or umbrella maker). He desires to marry Miss Emily Brown, but is deterred by the hostile attitude of Mr. Horace Hunter, who challenges him to mortal combat for daring to think of such a thing. He accepts the challenge in a bloodthirsty note, but immediately sends another, and an anonymous one, to the mayor of Great Winglebury, urging that Mr. Trott be forthwith arrested. By a ludicrous blunder, he is mistaken for

Lord Peter, who is expected at the Winglebury Arms for the purpose of meeting Miss Julia Manners, his intended, and who is to be seized and carried off as an insane person, in order that his relatives may not discover him. Thus it happens that Trott is taken away in a carriage with Miss Manners, and, mutual explanations having been made, that he marries her instead of the adorable Miss Emily Brown.

WILLIAMSON, MRS. Landlady of the Winglebury Arms.

MRS. JOSEPH PORTER.

BALDERSTONE, MR. THOMAS, called "UNCLE TOM." A rich brother of Mrs. Gattleton, always in a good temper, and always talking and joking.

BROWN, MR. A performer on the violoncello at the private theatricals.

CAPE, MR. A violinist.

EVANS, MR. A tall, thin, and pale young gentleman, with lovely whiskers, and a remarkable talent for writing verses in albums, and for playing the flute. He is the *Roderigo* of the private theatricals.

GATTLETON, MR. A retired stockbroker, living at Rose Villa, Clapham Rise. He is infected, as are the other members of his family, with a mania for private theatricals, acting himself as prompter.

GATTLETON, MRS. His wife; a kind-hearted, good-tempered, vulgar soul, with a natural antipathy to other people's unmarried daughters, a fear of ridicule, and a great dislike for Mrs. Joseph Porter.

GATTLETON, MISS. One of their three daughters.

GATTLETON, MISS CAROLINE. Another daughter; the *Fenella* of the private theatricals.

GATTLETON, MISS LUCINA. Another daughter, who plays the part of *Desdemona*.

GATTLETON, MR. SEMPRONIUS. Their son, at once stage-manager and *Othello*.

HARLEIGH, MR. A singer, who takes the part of *Masaniello*.

JENKINS, MISS. A piano-player.

PORTER, MRS. JOSEPH. A sarcastic scandal-monger, who delights in making other people uncomfortable. At the private theatricals of the Gattletons, she indulges her propensity to mischief-making by setting on Mr. Jacob Barton (who prides

himself on his accurate knowledge of Shakespeare) to interrupt the performers, in the very midst of the play, by correcting their numerous mistakes.

PORTER, MISS EMILY. Her daughter.

WILSON, MR. The *Iago* of the private theatricals.

A Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle.

IKEY. The factotum of Mr. Solomon Jacobs's sponging-house.

JACOBS, MR. SOLOMON. A bailiff, living in Cursitor Street.

JEM. A sallow-faced, red-haired, sulky boy in charge of the door of Mr. Jacobs's private lock-up.

JOHN. Servant to Mrs. Parsons.

LILLERTON, MISS. A prim spinster of uncertain age, with a complexion as clear as that of a wax doll, and a face as expressive.

MARTHA. Servant to Mrs. Parsons.

PARSONS, MR. GABRIEL. An elderly and rich sugar-baker, who mistakes rudeness for honesty, and abrupt bluntness for an open and candid manner.

PARSONS, MRS. FANNY. His wife.

TIMSON, THE REVEREND CHARLES. A friend of Mr. Parsons. He marries Miss Lillerton.

TOTTLE, MR. WATKINS. A plump, clean, rosy bachelor of fifty; a compound of strong uxorious inclinations and an unparalleled degree of anti-connubial timidity. Having been arrested for debt, and confined in a sponging-house, his friend Parsons engages to pay the debt, and take him out, if he will agree to marry Miss Lillerton, who has five hundred pounds a year in her own right. On being released, he offers himself to that lady, but after such an awkward and ambiguous fashion, that she quite mistakes his meaning, and answers him in a way that makes him think himself accepted. On being sent by her with a note—respecting their marriage, as he supposes—to the Reverend Mr. Timson, it transpires that she has been engaged to that gentleman for several weeks. The upshot of the whole affair is, that Mr. Parsons renounces the friendship and acquaintance of Mr. Tottle, who takes refuge from "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" by walking into the Regent's Canal.

WALKER, MR. An imprisoned debtor, inmate of Mr. Solomon Jacobs's private lock-up.

WILLIS, MR. Another inmate of the same establishment.

The Bloomsbury Christening.

DANTON, MR. A young man with a considerable stock of impudence, and a very small share of ideas, who passes for a wit. He is a friend of Mr. Kitterbell's, and a great favourite generally, especially with young ladies.

DUMPS, MR. NICODEMUS, called "Long Dumps." An old bachelor, never happy but when he is miserable, and always miserable when he has the best reason to be happy, and whose only real comfort is to make everybody about him wretched. He is uncle to Mr. Charles Kitterbell, and, having been invited to stand as godfather to that gentleman's infant son, reluctantly does so, but takes his revenge by suggesting the most dismal possibilities of sickness and accident as altogether likely to happen to the child, and by making a speech at the supper after the christening, so lugubrious and full of gloomy forebodings as to throw Mrs. Kitterbell into violent hysterics, thus breaking up the party, and enabling him to walk home with a cheerful heart.

KITTERBELL, MR. CHARLES. A small, sharp, spare man, with an extraordinarily large head and a cast in his eye; very credulous and matter-of-fact.

KITTERBELL, MRS. JEMIMA. His wife; a tall, thin young lady with very light hair, a particularly white face, a slight cough, and a languid smile.

KITTERBELL, MASTER FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM. Their first baby.

The Drunkard's Death.

TOM. One of the officers who arrest young Warden.

WARDEN. A confirmed and irreclaimable drunkard. Remorse, fear, and shame; the loss of friends, happiness, and station; the death of his wife from grief and care; the murder of one of his sons, whom he had driven from home in a drunken fit; his own betrayal of another son into the hangman's hands from a like cause; his final desertion by his daughter, who has stayed by him and supported him for years; the utmost extremity of poverty, disease, and houseless want;—do not

avail to conquer his fierce rage for drink, which drives him remorselessly on, until at last he seeks release in death by drowning himself in the Thames.

WARDEN, MARY. His daughter.

WARDEN, WILLIAM. His son. He avenges his brother's death by killing the gamekeeper who shot him; flees from justice to his father's solitary attic-room in the obscurest portion of Whitefriars; is discovered by the officers in consequence of his father's getting intoxicated and betraying his hiding-place; and is seized, handcuffed, carried off, and made to suffer the penalty of his crime.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS

OF

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

THIS work was issued in monthly shilling numbers, with green covers — a form of publication which Mr. Dickens adopted in all his subsequent monthly serials. The first number appeared in March, 1836, with four illustrations by Robert Seymour. But this artist dying suddenly before the publication of the second number (for which, however, he had furnished three plates), a Mr. R. W. Buss was chosen to succeed him; and two plates, "drawn and etched" by this gentleman, appeared in No. 3. But they were so inferior, both in conception and execution, that he was dismissed, and Mr. Hablot Knight Browne was selected as the illustrator of the work, furnishing two plates for No. 4. In No. 5 he used for the first time the pseudonym of "Phiz," which he has ever since retained. In the second edition of the work the publishers cancelled the two plates by Mr. Buss which appeared in the third number, and substituted two others by Mr. Browne.

The author has given the following account of the origin of the work: "The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor—Mr. Chapman, of the publishing house of Chapman and Hall — (I forget which), that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that, although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr.

Pickwick, and wrote the first number; from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of its founder by which he is always recognised, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club because of the original suggestion; and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour." The conception of Mr. Pickwick as an elderly little gentleman, somewhat pursy, with a bland face, bald head, circular spectacles, fawn-coloured tights, and black gaiters, is said to have originated in a description by Mr. Chapman of a like odd-looking character whom he had met at Richmond. The ludicrous name of "Pickwick" is not a fabrication of the novelist, as many suppose, but is also "founded on fact." It was actually borne by the proprietor of a line of stages running between London and Bath. In the account of the journey to Bath, which Mr. Pickwick and his friends take after the famous trial is over, the following allusion to his namesake occurs :—

Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass had seated themselves at the back part of the coach; Mr. Winkle had got inside; and Mr. Pickwick was preparing to follow him; when Sam Weller came up to his master, and, whispering in his ear, begged to speak to him, with an air of the deepest mystery.

"Well, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "what's the matter now?"

"Here's rayther a rum go, sir," replied Sam.

"What?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"This here, sir," rejoined Sam. "I'm wery much afeered, sir, that the properiator o' this here coach is a-playin' some imperence vith us."

"How is that, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick; "aren't the names down on the way-bill?"

"The names is not only down on the vay-bill, sir," replied Sam, "but they've painted vun on 'em up on the door o' the coach." As Sam spoke, he pointed to that part of the coach-door on which the proprietor's name usually appears; and there, sure enough, in gilt letters of a goodly size, was the magic name of PICKWICK.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, quite staggered by the coincidence; "what a very extraordinary thing."

"Yes; but that ain't all," said Sam, again directing his master's attention to the coach-door. "Not content vith writin' up 'Pickwick,' they puts 'Moses' afore it, vich I call addin' insult to injury, as the parrot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English langwidge arterwards."

"It's odd enough, certainly, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "But if we stand talking here we shall lose our places."

"Wot! ain't nothin' to be done in consequence, sir?" exclaimed Sam, perfectly aghast at the coolness with which Mr. Pickwick prepared to ensconce himself inside.

"Done!" said Mr. Pickwick, "what should be done?"

"Ain't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty, sir?" said Mr. Weller, who had expected that at least he would have been commissioned to challenge the guard and coachman to a pugilistic encounter on the spot.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Pickwick eagerly; "not on any account. Jump up to your seat directly."

The final issue of "The Pickwick Papers," comprising Parts 19 and 20, was in October, 1837. The complete work was now brought out in one volume, octavo, and was dedicated by the author to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

ALLEN, ARABELLA. Sister of Benjamin Allen; afterwards the wife of Mr. Winkle. (Ch. xxviii., xxx., xxxix., xlviii., liii., liv., lvi., lvii.)

ALLEN, BENJAMIN. A medical student, and the devoted friend of Mr. Bob Sawyer, to whom he purposes marrying his sister Arabella.

"I designed 'em for each other; they were made for each other, sent into the world for each other, born for each other, Winkle," said Mr. Ben Allen, setting down his glass with great emphasis. "There's a special destiny in the matter, my dear sir; there's only five years' difference between 'em, and both their birth-days are in August."

Mr. Allen does not succeed in his project, however, as Mr. Winkle, with the assistance of Mr. Pickwick, carries the girl off, and marries her without the consent of either her brother or Mr. Bob Sawyer. (Ch. xxx., xxxii., xxxviii., xlviii., l., li., lii., liv., lvii.) *See* SAWYER, BOB.

AYRESLEIGH, MR. A prisoner for debt, whom Mr. Pickwick meets in the "coffee-room" at Coleman Street. (Ch. xl.)

BAGMAN, THE ONE-EYED. A stout, jovial, middle-aged man with a "lonely eye," whom Mr. Pickwick meets, first at The Peacock Inn, Eatanswill, and afterwards at The Bush, in Bristol. He is the narrator of "The Bagman's Story," and of "The Story of the Bagman's Uncle." (Ch. xiv., xlviii., xlix.) *See* SMART, TOM.

BAMBER, JACK. A little, high-shouldered, keen-eyed old man, whom Mr. Pickwick casually meets at The Magpie and Stump. He relates "The Old Man's Tale about a Queer Client." (Ch. xx.)

BANTAM, ANGELO CYRUS, ESQ., M.C. A charming young man of not much more than fifty, whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Bath; friend of Capt. Dowler, and master of ceremonies at the ball which Mr. Pickwick attends. (Ch. xxxv.)

BARDELL, MRS. MARTHA. Mr. Pickwick's landlady in Goswell Street. Becoming impressed with the idea that Mr. Pickwick has offered to marry her, she is highly indignant

when she finds herself mistaken. In fact, she insists that she is not mistaken, and forthwith brings an action against him for breach of promise. For a full account of this famous trial, and its sequel, *see* PICKWICK, SAMUEL. (Ch. xii., xxvi., xxxiv., xlvi.)

BARDELL, MASTER TOMMY. The hopeful son of Mrs. Bardell. (Ch. xii., xxvi., xlvi.)

BETSEY. Servant-girl at Mrs. Raddle's. (Ch. xxxii.)

BLADUD, PRINCE. Mythical founder of Bath; hero of the "True Legend" discovered by Mr. Pickwick. (Ch. xxxvi.)

BLOTTON, MR. (of Aldgate). A member of the Pickwick Club. Having been accused by Mr. Pickwick, at a meeting of the club, of acting in "a vile and calumnious manner," he retorts by calling Mr. Pickwick "a humbug;" but it finally being made to appear that they both used the words not in a common, but in a parliamentary or merely technical or constructive sense, and that each personally entertains the highest regard and esteem for the other, the difficulty is readily settled, and the gentlemen express themselves mutually satisfied with the explanations which have been made. (Ch. i.)

BOLDWIG, CAPTAIN. A fierce little man, very consequential and imperious; owner of the premises on which Mr. Pickwick and his friends trespass while shooting. Mr. Pickwick, having fallen asleep under the influence of too much cold punch, is left there by the rest of his party, and is discovered by the captain, who indignantly orders him to be taken to the pound in a wheelbarrow. (Ch. xix.) *See* PICKWICK, SAMUEL.

BOLO, MISS. A fashionable lady at Bath. (Ch. xxxv.)

BUDGER, MRS. A little old widow, with plenty of money; Mr. Tupman's partner in a quadrille at the charity Ball at The Bull Inn, Rochester, which he attends in company with Mr. Jingle. (Ch. ii.)

BULDER, COLONEL. Head of the garrison at Rochester, and one of the company at the same ball. (Ch. ii., iv.)

BULDER, MRS. COLONEL. His wife. (Ch. ii.)

BULDER, MISS. Their daughter. (Ch. ii.)

BUZFUZ, SERJEANT. Mrs. Bardell's counsel, remarkable for his brutal and bullying insolence to the witnesses on Mr. Pickwick's side. (Ch. xxxiv.) *See* PICKWICK, SAMUEL.

CHANCERY PRISONER, THE. An old man whose acquaintance Mr. Pickwick makes in the Fleet. He has been confined there for twenty years, but gets his release at last from the hands of his Maker, and accepts it with a smile of quiet satisfaction. (Ch. xlii., xliv.)

CLERGYMAN, THE. One of the guests at Mr. Wardle's. He sings the song of "The Ivy Green," and relates the story of "The Convict's Return." (Ch. vi., xi., xxviii.)

CLUBBER, SIR THOMAS. A fashionable gentleman at Rochester, Commissioner at the head of the dockyard there. (Ch. ii.)

CLUBBER, LADY. His wife. (Ch. ii.)

CLUBBER, THE MISSES. His daughters. (Ch. ii.)

CLUPPINS, MRS. BETSEY. A bosom-friend of Mrs. Bardell's. (Ch. xxvi., xxxiv., xlvi.) *See* PICKWICK, SAMUEL.

CRADDOCK, MRS. Mr. Pickwick's landlady at Bath. (Ch. xxxvi., xxxvii.)

CROOKEY. An attendant at the sponging-house in Coleman Street. (Ch. xl.)

CRUSHTON, THE HONOURABLE MR. A gentleman whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Bath; a friend of Capt. Dowler's. (Ch. xxxv.)

DISMAL JEMMY. *See* HUTLEY, JEM.

DODSON AND FOGG. Attorneys for Mrs. Bardell. (Ch. xx., xxxiv., liii.) *See* PICKWICK, SAMUEL.

DOWLER, CAPTAIN. A blustering coward, formerly in the army, whom Mr. Pickwick meets at the travellers' room at The White Horse Cellar. (Ch. xxv., xxxvi., xxxviii.)

> The travellers' room at The White Horse Cellar is . . . divided into boxes for the solitary confinement of travellers; and is furnished with a clock, a looking-glass, and a live waiter, which latter article is kept in a small kennel for washing glasses in a corner of the apartment.
>
> One of these boxes was occupied on this particular occasion by a stern-eyed man of about five-and-forty, who had a bald and glossy forehead, with a good deal of black hair at the sides and back of his head, and large black whiskers. He was buttoned up to the chin in a brown coat; and had a large sealskin travelling-cap, and a great-coat and cloak lying on the seat beside him. He looked up from his breakfast as Mr. Pickwick entered, with a fierce and peremptory air which was very dignified; and, having scrutinised that gentleman and his companions to his entire satisfaction, hummed a tune in a manner which seemed to say that he rather suspected somebody wanted to take the advantage of him; but it wouldn't do.

"Waiter," said the gentleman with the whiskers.

"Sir?" replied a man with a dirty complexion, and a towel of the same, emerging from the kennel before mentioned.

"Some more toast."

"Yes, sir."

"Buttered toast, mind," said the gentleman, fiercely.

"D'rectly, sir," replied the waiter.

The gentleman with the whiskers hummed a tune in the same manner as before, and pending the arrival of the toast, advanced to the front of the fire, and taking his coat-tails under his arms, looked at his boots, and ruminated.

"I wonder whereabouts in Bath this coach puts up," said Mr. Pickwick, mildly addressing Mr. Winkle.

"Hum—eh—what's that?" said the strange man.

"I made an observation to my friend, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, always ready to enter into conversation. "I wondered at what house the Bath coach puts up. Perhaps you can inform me."

"Are you going to Bath?" said the strange man.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"And those other gentlemen?"

"They are going also," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not inside! I'm damned if you're going inside!" said the strange man.

"Not all of us," said Mr. Pickwick.

"No, not all of you," said the strange man, emphatically. "I've taken two places. If they try to squeeze six people into an infernal box that only holds four, I'll take a post-chaise, and bring an action. I've paid my fare. It won't do: I told the clerk that it wouldn't do. I know these things have been done; I know they are done every day; but I never was done, and I never will be. Those who know me best, best know it. Crush me!" Here the fierce gentleman rang the bell with great violence, and told the waiter he'd better bring the toast in five seconds, or he'd know the reason why.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you'll allow me to observe that this is a very unnecessary display of excitement. I have only taken places inside for two."

"I am glad to hear it," said the fierce man. "I withdraw my expressions. I tender an apology. There's my card, give me your acquaintance."

"With great pleasure, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick. "We are to be fellow-travellers, and I hope we shall find each other's society mutually agreeable."

"I hope we shall," said the fierce gentleman. "I know we shall. I like your looks: they please me. Gentlemen, your hands and names. Know me."

Of course, an interchange of friendly salutations follows this gracious speech; and it is soon found that the second place in the coach has been taken for none other than the illustrious Mrs. Dowler.

"She's a fine woman," said Mr. Dowler. "I am proud of her. I have reason."

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of judging," said Mr. Pickwick, with a smile.

"You shall," replied Dowler. "She shall know you. She shall esteem you. I courted her under singular circumstances. I won her through a rash vow. Thus: I saw her; I loved her; I proposed; she refused me. 'You love another?'—'Spare my blushes.'—'I know him.'—'You do?'—'Very good, if he remains here I'll skin him.'"

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, involuntarily.

"Did you skin the gentleman, sir?" inquired Mr. Winkle, with a very pale face.

"I wrote him a note. I said it was a painful thing. And so it was."

"Certainly," interposed Mr. Winkle.

"I said I had pledged my word as a gentleman to skin him. My character was at stake. I had no alternative. As an officer in his Majesty's service, I was bound to skin him. I regretted the necessity, but it must be done. He was open to conviction. He saw that the rules of the service were imperative. He fled. I married her. Here's the coach. That's her head."

DOWLER, MRS. Wife of Capt. Dowler. (Ch. xxxv., xxxvi.)

DUBBLEY. One of the special officers of the Mayor's Court at Ipswich; a dirty-faced man, over six feet high, and stout in proportion. (Ch. xxiv.) *See* NUPKINS, GEORGE.

DUMKINS, MR. A member of the All-Muggleton Cricket Club. (Ch. vii.)

EDMUNDS, JOHN. Hero of the story of "The Convict's Return;" a sullen, wilful young man, condemned to death for crime, but, by commutation of his sentence, transported for fourteen years. A repentant and altered man, he returns to his old home, only to find his mother buried, and to see his father die suddenly from the effects of passion and terror—the same hard-hearted and ferocious brute that he had always known him. (Ch. vi.)

EDMUNDS, MR. His father; a morose, dissolute, and savage-hearted man. (Ch. vi.)

EDMUNDS, MRS. His mother; a gentle, ill-used, and heart-broken woman. (Ch. vi.)

EMMA. A servant-girl at Mr. Wardle's. (Ch. xxviii.)

FITZ-MARSHALL, CHARLES. *See* JINGLE, ALFRED.

FIZKIN, HORATIO, ESQ. (of Fizkin Lodge, near Eatanswill). A candidate for Parliament, defeated by the Honourable Samuel Slumkey. (Ch. xiii.) *See* SLUMKEY, THE HONOURABLE SAMUEL.

FLASHER, WILKINS. A stockbroker. (Ch. lv.)

FOGG, MR. *See* DODSON and FOGG.

GOODWIN. Servant to Mrs. Pott. (Ch. xviii.)

GROFFIN, THOMAS. One of the jury in the case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick. He desires to be excused from attendance on the ground that he is a chemist, and has no assistant. (Ch. xxxiv.)

"I can't help that, sir," replied Mr. Justice Stareleigh; "you should hire one."

"I can't afford it, my lord," rejoined the chemist.

"Then you ought to be able to afford it, sir," said the judge, reddening; for Mr. Justice Stareleigh's temper bordered on the irritable, and brooked not contradiction. . . . "Swear the gentleman." . . .

"Very well, my lord," replied the chemist in a resigned manner. "Then there'll be murder before this trial's over: that's all. Swear me, if you please, sir." And sworn the chemist was, before the judge could find words to utter.

"I merely wanted to observe, my lord," said the chemist, taking his seat with great deliberation, "that I've left nobody but an errand boy in my shop. He is a very nice boy, my lord; but he is not acquainted with drugs; and I know that the prevailing impression on his mind is that Epsom salts mean oxalic acid; and syrup of senna, laudanum—that's all, my lord."

GRUB, GABRIEL. Hero of Mr. Wardle's "Story of the Goblins who stole a Sexton;" a cross-grained, surly, solitary fellow, who is made good-natured and contented by his remarkable experiences on Christmas Eve. (Ch. xxix.)

GRUMMER, DANIEL. A constable in attendance upon the Mayor's Court at Ipswich. (Ch. xxiv., xxv.) *See* NUPKINS, GEORGE.

GRUNDY, MR. A friend of Mr. Lowten's, and a frequenter of The Magpie and Stump Inn. (Ch. xx.)

GUNTER, MR. A friend of Mr. Bob Sawyer's. (Ch. xxxii.)

GWYNN, MISS. Writing and ciphering governess at Westgate House Establishment for Young Ladies, at Bury St. Edmunds. (Ch. xvi.)

HARRIS. A greengrocer. (Ch. xxxviii.)

HENRY. A character in "The Parish Clerk;" cousin to Maria Lobbs, whom he finally marries. (Ch. xvii.)

HEYLING, GEORGE. Hero of "The Old Man's Tale about a Queer Client." He is a prisoner for debt in the Marshalsea. During his confinement, his little boy is taken sick and dies; and his wife, who thereupon shares her husband's lot, soon follows, sinking uncomplainingly under the combined effects of bodily and mental illness. Released from prison by the sudden death of his father, a very wealthy man who had disowned him, and had meant to disinherit him, he devotes

himself unremittingly to avenge the death of his wife and child upon his wife's father, who had cast him into prison, and had spurned daughter and grandchild from his door when they sued at his feet for mercy. In this scheme of vengeance he is successful, suffering the old man's boy to drown before his eyes, though he might easily have saved him, and afterwards pursuing the father until he reduces him to utter destitution. He intends to consign him to the hopeless imprisonment which he had himself so long endured, but, on announcing his purpose, his victim falls lifeless, and Heyling disappears, leaving no clue to his subsequent history. (Ch. xxi.)

HEYLING, MARY. His wife. (Ch. xix.)

HOPKINS, JACK. A medical student, whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Mr. Bob Sawyer's party. (Ch. xxxii.)

"I hope that's Jack Hopkins," said Mr. Bob Sawyer. "Hush! Yes, it is. Come up, Jack; come up."

A heavy footstep was heard upon the stairs, and Jack Hopkins presented himself. He wore a black velvet waistcoat with thunder-and-lightning buttons, and a blue striped shirt with a white false collar.

"You're late, Jack," said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Been detained at Bartholomew's," replied Hopkins.

"Anything new?"

"No: nothing particular. Rather a good accident brought into the casualty ward."

"What was that, sir?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Only a man fallen out of a four-pair-of-stairs window; but it's a very fair case—very fair case indeed."

"Do you mean that the patient is in a fair way to recover?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"No," replied Hopkins, carelessly. "No, I should rather say he wouldn't. There must be a splendid operation, though, to-morrow—magnificent sight if Slasher does it!"

"You consider Mr. Slasher a good operator?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Best alive," replied Hopkins. "Took a boy's leg out of the socket last week—boy ate five apples and a gingerbread cake. Exactly two minutes after it was all over, boy said he wouldn't lie there to be made game of; and he'd tell his mother if they didn't begin."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pickwick, astonished.

"Pooh! that's nothing—that ain't," said Jack Hopkins. "Is it, Bob?"

"Nothing at all," replied Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"By-the-bye, Bob," said Mr. Hopkins, with a scarcely perceptible glance at Mr. Pickwick's attentive face, "we had a curious accident last night. A child was brought in who had swallowed a necklace."

"Swallowed what, sir?" interrupted Mr. Pickwick.

"A necklace," replied Jack Hopkins. "Not all at once; you know that would be too much. *You* couldn't swallow that if the child did—eh, Mr. Pickwick? Ha, ha!" Mr. Hopkins appeared highly gratified with his own pleasantry, and continued. "No, the way was this: child's

parents were poor people who lived in a court. Child's eldest sister bought a necklace—common necklace made of large, black, wooden beads. Child, being fond of toys, cribbed the necklace, hid it, played with it, cut the string, and swallowed a bead. Child thought it capital fun; went back next day and swallowed another bead."

"Bless my heart," said Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing! I beg your pardon, sir. Go on."

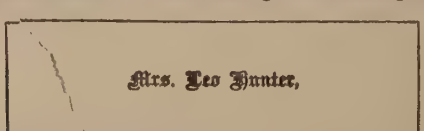
"Next day child swallowed two beads; the day after that he treated himself to three; and so on, till in a week's time he had got through the necklace—five-and-twenty beads in all. The sister, who was an industrious girl, and seldom treated herself to a bit of finery, cried her eyes out at the loss of the necklace; looked high and low for it; but, I needn't say, didn't find it. A few days after, the family were at dinner.

The child, who wasn't hungry, was playing about the room, when suddenly there was heard a devil of a noise, like a small hail-storm. 'Don't do that, my boy,' said the father. 'I ain't a-doin' nothin',' said the child. 'Well, don't do it again,' said the father. There was a short silence, and then the noise began again worse than ever. 'If you don't mind what I say, my boy,' said the father, 'you'll find yourself in bed in something less than a pig's whisper.' He gave the child a shake to make him obedient; and such a rattling ensued as nobody ever heard before. 'Why, damme, it's *in* the child!' said the father. 'He's got the croup in the wrong place!'—'No, I haven't, father,' said the child, beginning to cry. 'It's the necklace; I swallowed it, father.' The father caught the child up and ran with him to the hospital; the beads in the boy's stomach rattling all the way with the jolting, and the people looking up in the air, and down in the cellars to see where the unusual sound came from. He's in the hospital now," said Jack Hopkins; "and he makes such a devil of a noise when he walks about, that they're obliged to muffle him in a watchman's coat, for fear he should wake the patients."

HUMM, ANTHONY. Chairman of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. (Ch. xxxiii.) *See* WELLER, SAMUEL.

HUNT. Gardener to Captain Boldwig. (Ch. xix.)

HUNTER, MRS. LEO. A literary lady whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Eatanswill. (Ch. xv.) One morning, Sam Weller hands Mr. Pickwick a card bearing the following inscription:



"Person's a-waitin'," said Sam, epigrammatically.

"Does the person want me, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"He wants you partickler; and no one else'll do, as the Devil's private secretary said ven he fetched avay Dr. Faustus," replied Mr. Weller.

"*He?* Is it a gentleman?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"A werry good imitation o' one, if it ain't," replied Mr. Weller.

"But this is a lady's card," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Given me by a gen'lm'n, howsever," replied Sam; "and he's a-waitin' in the drawing-room—said he'd rather wait all day than not see you."

Mr. Pickwick, on hearing this determination, descended to the drawing-room, where sat a grave man, who started up on his entrance, and said with an air of profound respect:

"Mr. Pickwick, I presume?"

"The same."

"Allow me, sir, the honour of grasping your hand—permit me, sir, to shake it," said the grave man.

"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick.

The stranger shook the extended hand, and then continued:

"We have heard of your fame, sir. The noise of your antiquarian discussion has reached the ears of Mrs. Leo Hunter—my wife, sir: *I* am *Mr.* Leo Hunter." The stranger paused, as if he expected that Mr. Pickwick would be overcome by the disclosure; but, seeing that he remained perfectly calm, proceeded:

"My wife, sir—Mrs. Leo Hunter—is proud to number among her acquaintance all those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit me, sir, to place in a conspicuous part of the list the name of Mr. Pickwick, and his brother-members of the club that derives its name from him."

"I shall be extremely happy to make the acquaintance of such a lady, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"You *shall* make it, sir," said the grave man. "To-morrow morning, sir, we give a public breakfast—a *fête champêtre*—to a great number of those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir, to have the gratification of seeing you at the Den."

"With great pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Mrs. Leo Hunter has many of these breakfasts, sir," resumed the new acquaintance—"'feasts of reason,' sir, 'and flows of soul,' as somebody who wrote a sonnet to Mrs. Leo Hunter on her breakfasts, feelingly and originally observed."

"Was *he* celebrated for his works and talents?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"He was, sir," replied the grave man. "All Mrs. Leo Hunter's acquaintance are: it is her ambition, sir, to have no other acquaintance."

"It is a very noble ambition," said Mr. Pickwick.

"When I inform Mrs. Leo Hunter that that remark fell from *your* lips, sir, she will indeed be proud," said the grave man. "You have a gentleman in your train who has produced some beautiful little poems, I think, sir?"

"My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a great taste for poetry," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"So has Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir. She dotes on poetry, sir. She adores it; I may say that her whole soul and mind are wound up and entwined with it. She has produced some delightful pieces herself, sir. You may have met with her 'Ode to an Expiring Frog,' sir."

"I don't think I have," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You astonish me, sir," said Mr. Leo Hunter. "It created an

immense sensation. It was signed with an 'L' and eight stars, and appeared originally in a Lady's Magazine. It commenced:

> Can I view thee panting, lying
> On thy stomach without sighing;
> Can I unmoved see thee dying
> On a log,
> Expiring frog!"

"Beautiful!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine," said Mr. Leo Hunter; "so simple!"

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick.

"The next verse is still more touching. Shall I repeat it?"

"If you please," said Mr. Pickwick.

"It runs thus," said the grave man, still more gravely:

> "Say, have fiends in shape of boys,
> With wild halloo and brutal noise,
> Hunted thee from marshy joys,
> With a dog,
> Expiring frog?"

"Finely expressed," said Mr. Pickwick.

"All point, sir, all point," said Mr. Leo Hunter; "but you shall hear Mrs. Leo Hunter repeat it. *She* can do justice to it, sir."

HUNTER, MR. LEO. Mrs. Leo Hunter's husband. (Ch. xv.)

HUTLEY, JEM, called "DISMAL JEMMY." An itinerant actor, who "does the heavy business;" brother to Job Trotter, and friend of Mr. Alfred Jingle, who introduces him to Mr. Pickwick. He relates to them "The Stroller's Tale," in which he himself figures. (Ch. iii., v.) *See* JOHN.

ISAAC. A friend of Mr. Jackson's. (Ch. xlvi.)

JACKSON, MR. A clerk in the office of Dodson and Fogg. (Ch. xx., xxxi., xlvi.)

JEMMY, DISMAL. *See* HUTLEY, JEM.

JINGLE, ALFRED. An impudent strolling actor, who palms himself off on Mr. Pickwick and his travelling-companions of the club as a gentleman of consequence, sponges good dinners and borrows money from them, and finally gets into the Fleet Prison, where, some time afterwards, Mr. Pickwick finds him in great destitution and distress, and benevolently pays his debts and releases him, on satisfactory evidence of penitence, and on promise of reformation, which is faithfully kept. Mr. Jingle is a very loquacious person, talking incessantly; rarely speaking a connected sentence, however, but stringing together mere disjointed phrases, generally without verbs. He first meets Mr. Pickwick and his party at the coach-stand in Saint Martin's-le-Grand.

"Heads, heads; take care of your heads!" cried the loquacious stranger, as they came out under the low archway, which in those days formed the entrance to the coach-yard. "Terrible place—dangerous

work—other day—five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking! Looking at Whitehall, sir?—fine place—little window—somebody else's head off there, eh, sir?—he didn't keep a sharp look-out enough, either—eh, sir, eh?"

"I was ruminating," said Mr. Pickwick, "on the strange mutability of human affairs."

"Ah! I see—in at the palace-door one day, out at the window the next. Philosopher, sir?"

"An observer of human nature, sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah, so am I. Most people are when they've little to do and less to get. Poet, sir?"

"My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a strong poetic turn," said Mr. Pickwick.

"So have I," said the stranger. "Epic poem—ten thousand lines—Revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night—bang the field-piece, twang the lyre."

"You were present at that glorious scene, sir?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Present! Think I was; fired a musket—fired with an idea—rushed into a wineshop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—another idea—wineshop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, sir. Sportsman, sir?" abruptly turning to Mr. Winkle.

"A little, sir," replied that gentleman.

"Fine pursuit, sir—fine pursuit.—Dogs, sir?"

"Not just now," said Mr. Winkle.

"Ah! you should keep dogs—fine animals—sagacious creatures—dog of my own once—pointer—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering enclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—Ponto—no go: stock still—called him—Ponto, Ponto—wouldn't move—dog transfixed—staring at a board—looked up, saw an inscription—'Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure'—wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog—valuable dog that—very."

"Singular circumstance that," said Mr. Pickwick. "Will you allow me to make a note of it?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly—hundred more anecdotes of the same animal.—Fine girl, sir" (to Mr. Tracy Tupman, who had been bestowing sundry anti-Pickwickian glances on a young lady by the roadside).

"Very!" said Mr. Tupman.

"English girls not so fine as Spanish—noble creatures—jet hair—black eyes—lovely forms—sweet creatures—beautiful!"

"You have been in Spain, sir?" said Mr. Tracy Tupman.

"Lived there—ages!"

"Many conquests, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Conquests! Thousands. Don Bolaro Fizgig—Grandee—only daughter—Donna Christina—splendid creature—loved me to distraction—jealous father—high-souled daughter—handsome Englishman—Donna Christina in despair—prussic acid—stomach-pump in my portmanteau—operation performed—old Bolaro in ecstasies—consent to our union—join hands and floods of tears—romantic story—very."

"Is the lady in England now, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman, on whom the description of her charms had produced a powerful impression.

"Dead, sir—dead," said the stranger, applying to his right eye the brief remnant of a very old cambric handkerchief. "Never recovered the stomach-pump—undermined constitution—fell a victim."

"And her father?" inquired the poetic Snodgrass.

"Remorse and misery," replied the stranger. "Sudden disappearance—talk of the whole city—search made everywhere—without success—public fountain in the great square suddenly ceased playing—weeks elapsed—still a stoppage—workmen employed to clean it—water drawn off—father-in-law discovered sticking head first in the main pipe, with a full confession in his right boot—took him out, and the fountain played away again as well as ever."

"Will you allow me to note that little romance down, sir?" said Mr. Snodgrass, deeply affected.

"Certainly, sir, certainly—fifty more if you like to hear 'em—strange life, mine—rather curious history—not extraordinary, but singular."

(Ch. ii., iii., vii.—x., xv., xxv., xlii., xlv., xlvii., liii.) *See* WINKLE, NATHANIEL.

JINKINS, MR. A character in "The Bagman's Story;" a rascally adventurer with a wife and six babes—all of them small ones—who tries to marry a buxom widow, the landlady of a roadside inn, but is prevented by Tom Smart, who marries her himself. (Ch. xiv.)

JINKS, MR. A pale, sharp-nosed, half-fed, shabbily-clad clerk of the Mayor's Court at Ipswich. (Ch. xxiv., xxv.) *See* NUPKINS, GEORGE.

JOE, THE FAT BOY. Servant to Mr. Wardle; a youth of astonishing obesity and voracity, who has a way of going to sleep on the slightest provocation, and in all sorts of places and attitudes. Mr. Wardle, having met Mr. Pickwick and his friends at a grand review at Rochester, invites them into his carriage for a lunch.

"Joe, Joe!" said the stout gentleman, when the citadel was taken, and the besiegers and besieged sat down to dinner. "Damn that boy! he's gone to sleep again. Be good enough to pinch him, sir—in the leg, if you please: nothing else wakes him. Thank you! Undo the hamper, Joe."

The fat boy, who had been effectually roused by the compression of a portion of his leg between the finger and thumb of Mr. Winkle, rolled off the box once again, and proceeded to unpack the hamper, with more expedition than could have been expected from his previous inactivity.

"Now, we must sit close," said the stout gentleman. After a great many jokes about squeezing the ladies' sleeves, and a vast quantity of blushing at sundry jocose proposals that the ladies should sit in the gentlemen's laps, the whole party were stowed down in the barouche; and the stout gentleman proceeded to hand the things from the fat boy (who had mounted up behind for the purpose) into the carriage.

"Now, Joe, knives and forks!" The knives and forks were handed in; and the ladies and gentlemen inside, and Mr. Winkle on the box, were each furnished with those useful implements.

"Plates, Joe, plates!" A similar process employed in the distribution of the crockery.

"Now, Joe, the fowls.—Damn that boy! he's gone to sleep again. Joe, Joe!" (Sundry taps on the head with a stick, and the fat boy, with some difficulty, roused from his lethargy.) "Come, hand in the eatables."

There was something in the sound of the last word which roused the unctuous boy. He jumped up; and the leaden eyes, which twinkled behind his mountainous cheeks, leered horribly upon the food as he unpacked it from the basket.

"Now, make haste," said Mr. Wardle; for the fat boy was hanging fondly over a capon, which he seemed wholly unable to part with. The boy sighed deeply, and, bestowing an ardent gaze upon its plumpness, unwillingly consigned it to his master.

(Ch. iv.—ix., xxviii., liv., lvi.)

JOHN. A low pantomime actor, and an habitual drunkard, whose death is described in "The Stroller's Tale;" related to Mr. Pickwick and his friends by Mr. Hutley. (Ch. iii.)

KATE. A character in the story of "The Parish Clerk;" cousin to Maria Lobbs. (Ch. xvii.)

LOBBS, MARIA. A character in Mr. Pickwick's story of "The Parish Clerk;" a pretty girl, beloved by Nathaniel Pipkin, and also by her cousin Henry, whom she marries. (Ch. xvii.)

LOBBS, OLD. Father to Maria Lobbs; a rich saddler, and a terrible old fellow when his pride is injured, or his blood is up. (Ch. xvii.)

LOWTEN, MR. A puffy-faced young man, clerk to Mr. Perker. (Ch. xx., xxi., xxxi., xxxiv., xl., xlvii., liii., liv.)

LUCAS, SOLOMON. A seller of fancy dresses. (Ch. xv.)

LUFFEY, MR. Vice-president of the Dingley Dell Cricket Club. (Ch. vii.)

MAGNUS, PETER. A red-haired man, with an inquisitive nose and blue spectacles, who is a fellow-traveller with Mr. Pickwick from London to Ipswich. The two gentlemen chat cosily on the road, and dine together on their arrival at The Great White Horse Inn. Mr. Magnus, who is naturally of a very communicative disposition, and is made more so by the brandy and water he drinks, confidentially informs Mr. Pickwick that he has come down to Ipswich to propose to a certain lady who is even then in the same house. The next morning at breakfast he recurs to the same subject, and the following conversation takes place:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pickwick; but have you ever done this sort of thing in your time?" said Mr. Magnus.

"You mean proposing?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes."

"Never!" said Mr. Pickwick, with great energy—"never!"

"You have no idea, then, how it's best to begin?" said Mr. Magnus.

"Why," said Mr. Pickwick, "I may have formed some ideas upon the subject; but, as I have never submitted them to the test of experience, I should be sorry if you were induced to regulate your proceedings by them."

"I should feel very much obliged to you for any advice," said Mr. Magnus, taking another look at the clock, the hand of which was verging on the five minutes past.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, with the profound solemnity with which that great man could, when he pleased, render his remarks so deeply impressive, "I should commence, sir, with a tribute to the lady's beauty and excellent qualities; from them, sir, I should diverge to my own unworthiness."

"Very good," said Mr. Magnus.

"Unworthiness for *her* only, mind, sir," resumed Mr. Pickwick; "for to show that I was not wholly unworthy, sir, I should take a brief review of my past life and present condition. I should argue, by analogy, that, to anybody else, I must be a very desirable object. I should then expatiate on the warmth of my love and the depth of my devotion. Perhaps I might then be tempted to seize her hand."

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Magnus: "that would be a very great point."

"I should then, sir," continued Mr. Pickwick, growing warmer as the subject presented itself in more glowing colours before him—"I should then, sir, come to the plain and simple question, 'Will you have me?' I think I am justified in assuming, that, upon this, she would turn away her head."

"You think that may be taken for granted?" said Mr. Magnus; "because, if she did not do that at the right place, it would be embarrassing."

"I think she would," said Mr. Pickwick. "Upon this, sir, I should squeeze her hand, and I think—I *think*, Mr. Magnus—that after I had done that, supposing there was no refusal, I should gently draw away the handkerchief, which my slight knowledge of human nature leads me to suppose the lady would be applying to her eyes at the moment, and steal a respectful kiss. I think I should kiss her, Mr. Magnus; and, at this particular point, I am decidedly of opinion, that, if the lady were going to take me at all, she would murmur into my ear a bashful acceptance."

Mr. Magnus started, gazed on Mr. Pickwick's intelligent face for a short time in silence, and then (the dial pointing to the ten minutes past) shook him warmly by the hand and rushed desperately from the room.

Mr. Pickwick had taken a few strides to and fro; and the small hand of the clock, following the latter part of his example, had arrived at the figure which indicates the half-hour, when the door suddenly opened. He turned round to greet Mr. Peter Magnus, and encountered, in his stead, the joyous face of Mr. Tupman, the serene countenance of Mr. Winkle, and the intellectual lineaments of Mr. Snodgrass.

As Mr. Pickwick greeted them, Mr. Peter Magnus tripped into the room.

"My friends, the gentleman I was speaking of—Mr. Magnus"—said Mr. Pickwick.

"Your servant, gentlemen," said Mr. Magnus, evidently in a high state of excitement. "Mr. Pickwick, allow me to speak to you, one moment, sir."

As he said this, Mr. Magnus harnessed his forefinger to Mr. Pickwick's buttonhole, and, drawing him into a window-recess, said:

"Congratulate me, Mr. Pickwick; I followed your advice to the very letter."

"And it was all correct, was it?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"It was, sir—could not possibly have been better," replied Mr. Magnus. "Mr. Pickwick, she is mine!"

"I congratulate you with all my heart," replied Mr. Pickwick, warmly shaking his new friend by the hand.

"You must see her, sir," said Mr. Magnus: "this way, if you please. Excuse us for one instant, gentlemen." And, hurrying on in this way, Mr. Peter Magnus drew Mr. Pickwick from the room. He paused at the next door in the passage, and tapped gently thereat.

"Come in," said a female voice. And in they went.

Now, it has unfortunately happened that Mr. Pickwick, on the night of their arrival, had occasion to leave his room to get his watch, which he had left on a table downstairs. Returning in the dark, he lost his way, and groped about in search of his room for a long time.

A dozen times did he softly turn the handle of some bedroom-door which resembled his own, when a gruff cry from within, of "Who the devil's that?" or "What do you want here?" caused him to steal away, on tiptoe, with a perfectly marvellous celerity. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in—right at last! There were the two beds, whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the draughts of air through which he had passed, and sunk into the socket just as he closed the door after him. "No matter," said Mr. Pickwick; "I can undress myself just as well by the light of the fire."

The bedsteads stood one on each side of the door; and on the inner side of each was a little path, terminating in a rush-bottomed chair, just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into or out of bed on that side, if he or she thought proper. Having carefully drawn the curtains of his bed on the outside, Mr. Pickwick sat down on the rush-bottomed chair, and leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters. He then took off and folded up his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and, slowly drawing on his tasselled nightcap, secured it firmly on his head, by tying beneath his chin the strings which he had always attached to that article of dress. It was at this moment that the absurdity of his recent bewilderment struck upon his mind; and, throwing himself back in the rush-bottomed chair, Mr. Pickwick laughed to himself so heartily, that it would have been quite delightful, to any man of well-constituted mind, to have watched the smiles which expanded his amiable features as they shone forth from beneath the nightcap.

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the nightcap strings—"it is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll!" Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing in the best possible humour, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption; to wit, the entrance into the room

of some person with a candle, who, after locking the door, advanced to the dressing-table and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly, and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber! Some evil-minded person who had seen him come upstairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do!

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor, with the least danger of being seen himself, was by creeping on to the bed, and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this manœuvre he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hands, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and nightcap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing-glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl-papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away, like a gigantic lighthouse in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing!"

"Hem!" said the old lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automaton-like rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this!" thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his nightcap, "never! This is fearful!"

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair, and carefully enveloped it in a muslin nightcap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming," reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out, she'll alarm the house; but if I remain here the consequence will be still more frightful."

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite unnecessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his nightcap to a lady overpowered him; but he had tied these confounded strings in a knot, and, do what he would, he couldn't get it off. The disclosure must be made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrunk behind the curtains, and called out very loudly:

"Ha, hum!"

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident by her falling up against the rushlight shade: that she persuaded herself that it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear: for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone-dead, from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

"Most extraordinary female this!" thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. "Ha, hum!"

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

"Gracious Heaven!" said the middle-aged lady, "what's that?"

"It's—it's—only a gentleman, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, from behind the curtains.

"A gentleman!" said the lady with a terrific scream.

"It's all over," thought Mr. Pickwick.

"A strange man," shrieked the lady. Another instant, and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head in the extremity of his desperation—"ma'am."

Now, although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick's nightcap driven her back into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick, in his turn, stared wildly at her.

"Wretch!" said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, "what do you want here?"

"Nothing, ma'am—nothing whatever, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, earnestly.

"Nothing!" said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, ma'am, upon my honour," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically that the tassel of his nightcap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, ma'am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my nightcap" (here the lady hastily snatched off hers); "but I can't get it off, ma'am" (here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug in proof of the statement). "It is evident to me, ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bedroom for my own. I had not been here five minutes, ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir," said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, ma'am, with the greatest pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly—"certainly, ma'am. I—I—am very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion—deeply sorry, ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his nightcap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm—nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immediately, ma'am—this instant, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

"I trust, ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again, "I trust, ma'am, that my unblemished

character and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this——" but before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence, the lady had thrust him into the passage, and locked and bolted the door behind him.

Mr. Pickwick finally encounters Sam Weller, his valet, who leads him to his room; but this night-adventure disturbs him considerably. The remembrance of it wears away, however, and, at the moment of being introduced by Mr. Magnus to his betrothed, the occurrence is not in his mind at all.

"Miss Witherfield," said Mr. Magnus, "allow me to introduce my very particular friend, Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Pickwick, I beg to make you known to Miss Witherfield."

The lady was at the upper end of the room; and, as Mr. Pickwick bowed, he took his spectacles from his waistcoat-pocket, and put them on,—a process which he had no sooner gone through, than, uttering an exclamation of surprise, Mr. Pickwick retreated several paces, and the lady, with a half-suppressed scream, hid her face in her hands, and dropped into a chair; whereupon Mr. Peter Magnus was struck motionless on the spot, and gazed from one to the other with a countenance expressive of the extremities of horror and surprise.

This certainly was, to all appearance, very unaccountable behaviour: but the fact was, that Mr. Pickwick no sooner put on his spectacles, than he at once recognised in the future Mrs. Magnus, the lady into whose room he had so unwarrantably intruded on the previous night; and the spectacles had no sooner crossed Mr. Pickwick's nose than the lady at once identified the countenance which she had seen surrounded by all the horrors of a nightcap. So the lady screamed, and Mr. Pickwick started.

"Mr. Pickwick!" exclaimed Mr. Magnus, lost in astonishment, "what is the meaning of this, sir? What is the meaning of it, sir?" added Mr. Magnus in a threatening and a louder tone.

"Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, somewhat indignant at the very sudden manner in which Mr. Peter Magnus had conjugated himself into the imperative mood, "I decline answering that question."

"You decline it, sir?" said Mr. Magnus.

"I do, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick. "I object to saying anything which may compromise that lady, or awaken unpleasant recollections in her breast, without her consent and permission."

"Miss Witherfield," said Mr. Peter Magnus, "do you know this person?"

"Know him!" repeated the middle-aged lady, hesitating.

"Yes, know him, ma'am. I said know him," replied Mr. Magnus with ferocity.

"I have seen him," replied the middle-aged lady.

"Where?" inquired Mr. Magnus,—"where?"

"That," said the middle-aged lady, rising from her seat, and averting her head,—"that I would not reveal for worlds."

"I understand you, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, "and respect your delicacy. It shall never be revealed by *me*, depend upon it."

This, of course, makes Mr. Magnus very angry; and he proceeds to work himself into a red-hot, scorching, consuming passion, and indulges freely in threats of a duel. Miss Wither-

field, however, contrives to settle matters by informing the mayor that Mr. Pickwick is about to fight a duel, in which Mr. Tupman proposes to act as his second, and that the other party has absconded. The sequel is that Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman are arrested, and taken before the mayor. For proceedings at the trial, see NUPKINS, GEORGE. (Ch. xxii., xxiv.)

MALLARD, MR. Clerk to Mr. Serjeant Snubbin. (Ch. xxxi., xxxiv.)

MARTIN, MR. A prisoner confined in the Fleet Prison. (Ch. xlii.)

MARTIN. A coachman. (Ch. xlviii.)

MARTIN. A gamekeeper. (Ch. xix.)

MARTIN, JACK. Hero of "The Story of the Bagman's Uncle." (Ch. xlix.)

MARY. A servant-girl at Mr. Nupkins's; afterwards married to Sam Weller. (Ch. xxv., xxxix., xlvii., liii., liv., lvi.)

MATINTER, THE TWO MISSES. Ladies attending the ball at Bath. (Ch. xxxv.)

MILLER, MR. A guest at Mr. Wardle's. (Ch. vi., xxviii.)

MIVINS, MR., called "THE ZEPHYR." A fellow-prisoner with Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet. (Ch. xli., xlii.)

MUDGE, MR. JONAS. Secretary of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. (Ch. xxxiii.)

MUTANHED, LORD. A fashionable gentleman whom Mr. Pickwick meets at a ball in Bath; a friend of Captain and Mrs. Dowler. (Ch. xxxv.)

MUZZLE, MR. An undersized footman, with a long body and short legs, in the service of George Nupkins, Esq. (Ch. xxiv., xxv.)

NAMBY, MR. A sheriff's officer who arrests Mr. Pickwick. (Ch. xl.)

NEDDY. A prisoner for debt, confined in the Fleet; a phlegmatic and taciturn man. (Ch. xlii., xliii.)

NODDY, MR. A friend of Mr. Bob Sawyer. (Ch. xxxii.)

NUPKINS, GEORGE, ESQ. Mayor of Ipswich. Mr. Pickwick and his friend Mr. Tupman are brought before him on a charge preferred by Miss Witherfield, that they are about to engage in a duel—Mr. Pickwick as principal, and Mr. Tupman as his second. (Ch. xxiv., xxv.) *See* MAGNUS, PETER.

The scene was an impressive one, well calculated to strike terror to the hearts of culprits, and to impress them with an adequate idea of the stern majesty of the law. In front of a big bookcase, in a big chair, behind a big table, and before a big volume, sat Mr. Nupkins, looking a full size larger than any one of them, big as they were. The table was adorned with piles of papers; and above the farther end of it appeared the head and shoulders of Mr. Jinks, who was busily engaged in looking as busy as possible. The party having all entered, Muzzle carefully closed the door, and placed himself behind his master's chair to await his orders: Mr. Nupkins threw himself back with thrilling solemnity, and scrutinised the faces of his unwilling visitors.

"Now, Grummer, who is that person?" said Mr. Nupkins, pointing to Mr. Pickwick, who, as the spokesman of his friends, stood, hat in hand, bowing with the utmost politeness and respect.

"This here's Pickvick, your wash-up," said Grummer.

"Come, none o' that 'ere, old Strike-a-light!" interposed Mr. Weller, elbowing himself into the front rank. "Beg your pardon, sir; but this here officer o' yourn in the gamboge tops 'll never earn a decent livin' as a master o' the ceremonies any vere. This here, sir," continued Mr. Weller, thrusting Grummer aside, and addressing the magistrate with pleasant familiarity,—"this here is S. Pickvick, Esquire; this here's Mr. Tupman; that 'ere's Mr. Snodgrass, and furder on, next him on the t'other side, Mr. Winkle—all wery nice gen'l'm'n, sir, as you'll be wery happy to have the acquaintance on; so the sooner you commits these here officers o' yourn to the treadmill for a month or two, the sooner we shall begin to be on a pleasant understanding. Business first, pleasure arterwards, as King Richard the Third said ven he stabbed the t'other king in the Tower, afore he smothered the babbies."

At the conclusion of this address, Mr. Weller brushed his hat with his right elbow, and nodded benignly to Jinks, who had heard him throughout with unspeakable awe.

"Who is this man, Grummer?" said the magistrate.

"Wery desp'rate character, your wash-up," replied Grummer. "He attempted to rescue the prisoners, and assaulted the officers: so we took him into custody and brought him here."

"You did quite right," replied the magistrate. "He is evidently a desperate ruffian."

"He is my servant, sir!" said Mr. Pickwick, angrily.

"Oh! he is your servant, is he?" said Mr. Nupkins. "A conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice, and murder its officers. Pickwick's servant. Put that down, Mr. Jinks."

Mr. Jinks did so.

"What's your name, fellow?" thundered Mr. Nupkins.

"Veller," replied Sam.

"A very good name for the Newgate Calendar," said Mr. Nupkins.

This was a joke: so Jinks, Grummer, Dubbley, all the specials, and Muzzle, went into fits of laughter for five minutes' duration.

"Put down his name, Mr. Jinks," said the magistrate.

"Two L's, old feller," said Sam.

Here an unfortunate special laughed again, whereupon the magistrate threatened to commit him instantly. It's a dangerous thing laughing at the wrong man in these cases.

"Where do you live?" said the magistrate.

"Vare-ever I can," replied Sam.

"Put that down, Mr. Jinks," said the magistrate, who was fast rising into a rage.

"Score it under," said Sam.

"He is a vagabond, Mr. Jinks," said the magistrate. "He is a vagabond on his own statement; is he not, Mr. Jinks?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then I'll commit him—I'll commit him as such," said Mr. Nupkins.

"This is a very impartial country for justice," said Sam. "There ain't a magistrate going as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people."

At this sally another special laughed, and then tried to look so supernaturally solemn that the magistrate detected him immediately.

"Grummer," said Mr. Nupkins, reddening with passion, "how dare you select such an inefficient and disreputable person for a special constable, as that man? How dare you do it, sir?"

"I am werry sorry, your wash-up," stammered Grummer.

"Very sorry!" said the furious magistrate. "You shall repent of this neglect of duty, Mr. Grummer: you shall be made an example of. Take that fellow's staff away. He's drunk.—You're drunk, fellow."

"I am not drunk, your worship," said the man.

"You *are* drunk," returned the magistrate. "How dare you say you are not drunk, sir, when I say you are? Doesn't he smell of spirits, Grummer?"

"Horrid! your wash-up," replied Grummer, who had a vague impression that there was a smell of rum somewhere.

"I knew he did!" said Mr. Nupkins. "I saw he was drunk when he first came into the room, by his excited eye. Did you observe his excited eye, Mr. Jinks?"

"Certainly, sir."

"I haven't touched a drop of spirits this morning," said the man, who was as sober a fellow as need be.

"How dare you tell me a falsehood?" said Mr. Nupkins. "Isn't he drunk at this moment, Mr. Jinks?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Jinks.

"Mr. Jinks," said the magistrate, "I shall commit that man for contempt. Make out his committal, Mr. Jinks."

And committed the special would have been, only Jinks, who was the magistrate's adviser, having had a legal education of three years in a country attorney's office, whispered the magistrate that he thought it wouldn't do: so the magistrate made a speech, and said, that, in consideration of the special's family, he would merely reprimand and discharge him. Accordingly the special was abused vehemently for a quarter of an hour, and sent about his business; and Grummer, Dubbley, Muzzle, and all the other specials, murmured their admiration of the magnanimity of Mr. Nupkins.

"Now, Mr. Jinks," said the magistrate, "swear Grummer."

Grummer was sworn directly; but as Grummer wandered, and Mr. Nupkins's dinner was nearly ready, Mr. Nupkins cut the matter short by putting leading questions to Grummer, which Grummer answered as nearly in the affirmative as he could. So the examination went off, all very smooth and comfortable, and two assaults were proved against Mr. Weller, and a threat against Mr. Winkle, and a push against Mr. Snodgrass. And, when all this was done to the magistrate's satisfaction, the magistrate and Mr. Jinks consulted in whispers.

The consultation having lasted about ten minutes, Mr. Jinks retired to his end of the table; and the magistrate, with a preparatory cough, drew himself up in his chair, and was proceeding to commence his address, when Mr. Pickwick interposed.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting you," said Mr. Pickwick; "but, before you proceed to express and act upon any opinion you may have formed on the statements which have been made here, I must claim my right to be heard so far as I am personally concerned."

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said the magistrate, peremptorily.

"I must submit to you, sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" interposed the magistrate, "or I shall order an officer to remove you."

"You may order your officers to do whatever you please, sir," said Mr. Pickwick; "and I have no doubt, from the specimens I have had of the subordination preserved among them, that, whatever you order, they will execute: but I shall take the liberty, sir, of claiming my right to be heard, until I am removed by force."

"Pickvick and principle!" exclaimed Mr. Weller in a very audible voice.

"Sam, be quiet," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Dumb as a drum vith a hole in it," replied Sam.

Mr. Nupkins looked at Mr. Pickwick with a gaze of intense astonishment at his displaying such unwonted temerity, and was apparently about to return a very angry reply, when Mr. Jinks pulled him by the sleeve, and whispered something in his ear. To this the magistrate returned a half-audible answer; and then the whispering was renewed. Jinks was evidently remonstrating.

At length the magistrate, gulping down with a very bad grace his disinclination to hear anything more, turned to Mr. Pickwick, and said sharply, "What do you want to say?"

"First," said Mr. Pickwick, sending a look through his spectacles under which even Nupkins quailed, "first I wish to know what I and my friend have been brought here for?"

"Must I tell him?" whispered the magistrate to Jinks.

"I think you had better, sir," whispered Jinks to the magistrate.

"An information has been sworn before me," said the magistrate, "that it is apprehended you are going to fight a duel, and that the other man, Tupman, is your aider and abettor in it. Therefore—eh, Mr. Jinks?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Therefore I call upon you both to—I think that's the course, Mr. Jinks?"

"Certainly, sir."

"To—to—what, Mr. Jinks?" said the magistrate, pettishly.

"To find bail, sir."

"Yes. Therefore I call upon you both—as I was about to say when I was interrupted by my clerk—to find bail."

"Good bail," whispered Mr. Jinks.

"I shall require good bail," said the magistrate.

"Town's-people," whispered Jinks.

"They must be town's-people," said the magistrate.

"Fifty pounds each," whispered Jinks, "and householders, of course."

"I shall require two sureties of fifty pounds each," said the magistrate aloud, with great dignity; "and they must be householders, of course."

"But bless my heart, sir!" said Mr. Pickwick, who, together with Mr. Tupman, was all amazement and indignation, "we are perfect

strangers in this town. I have as little knowledge of any householders here as I have intention of fighting a duel with anybody."

"I daresay," replied the magistrate, "I daresay; don't you, Mr. Jinks?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Have you anything more to say?" inquired the magistrate.

Mr. Pickwick recollects that he has lately heard of the adventure of Mr. Alfred Jingle in those parts, under the *alias* of Captain Fitz-Marshall, and that rumour has it that he is about to marry a daughter of the mayor. Mr. Pickwick determines to speak privately to the magistrate, and, if this proves to be the fact, to expose Jingle, and gain the good will of Mr. Nupkins. He therefore asks for a private interview, which, after some hesitation and great astonishment, is granted. The consultation over, Mr. Pickwick and the mayor return to the office.

"Grummer," said the magistrate in an awful voice.

"Your wash-up," replied Grummer with the smile of a favourite.

"Come, come, sir," said the magistrate, sternly, "don't let me see any of this levity here. It is very unbecoming; and I can assure you that you have very little to smile at. Was the account you gave me just now strictly true? Now be careful, sir."

"Your wash-up," stammered Grummer, "I——"

"Oh! you are confused, are you?" said the magistrate. "Mr. Jinks, you observe his confusion?"

"Certainly, sir," replied Jinks.

"Now," said the magistrate, "just repeat your statement, Grummer; and again I warn you to be careful. Mr. Jinks, take his words down."

The unfortunate Grummer proceeded to re-state his complaint; but what between Mr. Jinks's taking down his words and the magistrate's taking them up, his natural tendency to rambling, and his extreme confusion, he managed to get involved, in something under three minutes, in such a mass of entanglement and contradiction, that Mr. Nupkins at once declared he didn't believe him. So the fines were remitted, and Mr. Jinks found a couple of bail in no time; and, all these solemn proceedings having been satisfactorily concluded, Mr. Grummer was ignominiously ordered out—an awful instance of the instability of human greatness and the uncertain tenure of great men's favour.

NUPKINS, MRS. Wife of George Nupkins, Esq. (Ch. xxv.)

NUPKINS, MISS HENRIETTA. Their daughter. (Ch. xxv.)

PAYNE, DOCTOR. Surgeon of the Forty-third regiment, and a friend of Doctor Slammer's. (Ch. ii., iii.) *See* SLAMMER, DOCTOR.

PEEL, MR. SOLOMON. An attorney at the Insolvent Court in Portugal Street; a fat, flabby, pale man, with a narrow forehead, wide face, large head, short neck, and wry nose. (Ch. xliii., lv.)

PERKER, MR. Election-agent for the Honourable Samuel Slumkey; afterwards Mr. Pickwick's attorney—a little, high-dried man, with a dark, squeezed-up face, small, restless black eyes, and the air of one in the habit of propounding regular posers. (Ch. x., xiii., xxxi., xxxiv., xxxv., xlvii., liii., liv.)

PHUNKY, MR. Junior counsel with Serjeant Snubbin in the case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick; regarded as "an infant barrister," as he has not been at the Bar quite eight years. (Ch. xxxi., xxxiv.)

PICKWICK, SAMUEL. Founder of the Pickwick Club. (Ch. i.—xxviii., xxx.—xxxii., xxxiv.—xxxvii., xxxix.—xlviii., l.—lvi.)

The first ray of light which illumines the gloom, and converts into a dazzling brilliancy that obscurity in which the earlier history of the public career of the immortal Pickwick would appear to be involved, is derived from the perusal of the following entry in the Transactions of the Pickwick Club:—

"May 12, 1817.—Joseph Smiggers, Esq., P.V.P., M.P.C.,* presiding. The following resolutions unanimously agreed to:

"That this Association has heard read with feelings of unmingled satisfaction and unqualified approval the paper communicated by Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G.C., M.P.C.,† entitled 'Speculations on the Source of the Hampstead Ponds, with some Observations on the Theory of Tittlebats;' and that this Association does hereby return its warmest thanks to the said Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G.C., M.P.C., for the same.

"That while this Association is deeply sensible of the advantages which must accrue to the cause of science from the production to which they have just adverted, no less than from the unwearied researches of Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G.C., M.P.C., in Hornsey, Highgate, Brixton, and Camberwell, they cannot but entertain a lively sense of the inestimable benefits which must inevitably result from carrying the speculations of that learned man into a wider field, from extending his travels, and consequently enlarging his sphere of observation; to the advancement of knowledge and the diffusion of learning.

"That, with the view just mentioned, this Association has taken into its serious consideration a proposal, emanating from the aforesaid Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G.C., M.P.C., and three other Pickwickians hereinafter named, for forming a new branch of United Pickwickians, under the title of 'The Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club.'

"That the said proposal has received the sanction and approval of this Association.

"That the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club is therefore hereby constituted; and that Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G.C., M.P.C., Tracy Tupman, Esq., M.P.C., Augustus Snodgrass, Esq., M.P.C., and Nathaniel Winkle, Esq., M.P.C., are hereby nominated and appointed members of the same; and that they be requested to forward, from time to time, authenticated accounts of their journeys and investigations; of their observations of character and manners; and of the whole of their

* Perpetual Vice-President, Member Pickwick Club.
† General Chairman, Member Pickwick Club.

adventures; together with all tales and papers to which local scenery or associations may give rise, to the Pickwick Club, stationed in London.

"That this Association cordially recognises the principle of every member of the Corresponding Society defraying his own travelling expenses; and that it sees no objection whatever to the members of the said Society pursuing their inquiries for any length of time they please, upon the same terms.

"That the members of the aforesaid Corresponding Society be and are hereby informed that their proposal to pay the postage of their letters, and the carriage of their parcels, has been deliberated upon by this Association. That this Association considers such proposal worthy of the great minds from which it emanated; and that it hereby signifies its perfect acquiescence therein."

A casual observer, adds the secretary—to whose notes we are indebted for the following account—a casual observer might possibly have remarked nothing extraordinary in the bald head and circular spectacles which were intently turned towards his (the secretary's) face during the reading of the above resolutions. To those who knew that the gigantic brain of Pickwick was working beneath that forehead, and that the beaming eyes of Pickwick were twinkling behind those glasses, the sight was indeed an interesting one. There sat the man who had traced to their source the mighty ponds of Hampstead, and agitated the scientific world with his Theory of Tittlebats, as calm and unmoved as the deep waters of the one on a frosty day, or as a solitary specimen of the other in the inmost recesses of an earthen jar. And how much more interesting did the spectacle become when, starting into full life and animation as a simultaneous call for "Pickwick" burst from his followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair, on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the club himself had founded! What a study for an artist did that exciting scene present! The eloquent Pickwick, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat-tails, and the other waving in air to assist his glowing declamation—his elevated position revealing those tights and gaiters which, had they clothed an ordinary man, might have passed without observation, but which, when Pickwick clothed them (if we may use the expression), inspired involuntary awe and respect—surrounded by the men who had volunteered to share the peril of his travels, and who were destined to participate in the glories of his discoveries! On his right hand sat Mr. Tracy Tupman—the too susceptible Tupman, who to the wisdom and experience of maturer years superadded the enthusiasm and ardour of a boy in the most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses—love. Time and feeding had expanded that once romantic form; the black silk waistcoat had become more and more developed; inch by inch had the gold watch-chain beneath it disappeared from within the range of Tupman's vision; and gradually had the capacious chin encroached upon the borders of the white cravat: but the soul of Tupman had known no change—admiration of the fair sex was still its ruling passion. On the left of his great leader sat the poetic Snodgrass; and near him again the sporting Winkle; the former poetically enveloped in a mysterious blue cloak with a canine-skin collar, and the latter communicating additional lustre to a new green shooting-coat, plaid neckerchief, and closely-fitted drabs.

Mr. Pickwick starts out upon his travels with the other members of the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club,

and meets with many laughable and interesting adventures. At Chatham they attend a grand review, station themselves in the front rank of the crowd, and patiently await the commencement of the proceedings.

The throng was increasing every moment; and the efforts they were compelled to make to retain the position they had gained sufficiently occupied their attention during the two hours that ensued. At one time there was a sudden pressure from behind; and then Mr. Pickwick was jerked forward for several yards, with a degree of speed and elasticity highly inconsistent with the general gravity of his demeanour; at another moment there was a request to "keep back" from the front; and then the butt-end of a musket was either dropped upon Mr. Pickwick's toe to remind him of the demand, or thrust into his chest to insure its being complied with. Then some facetious gentlemen on the left, after pressing sideways in a body, and squeezing Mr. Snodgrass into the very last extreme of human torture, would request to know "vere he was a-shovin' to;" and when Mr. Winkle had done expressing his excessive indignation at witnessing this unprovoked assault, some person behind would knock his hat over his eyes, and beg the favour of his putting his head in his pocket. These and other practical witticisms, coupled with the unaccountable absence of Mr. Tupman (who had suddenly disappeared, and was nowhere to be found), rendered their situation, upon the whole, rather more uncomfortable than pleasing or desirable.

At length that low roar of many voices ran through the crowd, which usually announces the arrival of whatever they have been waiting for. All eyes were turned in the direction of the sally-port. A few moments of eager expectation, and colours were seen fluttering gaily in the air; arms glistened brightly in the sun; column after column poured on to the plain. The troops halted and formed; the word of command rung through the line; there was a general clash of muskets as arms were presented; and the commander-in-chief, attended by Colonel Bulder, and numerous officers, cantered to the front. The military bands struck up all together; the horses stood upon two legs each, cantered backwards, and whisked their tails about in all directions; the dogs barked; the mob screamed; the troops recovered; and nothing was to be seen on either side, as far as the eye could reach, but a long perspective of red coats and white trousers, fixed and motionless.

Mr. Pickwick had been so fully occupied in falling about, and disentangling himself miraculously from between the legs of horses, that he had not enjoyed sufficient leisure to observe the scene before him, until it assumed the appearance we have just described. When he was at last enabled to stand firmly on his legs, his gratification and delight were unbounded.

"Can anything be finer or more delightful?" he inquired of Mr. Winkle.

"Nothing," replied that gentleman, who had had a short man standing on each of his feet for the quarter of an hour immediately preceding.

"It is indeed a noble and a brilliant sight," said Mr. Snodgrass, in whose bosom a blaze of poetry was rapidly bursting forth, "to see the gallant defenders of their country drawn up in a brilliant array before its peaceful citizens; their faces beaming, not with warlike ferocity, but with civilised gentleness; their eyes flashing, not with the rude fire

of rapine or revenge, but with the soft light of humanity and intelligence."

Mr. Pickwick fully entered into the spirit of this eulogium; but he could not exactly re-echo its terms; for the soft light of intelligence burnt rather feebly in the eyes of the warriors, inasmuch as the command, "Eyes front!" had been given; and all the spectator saw before him was several thousand pair of optics staring straight forward, wholly divested of any expression whatever.

"We are in a capital situation now!" said Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. The crowd had gradually dispersed from their immediate vicinity, and they were nearly alone.

"Capital!" echoed both Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle.

"What are they doing now?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, adjusting his spectacles.

"I—I—rather think," said Mr. Winkle, changing colour,—"I rather think they're going to fire!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Pickwick, hastily.

"I—I—really think they are," urged Mr. Snodgrass, somewhat alarmed.

"Impossible!" replied Mr. Pickwick. He had hardly uttered the word, when the whole half-dozen regiments levelled their muskets as if they had but one common object, and that object the Pickwickians, and burst forth with the most awful and tremendous discharge that ever shook the earth to its centre, or an elderly gentleman off his.

It was in this trying situation, exposed to a galling fire of blank cartridges, and harassed by the operations of the military,—a fresh body of whom had begun to fall in on the opposite side,—that Mr. Pickwick displayed that perfect coolness and self-possession which are the indispensable accompaniments of a great mind. He seized Mr. Winkle by the arm, and, placing himself between that gentleman and Mr. Snodgrass, earnestly besought them to remember, that, beyond the possibility of being rendered deaf by the noise, there was no immediate danger to be apprehended from the firing.

"But—but—suppose some of the men should happen to have ball cartridges by mistake," remonstrated Mr. Winkle, pallid at the supposition he was himself conjuring up. "I heard something whistle through the air just now—so sharp!—close to my ear."

"We had better throw ourselves on our faces, hadn't we?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"No, no! it's over now," said Mr. Pickwick. His lip might quiver, and his cheek might blanch; but no expression of fear or concern escaped the lips of that immortal man.

Mr. Pickwick was right, the firing ceased. But he had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the accuracy of his opinion, when a quick movement was visible in the line: the hoarse shout of the word of command ran along it, and, before either of the party could form a guess at the meaning of this new manœuvre, the whole of the half-dozen regiments, with fixed bayonets, charged at double quick time down upon the very spot on which Mr. Pickwick and his friends were stationed.

Man is but mortal, and there is a point beyond which human courage cannot extend. Mr. Pickwick gazed through his spectacles for an instant on the advancing mass; and then fairly turned his back, and—we will not say fled; first, because it is an ignoble term, and, secondly, because Mr. Pickwick's figure was by no means adapted for that mode

of retreat. He trotted away at as quick a rate as his legs would convey him,—so quickly, indeed, that he did not perceive the awkwardness of his situation to the full extent until too late.

The opposite troops, whose falling-in had perplexed Mr. Pickwick a few seconds before, were drawn up to repel the mimic attack of the sham besiegers of the citadel; and the consequence was that Mr. Pickwick and his two companions found themselves suddenly enclosed between two lines of great length,—the one advancing at a rapid pace, and the other firmly awaiting the collision in hostile array.

"Hoi!" shouted the officers of the advancing line.

"Get out of the way!" cried the officers of the stationary one.

"Where are we to go?" screamed the agitated Pickwickians.

"Hoi, hoi, hoi!" was the only reply. There was a moment of intense bewilderment, a heavy tramp of footsteps, a violent concussion, a smothered laugh—the half-dozen regiments were half-a-thousand yards off, and the soles of Mr. Pickwick's boots were elevated in air.

Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle had each performed a compulsory summerset with remarkable agility, when the first object that met the eyes of the latter as he sat on the ground, stanching with a yellow silk handkerchief the stream of life which issued from his nose, was his venerated leader at some distance off, running after his own hat, which was gambolling playfully away in perspective.

There are very few moments in a man's existence when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little charitable commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat. A vast deal of coolness and a peculiar degree of judgment are requisite in catching a hat. A man must not be precipitate, or he runs over it; he must not rush into the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. The best way is to keep gently up with the object of pursuit, to be wary and cautious, to watch your opportunity well, get gradually before it, then make a rapid dive, seize it by the crown, then stick it firmly on your head, smiling pleasantly all the time as if you thought it as good a joke as anybody else.

There was a fine gentle wind, and Mr. Pickwick's hat rolled sportively before it. The wind puffed, and Mr. Pickwick puffed, and the hat rolled over and over as merrily as a lively porpoise in a strong tide; and on it might have rolled, far beyond Mr. Pickwick's reach, had not its course been providentially stopped just as that gentleman was on the point of resigning it to its fate.

Mr. Pickwick, we say, was completely exhausted, and about to give up the chase, when the hat was blown with some violence against the wheel of a carriage.

Darting forward to pick it up, Mr. Pickwick is accosted by Mr. Tupman, who has made the acquaintance of Mr. Wardle and his family (the occupants of the carriage), and is introduced to them, as are Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle, who come up shortly after. Being all invited to visit Manor Farm, Mr. Wardle's home, on the following day, they determine to go—three of them in a chaise, and one on horseback. At an early hour, the carriage is brought to the door.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place, like a wine-bin, for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone.

An hostler stood near it, holding by the bridle another immense horse —apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in,—"bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir,—a hinfant in arms might drive him."

"He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir? He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, Shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'l'm'n the ribbins." "Shiny Villiam,"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Wo—o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo—o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'l'm'n," said the head hostler, encouragingly; "jist kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'l'm'n worn't a-gettin' up on the wrong side!" whispered a grinning post-boy, to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle, faintly.

"Let 'em go!" cried the hostler, "hold him in, sir;" and away went the chaise and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was going up the street in the most mysterious manner,—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail to the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular; the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to anyone seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly, every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping

short, and then rushing forward for some minutes at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it *looks* very much like shying, don't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Woo!" said that gentleman. "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces with the violence of the exercise,—"pick up the whip, there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face, and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now, whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow!" said Winkle, soothingly, "poor fellow, good old horse!" The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him!"

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come," roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and, having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him, with the chaise-whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotary motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement, of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance; but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, snorted, shook his head, turned round and quietly trotted home to Rochester,

leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonised Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge; Mr. Snodgrass followed his example: the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

After extricating themselves, the party are compelled to walk and to lead the horse; and it is not until late in the afternoon that they reach Manor Farm, tired, dusty, and foot-sore.

When in London, Mr. Pickwick lives at Mrs. Bardell's, in Goswell Street, where he has very comfortable lodgings, and a very accommodating landlady. He determines, however, to take a servant; and, desiring to consult Mrs. Bardell in relation to the matter, he sends for her.

"Mrs. Bardell," said Mr. Pickwick. . . .

"Sir," said Mrs. Bardell. . . .

"Do you think it's a much greater expense to keep two people than to keep one?"

"La, Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell, colouring up to the very border of her cap, as she fancied she observed a species of matrimonial twinkle in the eyes of her lodger; "la, Mr. Pickwick, what a question!"

"Well, but *do* you?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"That depends," said Mrs. Bardell . . . "that depends a good deal upon the person, you know, Mr. Pickwick, and whether it's a saving and careful person, sir."

"That's very true," said Mr. Pickwick; "but the person I have in my eye"—here he looked very hard at Mrs. Bardell—"I think, possesses these qualities, and has, moreover, a considerable knowledge of the world, and a great deal of sharpness, Mrs. Bardell, which may be of material use to me."

"La, Mr. Pickwick!" said Mrs. Bardell, the crimson rising to her cap-border again.

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick, growing energetic, as was his wont in speaking of a subject which interested him; "I do, indeed; and, to tell you the truth, Mrs. Bardell, I have made up my mind."

"Dear me, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell.

"You'll think it not very strange now," said the amiable Mr. Pickwick, with a good-humoured glance at his companion, "that I never consulted you about this matter, and never mentioned it, till I sent your little boy out this morning—eh?"

Mrs. Bardell could only reply by a look. She had long worshipped Mr. Pickwick at a distance; but here she was, all at once raised to a pinnacle to which her wildest and most extravagant hopes had never dared to aspire. Mr. Pickwick was going to propose! A deliberate plan, too—sent her little boy away.

After a few words more, Mrs. Bardell, overcome by her feelings, goes off into ecstatic hysterics, and throws herself into the arms of Mr. Pickwick, who vehemently protests, and begs her to desist.

"Mrs. Bardell, my good woman—dear me, what a situation! Pray consider, Mrs. Bardell; don't—if anybody should come——"

"Oh, let them come!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically. "I'll never leave you, dear, kind, good soul!" And with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me!" said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently. "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't!" But entreaty and remonstrance were alike unavailing, for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and, before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

Mr. Pickwick was struck motionless and speechless. He stood with his lovely burden in his arms, gazing vacantly on the countenance of his friends, without the slightest attempt at recognition or explanation. They, in their turn, stared at him; and Master Bardell, in his turn, stared at everybody.

The astonishment of the Pickwickians was so absorbing, and the perplexity of Mr. Pickwick was so extreme, that they might have remained in exactly the same relative situations until the suspended animation of the lady was restored, had it not been for a most beautiful and touching expression of filial affection on the part of her youthful son. Clad in a tight suit of corduroy, spangled with brass buttons of a very considerable size, he at first stood at the door astounded and uncertain; but, by degrees, the impression that his mother must have suffered some personal damage pervaded his partially-developed mind, and, considering Mr. Pickwick as the aggressor, he set up an appalling and semi-earthly kind of howling, and, butting forward with his head, commenced assailing that immortal gentleman about the back and legs, with such blows and pinches as the strength of his arm and the violence of his excitement allowed.

"Take this little villain away!" said the agonised Mr. Pickwick. "He's mad!"

"What *is* the matter?" said the three tongue-tied Pickwickians.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick, pettishly. "Take away the boy!" Here Mr. Winkle carried the interesting boy, screaming and struggling, to the farther end of the apartment. "Now help me to lead this woman downstairs."

"Oh, I am better now," said Mrs. Bardell faintly.

"Let me lead you downstairs," said the ever gallant Mr. Tupman.

"Thank you, sir; thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Bardell hysterically. And downstairs she was led accordingly, accompanied by her affectionate son.

"I cannot conceive," said Mr. Pickwick, when his friend returned, "I cannot conceive what has been the matter with that woman. I had merely announced to her my intention of keeping a man-servant, when she fell into the extraordinary paroxysm in which you found her. Very extraordinary thing!"

"Very!" said his three friends.

"Placed me in such an extremely awkward situation," continued Mr. Pickwick.

"Very!" was the reply of his followers, as they coughed slightly, and looked dubiously at each other.

This behaviour was not lost upon Mr. Pickwick. He remarked their incredulity. They evidently suspected him.

After this occurrence Mr. Pickwick engages Samuel Weller as his servant; and the next day they all set out for Eatanswill to observe the incidents attending an election at that borough. The parties there are divided into two factions—the Buffs and the Blues.

Of course it was essentially and indispensably necessary that each of these powerful parties should have its chosen organ and representative; and accordingly there were two newspapers in the town—*The Eatanswill Gazette* and *The Eatanswill Independent*; the former advocating Blue principles, and the latter conducted on grounds decidedly Buff. Fine newspapers they were! Such leading articles, and such spirited attacks! "Our worthless contemporary *The Gazette*," "That disgraceful and dastardly journal *The Independent*," "That false and scurrilous print *The Independent*," "That vile and slanderous calumniator *The Gazette*" — these and other spirit-stirring denunciations were strewn plentifully over the columns of each, in every number, and excited feelings of the most intense delight and indignation in the bosoms of the townspeople.

Mr. Pickwick, with his usual foresight and sagacity, had chosen a peculiarly desirable moment for his visit to the borough. Never was such a contest known. The Honourable Samuel Slumkey, of Slumkey Hall, was the Blue candidate; and Horatio Fizkin, Esq., of Fizkin Lodge, near Eatanswill, had been prevailed upon by his friends to stand forward on the Buff interest. *The Gazette* warned the electors of Eatanswill that the eyes, not only of England, but of the whole civilised world, were upon them. *The Independent* imperatively demanded to know whether the constituency of Eatanswill were the grand fellows they had always taken them for, or base and servile tools, undeserving alike of the name of Englishmen and the blessings of freedom. Never had such a commotion agitated the town before.

It was late in the evening when Mr. Pickwick and his companions, assisted by Sam, dismounted from the roof of the Eatanswill coach. Large blue silk flags were flying from the windows of The Town Arms Inn; and bills were posted in every sash, intimating, in gigantic letters, that the Honourable Samuel Slumkey's Committee sat there daily. A crowd of idlers were assembled in the road, looking at a hoarse man in the balcony, who was apparently talking himself very red in the face in Mr. Slumkey's behalf, but the force and point of whose arguments were somewhat impaired by the perpetual beating of four large drums, which Mr. Fizkin's committee had stationed at the street-corner. There was a busy little man beside him, though, who took off his hat at intervals, and motioned to the people to cheer, which they regularly did most enthusiastically; and, as the red-faced gentleman went on talking till he was redder in the face than ever, it seemed to answer his purpose quite as well as if anybody had heard him.

The Pickwickians had no sooner dismounted than they were surrounded

by a branch mob of the honest and independent, who forthwith set up three deafening cheers, which, being responded to by the main body (for it's not at all necessary for a crowd to know what they are cheering about), swelled into a tremendous roar of triumph, which stopped even the red-faced man in the balcony.

"Hurrah!" shouted the mob in conclusion.

"One cheer more!" screamed the little fugleman in the balcony; and out shouted the mob again, as if lungs were cast iron with steel works.

"Slumkey for ever!" roared the honest and independent.

"Slumkey for ever!" echoed Mr. Pickwick, taking off his hat.

"No Fizkin!" roared the crowd.

"Certainly not!" shouted Mr. Pickwick.

"Hurrah!" and then there was another roaring, like that of a whole menagerie when the elephant has rung the bell for the cold meat.

"Who is Slumkey?" whispered Mr. Tupman.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Pickwick in the same tone. "Hush! don't ask any questions. It's always best on these occasions to do what the mob do."

"But suppose there are two mobs," suggested Mr. Snodgrass.

"Shout with the largest!" replied Mr. Pickwick.

Volumes could not have said more.

While in the country, Mr. Pickwick and his friends think it will be well to indulge in a little sport, and consequently resolve to go out shooting. Accompanied by Mr. Wardle, they take an open carriage and drive off. Arrived at the scene of action, Mr. Pickwick finds himself too lame to walk, and is much disappointed thereat; but Sam, having discovered a wheelbarrow, proposes to give him a ride in this novel vehicle, which proposition Mr. Pickwick gratefully accepts. But here a difficulty arises. The gamekeeper resolutely protests against the introduction into a shooting-party of a gentleman in a barrow, as a gross violation of all established rules and precedents.

It was a great objection, but not an insurmountable one. The gamekeeper having been coaxed and feed, and having, moreover, eased his mind by "punching" the head of the inventive youth who had first suggested the use of the machine, Mr. Pickwick was placed in it, and off the party set—Wardle and the long gamekeeper leading the way; and Mr. Pickwick in the barrow, propelled by Sam, bringing up the rear.

"Stop, Sam!" said Mr. Pickwick, when they had got half across the first field.

"What's the matter now?" said Wardle.

"I won't suffer this barrow to be moved another step," said Mr. Pickwick, resolutely, "unless Winkle carries that gun of his in a different manner."

"How *am* I to carry it?" said the wretched Winkle.

"Carry it with the muzzle of it to the ground," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"It's so unsportsmanlike," reasoned Winkle.

"I don't care whether it's unsportsmanlike or not," replied Mr. Pickwick. "I am not going to be shot in a wheelbarrow, for the sake of appearances to please anybody."

"I know the gentleman 'll put that 'ere charge into somebody afore he's done," growled the long man.

"Well, well, I don't mind," said poor Winkle, turning his gun-stock uppermost: "there!"

"Anythin' for a quiet life," said Mr. Weller; and on they went again.

"Stop!" said Mr. Pickwick, after they had gone a few yards farther.

"What now?" said Wardle.

"That gun of Tupman's is not safe: I know it isn't," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Eh? What! not safe?" said Mr. Tupman, in a tone of great alarm.

"Not as you are carrying it," said Mr. Pickwick. "I am very sorry to make any further objections; but I cannot consent to go on unless you carry it as Winkle does his."

"I think you had better, sir," said the long gamekeeper, "or you're quite as likely to lodge the charge into your own vestcoat as in anybody else's."

Mr. Tupman, with the most obliging haste, placed his piece in the position required, and the party moved on again; the two amateurs marching with reversed arms, like a couple of privates at a royal funeral.

The dogs came suddenly to a dead stop; and the party, advancing stealthily a single pace, stopped too.

"What's the matter with the dogs' legs?" whispered Mr. Winkle. "How queer they're standing!"

"Hush! can't you?" replied Wardle, softly. "Don't you see they're making a point?"

"Making a point!" said Mr. Winkle, staring about him as if he expected to discover some particular beauty in the landscape which the sagacious animals were calling special attention to—"making a point! What are they pointing at?"

"Keep your eyes open," said Wardle, not heeding the question in the excitement of the moment. "Now, then!"

There was a sharp whirring noise, that made Mr. Winkle start back as if he had been shot himself. Bang, bang! went a couple of guns. The smoke swept quickly away over the field, and curled into the air.

"Where are they?" said Mr. Winkle, in a state of the highest excitement, turning round and round in all directions. "Where are they? Tell me when to fire. Where are they? where are they?"

"Where are they?" said Wardle, taking up a brace of birds which the dogs had deposited at his feet. "Where are they? Why, here they are."

"No, no; I mean the others," said the bewildered Winkle.

"Far enough off by this time," replied Wardle, coolly reloading his gun.

"We shall very likely be up with another covey in five minutes," said the long gamekeeper. "If the gentleman begins to fire now, perhaps he'll just get the shot out of the barrel by the time they rise."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mr. Weller.

"Sam!" said Mr. Pickwick, compassionating his follower's confusion and embarrassment.

"Sir?"

"Don't laugh."

"Certainly not, sir." So, by way of indemnification, Mr. Weller contorted his features from behind the wheelbarrow, for the exclusive

amusement of the boy with the leggings, who thereupon burst into a boisterous laugh, and was summarily cuffed by the long gamekeeper, who wanted a pretext for turning round to hide his own merriment.

"Bravo, old fellow!" said Wardle to Mr. Tupman; "you fired that time, at all events."

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Tupman, with conscious pride; "I let it off."

"Well done. You'll hit something next time, if you look sharp. Very easy, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's very easy," said Mr. Tupman. "How it hurts one's shoulder, though! It nearly knocked me backwards. I had no idea these small firearms kicked so."

"Ah," said the old gentleman, smiling, "you'll get used to it in time. Now, then—all ready, all right with the barrow there?"

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Come along, then."

"Hold hard, sir," said Sam, raising the barrow.

"Ay, ay," replied Mr. Pickwick; and on they went, as briskly as need be.

"Keep that barrow back, now," cried Wardle, when it had been hoisted over a stile into another field, and Mr. Pickwick had been deposited in it once more.

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller, pausing.

"Now, Winkle," said the old gentleman, "follow me softly, and don't be too late this time."

"Never fear," said Mr. Winkle. "Are they pointing?"

"No, no; not now. Quietly, now, quietly." On they crept, and very quietly they would have advanced, if Mr. Winkle, in the performance of some very intricate evolutions with his gun, had not accidentally fired, at the most critical moment, over the boy's head, exactly in the very spot where the tall man's brain would have been, had he been there instead.

"Why, what on earth did you do that for?" said old Wardle, as the birds flew unharmed away.

"I never saw such a gun in my life," replied poor Winkle, looking at the lock, as if that would do any good. "It goes off of its own accord. It *will* do it."

"Will do it?" echoed Wardle, with something of irritation in his manner. "I wish it would kill something of its own accord."

"It'll do that afore long, sir," observed the tall man, in a low, prophetic voice.

"What do you mean by that observation, sir?" inquired Mr. Winkle angrily.

"Never mind, sir; never mind," replied the long gamekeeper. "I've no family myself, sir; and this here boy's mother will get something handsome from Sir Geoffrey, if he's killed on his land. Load again, sir; load again."

"Take away his gun!" cried Mr. Pickwick from the barrow, horror-stricken at the long man's dark insinuations. "Take away his gun! do you hear, somebody?"

Nobody, however, volunteered to obey the command; and Mr. Winkle, after darting a rebellious glance at Mr. Pickwick, reloaded his gun, and proceeded onwards with the rest.

We are bound, on the authority of Mr. Pickwick, to state that Mr. Tupman's mode of proceeding evinced far more of prudence and deliberation than that adopted by Mr. Winkle. . . .

With the quickness and penetration of a man of genius, he had at once observed that the two great points to be attained were, first, to discharge his piece without injury to himself, and, secondly, to do so without danger to the bystanders. Obviously the best thing to do, after surmounting the difficulty of firing at all, was to shut his eyes firmly, and fire into the air.

On one occasion, after performing this feat, Mr. Tupman, on opening his eyes, beheld a plump partridge in the very act of falling wounded to the ground. He was just on the point of congratulating Wardle on his invariable success, when that gentleman advanced towards him, and grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Tupman," said the old gentleman, "you singled out that particular bird?"

"No," said Mr. Tupman, "no."

"You did," said Wardle. "I saw you do it; I observed you pick him out; I noticed you as you raised your piece to take aim; and I will say this, that the best shot in existence could not have done it more beautifully. You are an older hand at this than I thought you, Tupman; you have been out before."

It was in vain for Mr. Tupman to protest, with a smile of self-denial, that he never had. The very smile was taken as evidence to the contrary; and from that time forth his reputation was established. It is not the only reputation that has been acquired as easily; nor are such fortunate circumstances confined to partridge-shooting.

Meanwhile, Mr. Winkle flashed and blazed and smoked away, without producing any material results worthy of being noted down; sometimes expending his charge in mid-air, and at others sending it skimming along so near the surface of the ground as to place the lives of the two dogs on a rather uncertain and precarious tenure. As a display of fancy shooting, it was extremely varied and curious; as an exhibition of firing with any precise object, it was, upon the whole, perhaps a failure. . .

"Well," said Wardle, walking up to the side of the barrow, and wiping the streams of perspiration from his jolly red face, "smoking day, isn't it?"

"It is, indeed," replied Mr. Pickwick. "The sun is tremendously hot, even to me. I don't know how you must feel it."

"Why," said the old gentleman, "pretty hot. It's past twelve, though. You see that green hill there?"

"Certainly."

"That's the place where we are to lunch; and, by Jove! there's the boy with the basket, punctual as clock-work."

"So he is," said Mr. Pickwick, brightening up. "Good boy, that. I'll give him a shilling presently. Now, then, Sam, wheel away."

"Hold on, sir!" said Mr. Weller, invigorated with the prospect of refreshments. "Out of the way, young leathers! If you walley my precious life don't upset me, as the gen'l'man said to the driver when they was a-carryin' him to Tyburn." And, quickening his pace to a sharp run, Mr. Weller wheeled his master to the green hill, shot him dexterously out by the very side of the basket, and proceeded to unpack it with the utmost despatch.

* * * * * * *

"A wery good notion of a lunch it is, take it altogether," said Mr. Weller, surveying his arrangement of the repast with great satisfaction. "Now, gen'l'men, 'fall on,' as the English said to the French when they fixed bagginets."

It needed no second invitation to induce the party to yield full justice to the meal; and as little pressing did it require to induce Mr. Weller, the long gamekeeper, and the two boys, to station themselves on the grass at a little distance, and to do good execution upon a decent proportion of the viands. An old oak-tree afforded a pleasant shelter to the group; and a rich prospect of arable and meadow land, intersected with luxuriant hedges, and richly ornamented with wood, lay spread out before them.

"This is delightful, thoroughly delightful!" said Mr. Pickwick, the skin of whose expressive countenance was rapidly peeling off with exposure to the sun.

"So it is, so it is, old fellow!" replied Wardle. "Come, a glass of punch."

"With great pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick; and the satisfaction of his countenance after drinking it bore testimony to the sincerity of the reply.

"Good!" said Mr. Pickwick, smacking his lips—"very good! I'll take another. Cool, very cool. Come, gentlemen," continued Mr. Pickwick, still retaining his hold upon the jar, "a toast; 'Our friends at Dingley Dell.'"

The toast was drunk with loud acclamations.

"I'll tell you what I shall do to get up my shooting again," said Mr. Winkle, who was eating bread and ham with a pocket-knife. "I'll put a stuffed partridge on the top of a post, and practise at it, beginning at a short distance, and lengthening it by degrees. I understand it's a capital practice."

"I know a gen'l'man, sir," said Mr. Weller, "as did that, and begun at two yards; but he never tried it on agin; for he blowed the bird right clean away at the first fire, and nobody ever seed a feather on him arterwards."

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Have the goodness to reserve your anecdotes till they are called for."

"Cert'nly, sir."

Here Mr. Weller winked the eye which was not concealed by the beer-can he was raising to his lips, with such exquisite facetiousness, that the two boys went into spontaneous convulsions; and even the long man condescended to smile.

"Well, that certainly is most capital cold punch," said Mr. Pickwick, looking earnestly at the stone bottle; "and the day is extremely warm, and—Tupman, my dear friend, a glass of punch?"

"With the greatest delight," replied Mr. Tupman; and, having drunk that glass, Mr. Pickwick took another, just to see whether there was any orange-peel in the punch, because orange-peel always disagreed with him; and, finding that there was not, Mr. Pickwick took another glass to the health of their absent friend, and then felt himself imperatively called upon to propose another in honour of the punch-compounder, unknown.

This constant succession of glasses produced considerable effect upon Mr. Pickwick; his countenance beamed with the most sunny smiles; laughter played around his lips; and good-humoured merriment twinkled in his eye. Yielding by degrees to the influence of the exciting liquid, rendered more so by the heat, Mr. Pickwick expressed a strong desire to recollect a song which he had heard in his infancy, and, the attempt

proving abortive, sought to stimulate his memory with more glasses of punch, which appeared to have a quite contrary effect; for, from forgetting the words of the song, he began to forget how to articulate any words at all; and finally, after rising to his legs to address the company in an eloquent speech, he fell into the barrow, and fast asleep simultaneously.

The basket having been repacked, and it being found perfectly impossible to awaken Mr. Pickwick from his torpor, some discussion took place whether it would be better for Mr. Weller to wheel his master back again, or to leave him where he was until they should be all ready to return. The latter course was at length decided on; and as their further expedition was not to exceed an hour's duration, and as Mr. Weller begged very hard to be one of the party, it was determined to leave Mr. Pickwick asleep in the barrow, and to call for him on their return. So away they went, leaving Mr. Pickwick snoring most comfortably in the shade.

That Mr. Pickwick would have continued to snore in the shade until his friends came back, or, in default thereof, until the shades of evening had fallen on the landscape, there appears no reasonable cause to doubt; always supposing that he had been suffered to remain there in peace. But he was *not* suffered to remain there in peace. And this is what prevented him.

Captain Boldwig was a little fierce man in a stiff black neckerchief and blue surtout, who, when he did condescend to walk about his property, did it in company with a thick rattan stick with a brass ferrule, and a gardener and sub-gardener with meek faces, to whom (the gardeners, not the stick) Captain Boldwig gave his orders with all due grandeur and ferocity; for Captain Boldwig's wife's sister had married a marquis, and the captain's house was a villa, and his land "grounds;" and it was all very high, and mighty, and great.

Mr. Pickwick had not been asleep half an hour, when little Captain Boldwig, followed by the two gardeners, came striding along as fast as his size and importance would let him; and, when he came near the oak tree, Captain Boldwig paused, and drew a long breath, and looked at the prospect, as if he thought the prospect ought to be highly gratified at having him to take notice of it; and then he struck the ground emphatically with his stick, and summoned the head-gardener.

"Hunt," said Captain Boldwig.

"Yes, sir," said the gardener.

"Roll this place to-morrow morning. Do you hear, Hunt?"

"Yes, sir."

"And take care that you keep me this place in good order. Do you hear, Hunt?"

"Yes, sir."

"And remind me to have a board done about trespassers and spring-guns, and all that sort of thing, to keep the common people out. Do you hear, Hunt; do you hear?"

"I'll not forget it, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the other man, advancing, with his hand to his hat.

"Well, Wilkins, what's the matter with *you*?" said Captain Boldwig.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I think there have been trespassers here to-day."

"Ha!" said the captain, scowling around him.

"Yes, sir. They have been dining here, I think, sir."

"Why, damn their audacity! so they have," said Captain Boldwig, as the crumbs and fragments that were strewn upon the grass met his eye. "They have been actually devouring their food here. I wish I had the vagabonds here!" said the captain, clinching the thick stick.

"I wish I had the vagabonds here!" said the captain, wrathfully.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Wilkins; "but——"

"But what? Eh?" roared the captain; and, following the timid glance of Wilkins, his eyes encountered the wheelbarrow and Mr. Pickwick.

"Who are you, you rascal?" said the captain, administering several pokes to Mr. Pickwick's body with the thick stick. "What's your name?"

"Cold punch," murmured Mr. Pickwick as he sunk to sleep again.

"What?" demanded Captain Boldwig.

No reply.

"What did he say his name was?" asked the captain.

"Punch, I think, sir," replied Wilkins.

"That's his impudence: that's his confounded impudence!" said Captain Boldwig. "He's only feigning to be asleep now," said the captain, in a high passion. "He's drunk; he's a drunken plebeian. Wheel him away, Wilkins; wheel him away directly."

"Where shall I wheel him to, sir?" inquired Wilkins, with great timidity.

"Wheel him to the devil," replied Captain Boldwig.

"Very well, sir," said Wilkins.

"Stay," said the captain.

Wilkins stopped accordingly.

"Wheel him!" said the captain—"wheel him to the pound! and let us see whether he calls himself Punch when he comes to himself. He shall not bully me: he shall not bully me! Wheel him away!"

Away Mr. Pickwick was wheeled in compliance with this imperious mandate; and the great Captain Boldwig, swelling with indignation, proceeded on his walk.

Inexpressible was the astonishment of the little party when they returned, to find that Mr. Pickwick had disappeared, and taken the wheelbarrow with him. It was the most mysterious and unaccountable thing that was ever heard of. For a lame man to have got upon his legs without any previous notice, and walked off, would have been most extraordinary; but when it came to his wheeling a heavy barrow before him, by way of amusement, it grew positively miraculous. They searched every nook and corner round, together and separately: they shouted, whistled, laughed, called—and all with the same result. Mr. Pickwick was not to be found; and, after some hours of fruitless search, they arrived at the unwelcome conclusion that they must go home without him.

Meanwhile Mr. Pickwick had been wheeled to the pound, and safely deposited therein, fast asleep in the wheelbarrow, to the immeasurable delight and satisfaction, not only of all the boys in the village, but three-fourths of the whole population, who had gathered round in expectation of his waking. If their most intense gratification had been awakened by seeing him wheeled in, how many hundred-fold was their joy increased when, after a few indistinct cries of "Sam!" he sat up in the barrow, and gazed with indescribable astonishment on the faces before him!

A general shout was, of course, the signal of his having woke up; and his involuntary inquiry of "What's the matter?" occasioned another, louder than the first, if possible.

"Here's a game!" roared the populace.

"Where am I?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"In the pound," replied the mob.

"How came I here? What was I doing? Where was I brought from?"

"Boldwig—Captain Boldwig," was the only reply.

"Let me out!" cried Mr. Pickwick. "Where's my servant? Where are my friends?"

"You an't got no friends. Hurrah!" And then there came a turnip, and then a potato, and then an egg, with a few other little tokens of the playful disposition of the many-headed.

How long this scene might have lasted, or how much Mr. Pickwick might have suffered, no one can tell, had not a carriage, which was driving swiftly by, suddenly pulled up, from whence there descended old Wardle and Sam Weller, the former of whom, in far less time than it takes to write it, if not to read it, had made his way to Mr. Pickwick's side, and placed him in the vehicle, just as the latter had concluded the third and last round of a single combat with the town-beadle.

"Run to the justice's," cried a dozen of voices.

"Ah, run avay!" said Mr. Weller, jumping up on the box. "Give my compliments—Mr. Veller's compliments—to the justice, and tell him I've spoiled his beadle, and that, if he'll swear in a new 'un, I'll come back agin to-morrow and spoil him. Drive on, old feller!"

"I'll give directions for the commencement of an action for false imprisonment against this Captain Boldwig directly I get to London," said Mr. Pickwick, as soon as the carriage turned out of the town.

"We were trespassing, it seems," said Wardle.

"I don't care," said Mr. Pickwick; "I'll bring the action."

"No, you won't," said Wardle.

"I will, by——" But as there was a humorous expression in Wardle's face, Mr. Pickwick checked himself, and said, "Why not?"

"Because," said old Wardle, half bursting with laughter, "because they might turn round on some of us, and say we had taken too much cold punch."

Do what he would, a smile would come into Mr. Pickwick's face; the smile extended into a laugh, the laugh into a roar, and the roar became general. So, to keep up their good humour, they stopped at the first roadside tavern they came to, and ordered a glass of brandy and water all round, with a magnum of extra strength for Mr. Samuel Weller.

A serious trouble, however, is in store for Mr. Pickwick. One morning, his servant hands him a letter in a strange hand.

"I don't know this hand," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the letter. "Mercy on us, what's this? It must be a jest: it—it—can't be true."

"What's the matter?" was the general inquiry.

"Nobody dead, is there?" said Wardle, alarmed at the horror in Mr. Pickwick's countenance.

Mr. Pickwick made no reply, but pushing the letter across the table, and desiring Mr. Tupman to read it aloud, fell back in his chair, with a look of vacant astonishment quite alarming to behold.

Mr. Tupman, with a trembling voice, read the letter, of which the following is a copy:—

FREEMAN'S COURT, CORNHILL, *Aug.* 28, 1830.

BARDELL AGAINST PICKWICK.

SIR,—Having been instructed by Mrs. Martha Bardell to commence an action against you for a breach of promise of marriage, for which she

plaintiff lays her damages at fifteen hundred pounds, we beg to inform you that a writ has been issued against you in this suit, in the Court of Common Pleas; and request to know, by return of post, the name of your attorney in London who will accept service thereof.

We are, sir,

Your obedient Servants,

Mr. Samuel Pickwick. DODSON AND FOGG.

Mr. Pickwick is for some time inclined to think the letter a joke merely; but he is reminded of the fact, that, on one occasion, he was seen with Mrs. Bardell in his arms, endeavouring to soothe her anguish. Finding himself the "victim of circumstances," and seeing that the case is likely to be a serious one, he seeks his solicitor in London, who engages to retain Serjeant Snubbin, an advocate who is "at the very top of his profession," and "leads the court by the nose." The case comes on in due time; and, on the morning of the trial, Mr. Pickwick, being escorted into court, stands up in agitation, and takes a glance around him.

There were already a pretty large sprinkling of spectators in the gallery, and a numerous muster of gentlemen in wigs in the barristers' seats, who presented, as a body, all that pleasing and extensive variety of nose and whisker for which the bar of England is so justly celebrated. Such of the gentlemen as had got a brief to carry carried it in as conspicuous a manner as possible, and occasionally scratched their noses therewith, to impress the fact more strongly on the observation of the spectators. Other gentlemen, who had no briefs to show, carried under their arms goodly octavos, with a red label behind, and that underdone-pie-crust-coloured cover, which is technically known as "law calf." Others, who had neither briefs nor books, thrust their hands into their pockets, and looked as wise as they could. The whole, to the great wonderment of Mr. Pickwick, were divided into little groups, who were chatting, and discussing the news of the day in the most unfeeling manner possible, just as if no trial at all were coming on.

A loud cry of "Silence!" announced the entrance of the judge,

Who was a most particularly short man, and so fat, that he seemed all face and waistcoat. He rolled in upon two little turned legs; and having bobbed to the bar, who bobbed to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little three-cornered hat upon it. . . . A slight sensation was perceptible in the body of the court; and immediately afterwards Mrs. Bardell, the plaintiff, supported by Mrs. Cluppins, was led in and placed in a drooping state at the other end of the seat on which Mr. Pickwick sat. An extra-sized umbrella was then handed in by Mr Dodson, and a pair of pattens by Mr. Fogg, each of whom had prepared a sympathising and melancholy face for the occasion. Mrs. Sanders then appeared, leading in Master Bardell . . . and placed him on the floor of the court in front of his mother—a commanding position, in which he could not fail to awaken the full commiseration and sympathy

of both judge and jury. This was not done without considerable opposition on the part of the young gentleman himself, who had misgivings that the placing him within the full glare of the judge's eye was only a formal prelude to his being immediately ordered away for instant execution. . . .

"I am for the plaintiff, my lord," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Who is with you, Brother Buzfuz?" said the judge.

Mr. Skimpin bowed, to intimate that he was.

"I appear for the defendant, my lord," said Mr. Serjeant Snubbin.

"Anybody with you, Brother Snubbin?" enquired the Court.

"Mr. Phunky, my lord," replied Serjeant Snubbin. . . .

"Go on," said the judge. . . .

Mr. Skimpin proceeded to "open the case;" and the case appeared to have very little inside it when he had opened it, for he kept such particulars as he knew completely to himself, and sat down, after a lapse of three minutes, leaving the jury in precisely the same advanced stage of wisdom as they were in before.

Serjeant Buzfuz then rose with all the majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Serjeant Buzfuz began by saying, that never, in the whole course of his professional experience—never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law, had he approached a case with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him—a responsibility he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction, so strong that it amounted to positive certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, *must* prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

Counsel always begin in this way, because it puts the jury on the best terms with themselves, and makes them think what sharp fellows they must be. A visible effect was produced immediately; several jurymen beginning to take voluminous notes with the utmost eagerness.

"You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, well knowing, that, from the learned friend alluded to, the gentlemen of the jury had heard nothing at all—"you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at one thousand five hundred pounds. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of this case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you. . .

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Serjeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy voice, "is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart-pot in a public-house cellar, the learned serjeant's voice faltered. . . .

"Some time before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a

little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed excise-man, Mrs. Bardell shrank from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell Street; and here she placed in her front-parlour window a written placard, bearing this inscription: 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Enquire within.'" Here Serjeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen; but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlour-window just this time three years. Now I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document: 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman'! . . . 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow—'Mr. Bardell was a man of honour; Mr. Bardell was a man of his word; Mr. Bardell was no deceiver; Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; *to* single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour-window. Did it remain there long? No. Before the bill had been in the parlour window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at Mrs. Bardell's door. He enquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick the defendant."

Serjeant Buzfuz . . . here paused for breath. The silence awoke Mr. Justice Stareleigh, who immediately wrote down something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually profound, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply with his eyes shut. Serjeant Buzfuz proceeded.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little: the subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and of systematic villany."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Serjeant Buzfuz, in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. . . .

"I say systematic villany, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him; "and, when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick—if he be in court, as I am informed he is—that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. . . .

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that, for two years, Pickwick continued to reside, without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. . . . I shall show you, that on many occasions he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that, on one occasion, he patted the boy on his head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species

of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' . . . I shall prove to you, gentlemen, on the testimony of three of his own friends—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen, most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments. . . .

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties—letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant. . . . Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and tomato-sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops! Gracious heavens! and tomato-sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B.—I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless it is, as I assert it to be, a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? . . .

"But enough of this. . . . My client's hopes and prospects are ruined. . . . But Pickwick, gentlemen—Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato-sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, are the only punishment with which you can visit him, the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilised countrymen."

With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz sat down, and Mr. Justice Stareleigh woke up.

"Call Elizabeth Cluppins," said Serjeant Buzfuz, rising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigour. . . .

"Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins . . . do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's apartment?"

"Yes, my lord and jury I do."

"Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

"What were you doing in the back-room, ma'am?" enquired the little judge.

"My lord and jury," said Mrs. Cluppins with interesting agitation, "I will not deceive you."

"You had better not, ma'am," said the little judge.

"I was there," resumed Mrs. Cluppins, "unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell. I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pound of red kidney purtaties, which was three pound tuppense ha'penny, when I see Mrs. Bardell's street-door on the jar."

"On the what?" exclaimed the little judge.

"Partly open, my lord," said Serjeant Snubbin.

"She *said* on the jar," said the little judge with a cunning look.

"It's all the same, my lord," said Serjeant Snubbin.

The little judge looked doubtful, and said he'd make a note of it.

"I walked in, gentlemen, just to say 'good-mornin', and went in a permiscuous manner upstairs, and into the back-room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front-room, and——"

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

And Mrs. Cluppins, after distinctly stating that Mr. Pickwick addressed himself to Mrs. Bardell, repeated by slow degrees, and by dint of many questions, the conversation with which our readers are already acquainted. . . .

Mrs. Cluppins, having broken the ice, thought it a favourable opportunity for entering into a short dissertation on her own domestic affairs; so she straightway proceeded to inform the Court that she was the mother of eight children at that present speaking, and that she entertained confident expectations of presenting Mr. Cluppins with a ninth somewhere about that day six months. At this interesting point the little judge interposed most irascibly; and the effect of the interposition was that both the worthy lady and Mrs. Sanders were politely taken out of court. . . .

"Nathaniel Winkle!" said Mr. Skimpin.

"Here!" replied a feeble voice. Mr. Winkle entered the witness-box, and having been duly sworn, bowed to the judge. . . .

"Don't look at me, sir, said the judge sharply, in acknowledgment of the salute; "look at the jury."

Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate, and looked at the place where he thought the jury might be. . . .

Mr. Winkle was then examined by Mr. Skimpin. . . .

"Now, sir, have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?" Mr. Skimpin inclined his head on one side, to listen with great sharpness to the answer, and glanced at the jury meanwhile, as if to imply that he rather expected Mr. Winkle's natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle."

"What is your christian-name, sir?" angrily enquired the lit judge.

"Nathaniel, sir."

"Daniel—any other name?"

"Nathaniel, sir—my lord, I mean."

"Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?"

"No, my lord, only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all."

"What did you tell me it was Daniel for, then, sir?" enquired the judge.

"I didn't, my lord," replied Mr. Winkle.

"You did, sir," replied the judge with a severe frown. "How could I have got Daniel on my notes unless you told me so, sir?"

"Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my lord . . . we shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare-

say. . . . Now, Mr. Winkle . . . attend to me, if you please, sir. . . . I believe you are a particular friend of Pickwick the defendant; are you not?"

"I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect at this moment, nearly——"

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?"

"I was just about to say that——"

"Will you, or will you not answer my question, sir?"

"If you don't answer the question, you'll be committed, sir," interposed the little judge, looking over his note-book.

"Yes; I am," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Yes; you are. And couldn't you say that at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff too? Eh, Mr. Winkle?"

"I don't know her; I've seen her."

"Oh! you don't know her; but you've seen her? Now have the goodness to tell the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle."

"I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street."

"How often have you seen her, sir?"

"How often?"

"Yes, Mr. Winkle—how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times if you require it, sir. . . ."

On this question there arose the edifying browbeating customary on such points. First of all Mr. Winkle said it was quite impossible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell. Then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, to which he replied, "Certainly—more than that." Then he was asked whether he hadn't seen her a hundred times; whether he couldn't swear that he had seen her more than fifty times; whether he didn't know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times; and so forth. . . .

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick, at these apartments in the plaintiff's house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning in the month of July last?"

"Yes; I do."

"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes; I was."

"Are they here?"

"Yes; they are," looking very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"Pray attend to me, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends," with an expressive look at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, if none has yet taken place" (another look at the jury). "Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room on this particular morning. Come, out with it, sir: we must have it sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist," replied Mr. Winkle, with natural hesitation, "and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did you hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature; and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was if anybody should come,—or words to that effect."

"Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you. . . . Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick the defendant did not say,

on the occasion in question, 'My dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come,' or words to *that* effect?"

"I—I didn't understand him so, certainly. . . . I was on the staircase and couldn't hear distinctly. The impression on my mind is——"

"The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle, which, I fear, would be of little service to honest, straightforward men," interposed Mr. Skimpin. "You were on the staircase and didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? Do I understand that?"

"No; I will not . . ."

Tracy Tupman and Augustus Snodgrass were severally called into the box; both corroborated the testimony of their unhappy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by excessive badgering.

Susannah Sanders was then called, and examined by Serjeant Buzfuz, and cross-examined by Serjeant Snubbin. Had always said and believed that Pickwick would marry Mrs. Bardell. Knew that Mrs. Bardell's being engaged to Pickwick was the current topic of conversation in the neighbourhood after the fainting in July. . . . Had heard Pickwick ask the little boy how he should like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Bardell was at that time keeping company with the baker, but did know that the baker was then a single man, and is now married. . . . Thought Mrs. Bardell fainted away on the morning in July because Pickwick asked her to name the day; knew that she (witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders asked *her* to name the day, and believed that anybody as called herself a lady would do the same under similar circumstances. . . . During the period of her keeping company with Mr. Sanders, she had received love-letters like other ladies. In the course of their correspondence Mr. Sanders had often called her a "duck," but he had never called her "chops," nor yet "tomato sauce. . . ."

Serjeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had yet exhibited, if that were possible, and said, "Call Samuel Weller."

It was quite unnecessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor and his arms on the rail, took a bird's-eye view of the bar and a comprehensive survey of the bench, with a remarkably cheerful and lively aspect.

"What's your name, sir?" enquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V,' or a 'W'?" enquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam; "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life; but I spells it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed, "Quite right too, Samivel; quite right. Put it down a we, my lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that who dares to address the Court?" said the little judge, looking up. "Usher."

"Yes, my lord."

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my lord."

But as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said:

"Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I raythersuspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge.

Sam bowed his acknowledgments. . . .

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

"Oh! quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge: "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my lord."

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant? Eh, Mr. Weller?" said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Yes, I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit-out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury;" said Sam, "and that was a wery partickler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days."

The judge looked sternly at Sam; but Sam's features were so perfectly serene that the judge said nothing. . . .

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not, sir," replied Sam. "I was in the passage till they called me up; and then the old lady was not there."

"You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward? Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam; "and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'r'aps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited. . . ."

"Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir," rejoined Sam, with the utmost good humour.

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November?"

"Oh yes! wery well."

"Oh! you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits. "I thought we should get at something at last."

"I raythersthought that too, sir."

"Well, I suppose you went up to have a little talk about the trial—eh, Mr. Weller? . . ."

"I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a-talkin' about the trial," replied Sam.

"Oh! you did get a-talking about the trial. . . . Now, what passed about the trial? Will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?"

"Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," replied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant observations from the two wirtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a wery great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Mr. Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is settin' near you now. . . ."

"The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. "Well, they spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff; did they?"

"Yes," said Sam; "they said what a wery gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick. . . ."

Mr. Justice Stareleigh summed up in the old-established form. He read as much of his notes to the jury as he could decipher on so short a notice; he didn't read as much of them as he couldn't make out; and he made running comments on the evidence as he went along. If Mrs. Bardell were right, it was perfectly clear Mr. Pickwick was wrong; and, if they thought the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence, they would believe it; and if they didn't, why, they wouldn't. . . .

The jury then retired to their private room to talk the matter over, and the judge retired to *his* private room to refresh himself with a mutton-chop and a glass of sherry.

An anxious quarter of an hour elapsed; the jury came back; and the judge was fetched in. Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles, and gazed at the foreman.

"Gentlemen, are you all agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are."

"Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff."

"With what damages, gentlemen?"

"Seven hundred and fifty pounds."

Mr. Pickwick took off his spectacles, carefully wiped the glasses, folded them into the case, and put them in his pocket; then, having drawn on his gloves with great nicety, and stared at the foreman all the while, he mechanically followed Mr. Perker and the blue bag out of court.

They stopped in a side-room while Perker paid the court fees; and here Mr. Pickwick was joined by his friends. Here, too, he encountered Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, rubbing their hands with every token of outward satisfaction.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well, sir," said Dodson, for self and partner.

"You imagine you'll get your costs, don't you, gentlemen?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Fogg said they thought it rather probable; and Dodson smiled, and said they'd try.

"You may try, and try, and try again, Messrs. Dodson and Fogg," said Mr. Pickwick vehemently; "but not one farthing of costs or damages do you ever get from me, if I spend the rest of my existence in a debtor's prison."

"Ha, ha!" said Dodson, "you'll think better of that before next term, Mr. Pickwick."

"He, he, he! we'll soon see about that, Mr. Pickwick," grinned Fogg.

Speechless with indignation, Mr. Pickwick allowed himself to be led by his solicitor and friends to the door, and there assisted into a

hackney-coach, which had been fetched for the purpose by the ever-watchful Sam Weller.

Sam had put up the steps, and was preparing to jump on the box, when he felt himself gently touched on the shoulder; and his father stood before him.

The old gentleman's countenance wore a mournful expression, as he shook his head gravely, and said, in warning accents: "I know'd what 'ud come o' this here mode o' doin' bisniss. Oh Sammy, Sammy! vy worn't there a alleybi!"

Mr. Pickwick sticks to his determination, and goes to prison. Sam Weller, desperate at being separated from his master, borrows twenty-five pounds of his father, whom he gets to arrest him for debt, and so follows Mr. Pickwick.

Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, having got a *cognovit* from Mrs. Bardell, after the trial, for the amount of costs, by representing that it was a mere matter of form, take her in execution for them, and send her also to the Fleet. Here she meets Mr. Pickwick, who, finding that nobody can release her from that den of wretchedness but himself, and that he can only do so by paying the entire costs of the suit (both of plaintiff and defendant), and being also moved to the same course by divers other good reasons, pays them, and sets both himself and Mrs. Bardell at liberty; whereupon Sam Weller procures from his attorney a formal discharge, which he has had the foresight to leave in the hands of that gentleman to be used in any case of emergency.

Mr. Pickwick having, not long afterwards, withdrawn from the club bearing his name (which circumstance, coupled with others, occasions its dissolution), determines to settle down at Dulwich. He sees all his young friends happily married, including the devoted Sam Weller, who takes to himself a wife, who is installed as Mr. Pickwick's housekeeper. And thus Mr. Pickwick's biography terminates while the "sunshine of the world is blazing full upon him."

PIPKIN, NATHANIEL. The "Parish Clerk" in Mr. Pickwick's tale of that name. He is a harmless, good-natured little being, of a very nervous temperament, and with a cast in his eye and a halt in his gait. He falls in love with the beautiful Maria Lobbs, but sees her married to another. (Ch. xvii.)

PODDER, MR. A member of the All-Muggleton Cricket Club. (Ch. vii.)

POTT, MR. Editor of *The Eatanswill Gazette.* (Ch. xiii., xv., xviii.)

POTT, MRS. Wife of the editor of *The Eatanswill Gazette.* (Ch. xiii., xv., xviii., li.)

PRICE, MR. A coarse, vulgar young man, with a sallow face and a harsh voice; a prisoner for debt, whom Mr. Pickwick encounters in the "coffee-room" of the sponging-house in Coleman Street. (Ch. xl.)

PRUFFLE. A servant to a scientific gentleman at Bath. (Ch. xxxix.)

RADDLE, MR. Husband to Mrs. Raddle. (Ch. xxxii., xlvi.)

RADDLE, MRS. MARY ANN. Mr. Bob Sawyer's landlady; sister to Mrs. Cluppins, and a thorough shrew. (Ch. xxxii., xlvi.)

ROGERS, MRS. A lodger at Mrs. Bardell's. (Ch. xlvi.)

ROKER, MR. TOM. A turnkey at the Fleet Prison. (Ch. xl.–xlv.)

SAM. A cab-driver. (Ch. ii.)

SANDERS, MRS. SUSANNAH. A bosom-friend of Mrs. Bardell's. (Ch. xxv., xxxiv.)

SAWYER, BOB. A medical student whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Mr. Wardle's. He afterwards sets up (Sawyer, late Nockemorf) as a medical practitioner, in Bristol, where Mr. Winkle meets him. He has a very nice place; but "half the drawers have got nothing in 'em, and the other half don't open. Indeed, hardly anything real in the shop but the leeches; and *they* are second-hand." Mr. Sawyer keeps a boy, whose duties are thus described:

> "He goes up to a house, rings the area-bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining-parlour; master opens it, and reads the label: 'Draught to be taken at bed-time; pills as before; lotion as usual; *the* powder. From Sawyer's, late Nockemorf's. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared;' and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife; *she* reads the label. It goes down to the servants; *they* read the label. Next day the boy calls: 'Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver—Mr. Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemorf.' The name gets known; and that's the thing, my boy, in the medical way. Bless your heart, old fellow, it's better than all the advertising in the world! We have got one four-ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet." . . .
>
> "The lamplighter has eighteenpence a week to pull the night-bell for ten minutes every time he comes round; and my boy always rushes into church just before the Psalms, when the people have got nothing to do but look about 'em, and calls me out, with horror and dismay depicted on his countenance. 'Bless my soul!' everybody says, 'somebody taken suddenly ill. Sawyer, late Nockemorf, sent for. What a business that young man has!'"

(Ch. xxx., xxxii., xxxviii., xlviii., l.–lii.) *See* HOPKINS JACK.

SHEPHERD, THE. *See* STIGGINS, THE REVEREND MR.

SIMMERY, FRANK, ESQ. A smart young stockbroker. (Ch. lv.)

SIMPSON, MR. A prisoner in the Fleet. (Ch. xlii.)

SKIMPIN, MR. Junior counsel with Serjeant Buzfuz for Mrs. Bardell, in her suit against Mr. Pickwick. (Ch. xxxiv.) *See* PICKWICK, SAMUEL.

SLAMMER, DOCTOR. Surgeon of the Ninety-seventh Regiment, present at a charity ball at The Bull Inn, Rochester. The slim Mr. Jingle and the stout Mr. Tupman desire to attend the same ball; but Mr. Jingle happens not to have a change of clothing. He therefore induces Mr. Tupman (although they are comparative strangers) to borrow a suit belonging to Mr. Winkle, who has been indulging too freely in wine at the table, and has fallen fast asleep. Mr. Jingle, being a very wide-awake and plausible person, makes a decided impression on an elderly and wealthy widow-lady, who is the object of Doctor Slammer's unremitting attention.

Upon the doctor and the widow the eyes both of Mr. Tupman and his companion had been fixed for some time, when the stranger broke silence.

"Lots of money—old girl—pompous doctor—not a bad idea—good fun," were the intelligible sentences which issued from his lips. Mr. Tupman looked inquisitively in his face.

"I'll dance with the widow," said the stranger.

"Who is she?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Don't know—never saw her in all my life—cut out the doctor—here goes." And the stranger forthwith crossed the room; and, leaning against a mantelpiece, commenced gazing with an air of respectful and melancholy admiration on the fat countenance of the little old lady. Mr. Tupman looked on in mute astonishment. The stranger progressed rapidly. The little doctor danced with another lady—the widow dropped her fan; the stranger picked it up, and presented it—a smile, a bow, a courtesy, a few words of conversation. The stranger walked boldly up to, and returned with, the master of the ceremonies; a little introductory pantomime, and the stranger and Mrs. Budger took their places in a quadrille.

The surprise of Mr. Tupman at this summary proceeding, great as it was, was immeasurably exceeded by the astonishment of the doctor. The stranger was young, and the widow was flattered. The doctor's attentions were unheeded by the widow, and the doctor's indignation was wholly lost on his imperturbable rival. Doctor Slammer was paralysed. He, Doctor Slammer, of the Ninety-seventh, to be extinguished in a moment by a man whom nobody had ever seen before, and whom nobody knew even now! Doctor Slammer—Doctor Slammer, of the Ninety-seventh, rejected! Impossible! It could not be! Yes, it was; there they were. What? introducing his friend! Could he believe his eyes? He looked again, and was under the painful necessity of admitting the veracity of his optics. Mrs. Budger was dancing with Mr. Tracy Tupman: there was no mistaking the fact. There was the widow before him, bouncing bodily here and there with unwonted vigour; and Mr. Tracy Tupman hopping about with a face expressive

of the most intense solemnity, dancing (as a good many people do) as if a quadrille were not a thing to be laughed at, but a severe trial to the feelings, which it requires inflexible resolution to encounter.

Silently and patiently did the doctor bear all this, and all the handings of negus, and watching for glasses, and darting for biscuits, and coquetting that ensued; but, a few seconds after the stranger had disappeared to lead Mrs. Budger to her carriage, he darted swiftly from the room, with every particle of his hitherto bottled-up indignation effervescing from all parts of his countenance, in a perspiration of passion.

The stranger was returning, and Mr. Tupman was beside him. He spoke in a low tone, and laughed. The little doctor thirsted for his life. He was exulting. He had triumphed.

"Sir!" said the doctor, in an awful voice, producing a card, and retiring into an angle of the passage, "my name is Slammer, Doctor Slammer, sir—Ninety-seventh Regiment—Chatham Barracks—my card, sir, my card." He would have added more, but his indignation choked him.

"Ah!" replied the stranger coolly, "Slammer—much obliged—polite attention—not ill now, Slammer—but when I am—knock you up."

"You—you're a shuffler, sir," gasped the furious doctor, "a poltroon, a coward, a liar, a—a—will nothing induce you to give me your card, sir?"

"Oh, I see," said the stranger, half aside, "negus too strong here—liberal landlord—very foolish—very—lemonade much better—hot rooms—elderly gentleman—suffer for it in the morning—cruel—cruel;" and he moved on a step or two.

"You are stopping in this house, sir," said the indignant little man; "you are intoxicated now, sir; you shall hear from me in the morning, sir. I shall find you out."

"Rather you found me out than found me at home," replied the unmoved stranger.

Doctor Slammer looked unutterable ferocity as he fixed his hat on his head with an indignant knock; and the stranger and Mr. Tupman ascended to the bedroom of the latter to restore the borrowed plumage to the unconscious Winkle.

That gentleman was fast asleep: the restoration was soon made. The stranger was extremely jocose; and Mr. Tracy Tupman, being quite bewildered with wine, negus, lights, and ladies, thought the whole affair an exquisite joke. His new friend departed; and after experiencing some slight difficulty in finding the orifice in his nightcap originally intended for the reception of his head, and finally overturning his candlestick in his struggles to put it on, Mr. Tracy Tupman managed to get into bed by a series of complicated evolutions, and shortly afterwards sank into repose.

Early on the following morning, inquiry is made at the inn for a gentleman wearing a bright blue dress-coat with a gilt button with "P. C." on it; and as Mr. Winkle answers to the description, he is awakened out of a sound sleep, dresses himself hastily, and goes downstairs to the coffee-room.

An officer in undress uniform was looking out of the window. He turned round as Mr. Winkle entered, and made a stiff inclination of the head. Having ordered the attendants to retire, and closed the door very carefully, he said, "Mr. Winkle, I presume?"

"My name *is* Winkle, sir."

"You will not be surprised, sir, when I inform you that I have called here this morning on behalf of my friend, Doctor Slammer of the Ninety-seventh."

"Doctor Slammer!" said Mr. Winkle.

"Doctor Slammer. He begged me to express his opinion that your conduct of last evening was of a description which no gentleman could endure, and (he added) which no one gentleman would pursue towards another."

Mr. Winkle's astonishment was too real and too evident to escape the observation of Doctor Slammer's friend; he therefore proceeded. "My friend, Doctor Slammer, requested me to add, that he is firmly persuaded you were intoxicated during a portion of the evening, and possibly unconscious of the extent of the insult you were guilty of. He commissioned me to say, that, should this be pleaded as an excuse for your behaviour, he will consent to accept a written apology, to be penned by you from my dictation."

"A written apology!" repeated Mr. Winkle in the most emphatic tone of amazement possible.

"Of course you know the alternative," replied the visitor, coolly.

"Were you entrusted with this message to me by name?" inquired Mr. Winkle, whose intellects were hopelessly confused by this extraordinary conversation.

"I was not present myself," replied the visitor; "and, in consequence of your firm refusal to give your card to Doctor Slammer, I was desired by that gentleman to identify the wearer of a very uncommon coat—a bright blue dress-coat, with a gilt button displaying a bust, and the letters 'P. C.'"

Mr. Winkle actually staggered with astonishment as he heard his own costume thus minutely described. Doctor Slammer's friend proceeded—

"From the inquiries I made at the bar just now, I was convinced that the owner of the coat in question arrived here, with three gentlemen, yesterday afternoon. I immediately sent up to the gentleman who was described as appearing the head of the party; and he at once referred me to you."

If the principal tower of Rochester Castle had suddenly walked from its foundation, and stationed itself opposite the coffee-room window, Mr. Winkle's surprise would have been as nothing, compared with the profound astonishment with which he had heard this address. His first impression was that his coat had been stolen. "Will you allow me to detain you one moment?" said he.

"Certainly," replied the unwelcome visitor.

Mr. Winkle ran hastily upstairs, and with a trembling hand opened the bag. There was the coat in its usual place, but exhibiting, on a close inspection, evident tokens of having been worn on the preceding night.

"It must be so," said Mr. Winkle, letting the coat fall from his hands. "I took too much wine after dinner, and have a very vague recollection of walking about the streets, and smoking a cigar afterwards. The fact is I was very drunk. I must have changed my coat, gone somewhere, and insulted somebody—I have no doubt of it—and this message is the terrible consequence." Saying which, Mr. Winkle retraced his steps in the direction of the coffee-room, with the gloomy and dreadful resolve of accepting the challenge of the warlike Doctor Slammer, and abiding by the worst consequences that might ensue.

To this determination Mr. Winkle was urged by a variety of considerations; the first of which was his reputation with the club. He had

always been looked up to as a high authority on all matters of amusement and dexterity, whether offensive, defensive, or inoffensive; and if, on this very first occasion of being put to the test, he shrunk back from the trial, beneath his leader's eye, his name and standing were lost for ever. Besides, he remembered to have heard it frequently surmised by the uninitiated in such matters, that, by an understood arrangement between the seconds, the pistols were seldom loaded with ball; and, furthermore, he reflected, that if he applied to Mr. Snodgrass to act as his second, and depicted the danger in glowing terms, that gentleman might possibly communicate the intelligence to Mr. Pickwick, who would certainly lose no time in transmitting it to the local authorities, and thus prevent the killing or maiming of his follower.

Such were his thoughts when he returned to the coffee-room, and intimated his intention of accepting the doctor's challenge. . . .

That morning's breakfast passed heavily off. Mr. Tupman was not in a condition to rise after the unwonted dissipation of the previous night; Mr. Snodgrass appeared to labour under a poetical depression of spirits; and even Mr. Pickwick evinced an unusual attachment to silence and soda-water. Mr. Winkle eagerly watched his opportunity. It was not long wanting. Mr. Snodgrass proposed a visit to the castle; and, as Mr. Winkle was the only other member of the party disposed to walk, they went out together.

"Snodgrass," said Mr. Winkle, when they had turned out of the public street, "Snodgrass, my dear fellow, can I rely upon your secrecy?" As he said this, he most devoutly and earnestly hoped he could not.

"You can," replied Mr. Snodgrass. "Hear me swear——"

"No, no!" interrupted Winkle, terrified at the idea of his companion's unconsciously pledging himself not to give information. "Don't swear, don't swear; it's quite unnecessary."

Mr. Snodgrass dropped the hand which he had, in the spirit of poesy, raised towards the clouds as he made the above appeal, and assumed an attitude of attention.

"I want your assistance, my dear fellow, in an affair of honour," said Mr. Winkle.

"You shall have it," replied Mr. Snodgrass, clasping his friend's hand.

"With a doctor—Doctor Slammer of the Ninety-seventh," said Mr. Winkle, wishing to make the matter appear as solemn as possible: "an affair with an officer, seconded by another officer, at sunset this evening, in a lonely field beyond Fort Pitt."

"I will attend you," said Mr. Snodgrass.

He was astonished, but by no means dismayed. It is extraordinary how cool any party but the principal can be in such cases. Mr. Winkle had forgotten this. He had judged of his friend's feelings by his own.

"The consequences may be dreadful," said Mr. Winkle.

"I hope not," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"The doctor, I believe, is a very good shot," said Mr. Winkle.

"Most of these military men are," observed Mr. Snodgrass, calmly; "but so are you; a'n't you?"

Mr. Winkle replied in the affirmative; and, perceiving that he had not alarmed his companion sufficiently, changed his ground.

"Snodgrass," he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "if I fall, you will find in a packet which I shall place in your hands a note for my —for my father."

This attack was a failure also. Mr. Snodgrass was affected; but he undertook the delivery of the note as readily as if he had been a two-penny postman.

"If I fall," said Mr. Winkle, "or, if the doctor falls, you, my dear friend, will be tried as an accessory before the fact. Shall I involve my friend in transportation—possibly for life!"

Mr. Snodgrass winced a little at this; but his heroism was invincible. "In the cause of friendship," he fervently exclaimed, "I would brave all dangers."

How Mr. Winkle cursed his companion's devoted friendship internally, as they walked silently along, side by side, for some minutes, each immersed in his own meditations! The morning was wearing away; he grew desperate.

"Snodgrass," he said, stopping suddenly, "do *not* let me be balked in this matter; do *not* give information to the local authorities; do *not* obtain the assistance of several peace-officers to take either me, or Doctor Slammer, of the Ninety-seventh Regiment, at present quartered in Chatham Barracks, into custody, and thus prevent this duel; I say, do *not*."

Mr. Snodgrass seized his friend's hand warmly, as he enthusiastically replied, "Not for worlds!"

A thrill passed over Mr. Winkle's frame, as the conviction that he had nothing to hope from his friend's fears, and that he was destined to become an animated target, rushed forcibly upon him. . . .

It was a dull and heavy evening when they again sallied forth on their awkward errand. Mr. Winkle was muffled up in a huge cloak to escape observation; and Mr. Snodgrass bore under his the implements of destruction. . . .

"We are in excellent time," said Mr. Snodgrass, as they climbed the fence of the first field; "the sun is just going down." Mr. Winkle looked up at the declining orb, and painfully thought of the probability of his "going down" himself, before long.

"There's the officer," exclaimed Mr. Winkle, after a few minutes' walking.

"Where?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"There—the gentleman in the blue cloak." Mr. Snodgrass looked in the direction indicated by the forefinger of his friend, and observed a figure muffled up as he had described. The officer evinced his consciousness of their presence by slightly beckoning with his hand; and the two friends followed him at a little distance as he walked away. . . . The officer turned suddenly from the path; and after climbing a paling, and scaling a hedge, entered a secluded field. Two gentlemen were waiting in it: one was a little fat man with black hair; and the other—a portly personage in a braided surtout—was sitting with perfect equanimity on a camp-stool.

"The other party and a surgeon, I suppose," said Mr. Snodgrass: "take a drop of brandy." Mr. Winkle seized the wicker bottle which his friend proffered, and took a lengthened pull at the exhilarating liquid.

"My friend, sir, Mr. Snodgrass," said Mr. Winkle, as the officer approached. Doctor Slammer's friend bowed, and produced a case similar to that which Mr. Snodgrass carried.

"We have nothing further to say, sir, I think," he coldly remarked, as he opened the case; "an apology has been resolutely declined."

"Nothing, sir," said Mr. Snodgrass, who began to feel rather uncomfortable himself. . . .

"We may place our men, then, I think," observed the officer, with as much indifference as if the principals were chessmen and the seconds players.

"I think we may," replied Mr. Snodgrass, who would have assented to any proposition, because he knew nothing about the matter. The officer crossed to Doctor Slammer, and Mr. Snodgrass went up to Mr. Winkle.

"It's all ready," he said, offering the pistol. "Give me your cloak."

"You have got the packet, my dear fellow?" said poor Winkle.

"All right," said Mr. Snodgrass. "Be steady, and wing him." . . .

Mr. Winkle was always remarkable for extreme humanity. It is conjectured that his unwillingness to hurt a fellow-creature intentionally was the cause of his shutting his eyes when he arrived at the fatal spot; and that the circumstance of his eyes being closed prevented his observing the very extraordinary and unaccountable demeanour of Doctor Slammer. That gentleman started, stared, retreated, rubbed his eyes, stared again, and finally shouted, "Stop, stop!"

"What's all this?" said Doctor Slammer, as his friend and Mr. Snodgrass came running up. "That's not the man."

"Not the man!" said Dr. Slammer's second.

"Not the man!" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Not the man!" said the gentleman with the camp-stool in his hand.

"Certainly not," replied the little doctor. "That's not the person who insulted me last night. . . ."

Now Mr. Winkle had opened his eyes, and his ears too, when he heard his adversary call out for a cessation of hostilities; and perceiving, by what he had afterwards said, that there was, beyond all question, some mistake in the matter, he at once foresaw the increase of reputation he should inevitably acquire by concealing the real motive for his coming out; he therefore stepped boldly forward, and said:

"I am not the person. I know it."

"Then, that," said the man with the camp-stool, "is an affront to Doctor Slammer, and a sufficient reason for proceeding immediately."

"Pray be quiet, Payne!" said the doctor's second. "Why did you not communicate this fact to me this morning, sir?"

"To be sure, to be sure!" said the man with the camp-stool, indignantly.

"I entreat you to be quiet, Payne," said the other. "May I repeat my question, sir?"

"Because, sir," replied Mr. Winkle, who had time to deliberate upon his answer—"because, sir, you described an intoxicated and ungentlemanly person as wearing a coat which I have the honour, not only to wear, but to have invented—the proposed uniform, sir, of the Pickwick Club in London. The honour of that uniform I feel bound to maintain; and I therefore, without inquiry, accepted the challenge which you offered me."

"My dear sir," said the good-humoured little doctor, advancing with extended hand, "I honour your gallantry. Permit me to say, sir, that I highly admire your conduct, and extremely regret having caused you the inconvenience of this meeting, to no purpose."

"I beg you won't mention it, sir," said Mr. Winkle.

"I shall feel proud of your acquaintance, sir," said the little doctor.

"It will afford me the greatest pleasure to know you, sir," replied Mr. Winkle. Thereupon, the doctor and Mr. Winkle shook hands; and then Mr. Winkle and Lieutenant Tappleton, the doctor's second; and then Mr. Winkle and the man with the camp-stool; and, finally, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass—the last-named gentleman in an excess of admiration at the noble conduct of his heroic friend.

"I think we may adjourn," said Lieutenant Tappleton.

"Certainly," added the doctor. . . .

The two seconds adjusted the cases; and the whole party left the ground in a much more lively manner than they had proceeded to it. (Ch. ii., iii.)

SLUMKEY, THE HONOURABLE SAMUEL. Candidate for Parliament from the borough of Eatanswill. He is successful in the contest, beating his opponent, Horatio Fizkin, Esq. (Ch. xiii.)

SLURK, MR. Editor of *The Eatanswill Independent.* (Ch. li.) *See* POTT, MR.

SMANGLE. A fellow-prisoner with Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet. (Ch. xli., xlii., xliv.)

SMART, TOM. Hero of "The Bagman's Story." (Ch. xiv.) *See* JINKINS, MR.

SMAUKER, JOHN. Footman in the service of Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq. (Ch. xxxv., xxxvii.)

SMIGGERS, JOSEPH. Perpetual Vice-President of the Pickwick Club. (Ch. i.)

SMITHERS, MISS. A young lady-boarder at Westgate House, Bury St. Edmunds. (Ch. xvi.)

SMITHIE, MR. A gentleman present at the charity ball at The Bull Inn, Rochester. (Ch. ii.)

SMITHIE, MRS. His wife. (Ch. ii.)

SMITHIE, THE MISSES. His daughters. (Ch. ii.)

SMORLTORK, COUNT. A famous foreigner whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy-dress breakfast. (Ch. xv.)

SMOUCH, MR. A sheriff's assistant, who takes Mr. Pickwick to the Fleet Prison. (Ch. xl.)

SNIPE, THE HONOURABLE WILMOT. Ensign of the Ninety-seventh; one of the company at the ball in Rochester attended by Mr. Tupman. (Ch. ii.)

SNODGRASS, AUGUSTUS. A poetic member of the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club. (Ch. i.–vi., viii., xi.–xv., xviii., xxiv.–xxvi., xxviii., xxx.–xxxii., xxxiv.–xxxvi., xliv., xlvii., liv., lvii.) *See* PICKWICK, SAMUEL.

SNUBBIN, SERJEANT. Senior counsel for Mr. Pickwick in his suit with Mrs. Bardell. (Ch. xxxi., xxxiv.) *See* PICKWICK, SAMUEL.

Mr. Serjeant Snubbin was a lantern-faced, sallow-complexioned man of about five-and-forty. . . . . He had that dull-looking, boiled eye, which is so often to be seen in the heads of people who have applied themselves during many years to a weary and laborious course of

study, and which would have been sufficient, without the additional eye-glass which dangled from a broad black ribbon round his neck, to warn a stranger that he was very near-sighted. His hair was thin and weak, which was partly attributable to his having never devoted much time to its arrangement, and partly to his having worn for five-and-twenty years the forensic wig which hung on a block beside him. The marks of hair-powder on his coat-collar, and the ill-washed and worse-tied white neckerchief round his throat, showed that he had not found leisure since he left the court to make any alteration in his dress; while the slovenly style of the remainder of his costume warranted the inference that his personal appearance would not have been very much improved if he had.

SNUPHANUPH, LADY. A fashionable lady whom Mr. Pickwick meets in the Rooms at Bath. (Ch. xxxv., xxxvi.)

STAPLE, MR. A little cricket-player who makes a big speech at the dinner which succeeds the match-game at Dingley Dell. (Ch. vii.)

STARELEIGH, MR. JUSTICE. The judge who presides, in the absence of the chief justice, at the trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick. (Ch. xxxiv.) *See* PICKWICK, SAMUEL.

STIGGINS, THE REVEREND MR., called "THE SHEPHERD." An intemperate, canting, and hypocritical parson, who ministers to a fanatical flock, composed largely of women, at Emanuel Chapel. (Ch. xxvii., xxxiii., xlv., lii.)

STRUGGLES, MR. A cricketer of Dingley Dell. (Ch. vii.)

TADGER, BROTHER. A member of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. (Ch. xxxiii.)

TAPPLETON, LIEUTENANT. Doctor Slammer's second. (Ch. ii., iii.) *See* SLAMMER, DOCTOR.

TOMKINS, MISS. Principal of a boarding-school for young ladies, called Westgate House, at Bury St. Edmunds. (Ch. xvi.)

TOMLINSON, MRS. Postmistress at Rochester, and one of the company at the charity ball at The Bull Inn there. (Ch. ii.)

TOMMY. A waterman. (Ch. ii.)

TROTTER, JOB. The confidential servant of Mr. Alfred Jingle, and the only man who proves too sharp for Sam Weller. (Ch. xvi., xx., xxiii., xxv., xlii., xlv.–xlvii., liii., lvii.)

TRUNDLE, MR. A young man who marries Isabella Wardle. He is repeatedly brought upon the scene as an actor, but not once as an interlocutor. (Ch. iv., vi., viii., xvi., xvii., xix., xxviii., lvii.)

TUCKLE. A footman at Bath. (Ch. xxxvii.)

TUPMAN, TRACY. One of the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club; of so susceptible a disposition, that he falls in love with every pretty girl he meets. (Ch. i.–ix., xi.–xv., xviii., xix., xxiv.–xxvi., xxviii., xxx., xxxii., xxxiv., xxxv., xliv., xlvii., lvii.) *See* PICKWICK, SAMUEL.

UPWITCH, RICHARD. A greengrocer; one of the jurymen in the case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick. (Ch. xxxiv.)

WARDLE, MR. (of Manor Farm, Dingley Dell). A friend of Mr. Pickwick and his companions; a stout, hearty, honest old gentleman, who is most happy when he is making others so. (Ch. iv., vi.–xi., xvi.–xix., xxviii., xxx., liv., lvi.)

WARDLE, MISS EMILY. One of his daughters. (Ch. iv., vi.–xi., xxviii., xxx., liv., lvii.)

WARDLE, MISS ISABELLA. Another daughter. (Ch. iv., vi.–viii., xxviii., lvii.)

WARDLE, MISS RACHAEL. His sister; a spinster of doubtful age, with a peculiar dignity in her air, majesty in her eye, and touch-me-not-ishness in her walk. The too susceptible Mr. Tupman falls in love with her, only to be circumvented by the adroit Mr. Jingle, who steals her heart away from him, and elopes with her, but is pursued, overtaken, and induced to relinquish his prize in consideration of a cheque for a hundred and twenty pounds. (Ch. iv., vi.–ix.)

WARDLE, MRS. Mother of Mr. Wardle and Miss Rachael, very old and very deaf. (Ch. vi.–ix., xxviii., lvii.)

WATTY, MR. A bankrupt client of Mr. Perker, whom he keeps pestering about his affairs, although they have not been in Chancery four years. (Ch. xxxi.)

WELLER, SAMUEL. Mr. Pickwick's valet; a compound of wit, simplicity, quaint humour, and fidelity, who may be regarded as an embodiment of London low life in its most agreeable and entertaining form. Master and servant first meet at an inn, whither Mr. Pickwick goes with Mr. Wardle in search of that gentleman's sister, who has eloped with Mr. Alfred Jingle. Mr. Weller first appears on the scene busily employed in brushing a pair of boots, and "habited in a coarse striped waistcoat, with black calico sleeves and blue glass buttons; drab breeches and leggings. A bright red handkerchief was wound in a very loose and unstudied style round his neck, and an old white hat was

carelessly thrown on one side of his head. There were two rows of boots before him; one cleaned, and the other dirty; and, at every addition he made to the clean row, he stopped in his work, and contemplated its results with evident satisfaction." Sam carries Mr. Jingle's boots to him, and, being asked where Doctors' Commons is, at once divines that he wants to procure a marriage-license, and proceeds to tell the following story:

"My father, sir, vos a coachman. A vidower he vos, and fat enough for anything—uncommon fat, to be sure! His missus dies, and leaves him four hundred pound. Down he goes to the Commons, to see the lawyer and draw the blunt—very smart, top-boots on, nosegay in his button-hole, broad-brimmed tile, green shawl — quite the gen'l'm'n. Goes through the archvay, thinking how he should inwest the money; up comes the touter, touches his hat — 'License, sir, license?' — 'What's that?' says my father. 'License, sir,' says he. 'What license?' says my father. 'Marriage-license,' says the touter. 'Dash my veskit!' says my father, 'I never thought o' that.'—'I think you wants one, sir,' says the touter. My father pulls up and thinks a bit. 'No,' says he, 'damme, I'm too old; b'sides, I'm a many sizes too large,' says he. 'Not a bit on it, sir!' says the touter. 'Think not?' says my father. 'I'm sure not,' says he. 'We married a gen'l'm'n twice your size last Monday.'—'Did you, though?' says my father. 'To be sure ve did!' says the touter: 'you're a babby to him. This vay, sir—this vay!' And, sure enough, my father walks arter him, like a tame monkey behind a horgan, into a little back-office vere a feller sat among dirty papers and tin boxes, making believe he was busy. 'Pray take a seat vile I makes out the affidavit, sir,' says the lawyer. 'Thankee, sir!' says my father; and down he sat, and stared vith all his eyes, and his mouth vide open, at the names on the boxes. 'What's your name, sir?' says the lawyer. 'Tony Weller,' says my father. 'Parish?' says the lawyer. 'Belle Savage,' says my father; for he stopped there ven he drove up; and he know'd nothing about parishes, he didn't. 'And what's the lady's name?' says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. 'Bless'd if I know!' says he. 'Not know!' says the lawyer. 'No more nor you do,' says my father. 'Can't I put that in arterwards?'—'Impossible!' says the lawyer. 'Wery well,' says my father, after he'd thought a moment, 'put down Mrs. Clarke.'—'What Clarke?' says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink. 'Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby, Dorking,' says my father: 'she'll have me, if I ask her, I des-say. I never said nothing to her; but she'll have me, I know.' The license was made out, and she *did* have him; and, what's more, she's got him now; and *I* never had any of the four hundred pound, worse luck! Beg your pardon, sir," said Sam when he had concluded, "but, wen I gets on this here grievance, I runs on like a new barrow vith the wheel greased."

After this, Mr. Pickwick meets Sam, and liking his appearance, resolves to engage him. He sends for him, therefore, and proposes to give him twelve pounds a year, and two suits of clothes, to attend upon him, and travel about with him and the

other Pickwickians—terms which are highly satisfactory to Sam.

When Mr. Pickwick goes to consult Mr. Perker in relation to the action which Mrs. Bardell has brought against him for breach of promise, Sam accompanies him.

They had walked some distance—Mr. Pickwick trotting on before plunged in profound meditation, and Sam following behind, with a countenance expressive of the most enviable and easy defiance of everybody and everything; when the latter, who was always especially anxious to impart to his master any exclusive information he possessed, quickened his pace until he was close at Mr. Pickwick's heels, and, pointing up at a house they were passing, said:

"Wery nice pork-shop that 'ere, sir."

"Yes; it seems so," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Celebrated sassage-factory," said Sam.

"Is it?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Is it!" reiterated Sam with some indignation: "I should rayther think it was. Why, sir, bless your innocent eyebrows, that's where the mysterious disappearance of a 'spectable tradesman took place four years ago."

"You don't mean to say he was burked, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick, looking hastily round.

"No; I don't indeed, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "I wish I did! Far worse than that. He was the master o' that 'ere shop, sir, and the inwenter o' that patent never-leavin'-off sassage steam-injine as 'ud swaller up a pavin'-stone if you put it too near, and grind it into sassages as easy as if it was a tender young babby. Wery proud o' that machine he was, as it was nat'ral he should be; and he'd stand down in the cellar a-lookin' at it wen it was in full play, till he got quite melancholy with joy. A wery happy man he'd ha' been, sir, in the procession o' that 'ere ingine and two more lovely hinfants besides, if it hadn't been for his wife, who was a most ow-dacious wixin. She was always a-follerin' him about, and dinnin' in his ears, till at last he couldn't stand it no longer. 'I'll tell you what it is, my dear,' he says one day: 'if you persewere in this here sort of amusement,' he says, 'I'm blessed if I don't go away to 'Merriker; and that's all about it.'—'You're a idle willin,' says she; 'and I wish the 'Merrikins joy of their bargain.' Arter wich she keeps on abusin' of him for half an hour, and then runs into the little parlour behind the shop; sets to a-screamin'; says he'll be the death on her; and falls in a fit, which lasts for three good hours—one o' them fits wich is all screamin' and kickin'. Well, next mornin' the husband was missin'. He hadn't taken nothin' from the till; hadn't even put on his great-coat; so it was quite clear he warn't gone to 'Merriker. Didn't come back next day; didn't come back next week: missis had bills printed, sayin, that, if he'd come back, he should be forgiven everythin' (which was very liberal, seein' that he hadn't done nothin' at all); the canals was dragged, and for two months artervards, whenever a body turned up, it was carried, as a reg'lar thing, straight off to the sassage-shop. Hows'ever, none on 'em answered: so they gave out that he'd run avay, and she kept on the bis'ness. One Saturday night, a little thin old gen'l'm'n comes into the shop in a great passion, and says, 'Are you the missis of this here shop?'—'Yes, I am,' says she. 'Well, ma'am,' says he, 'then I've just looked in to say that me and my

family ain't a-goin' to be choked for nothin'; and more than that, ma'am,' he says, 'you will allow me to observe, that, as you don't use the primest parts of the meat in the manafacter of sassages, I think you'd find beef come nearly as cheap as buttons.'—'As buttons, sir!' says she. 'Buttons, ma'am,' said the little old gentleman, unfolding a bit of paper, and showin' twenty or thirty halves o' buttons. 'Nice seasonin' for sassages is trousers' buttons, ma'am!'—'They're my husband's buttons!' says the widder, beginnin' to faint. 'What!' screams the little old gen'l'm'n, turnin' wery pale. 'I see it all!' says the widder: 'in a fit of temporary insanity he rashly converted hisself into sassages!' And so he had, sir," said Mr. Weller, looking steadily into Mr. Pickwick's horror-stricken countenance, "or else he'd been draw'd into the ingine; but, however that might ha' been, the little old gen'l'm'n, who had been remarkably partial to sassages all his life, rushed out o' the shop in a wild state, and was nevar heerd on artervards."

Sam, in his travels with Mr. Pickwick, falls in with a comely servant-girl by the name of Mary, and is smitten with her charms. He determines to send her a valentine, and, while engaged in the task, is interrupted by his father.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task, it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, and, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard, in some degree, the progress of the writer; and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones, which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father, . . . "wot's that you're a-doin' of —pursuit of knowledge under difficulties? eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment. "I've been a-writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why, it's no use a-sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious proponsities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law (vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin'-day)—I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections

were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips, and drank off the contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller. "It 'll be a wery agonisin' trial to me at my time of life; but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked ven the farmer said he wos afeered he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot 'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy; to see you a deluded victim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense!" said Sam. "I ain't a-goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that: I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there!"

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family, and couldn't be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone very frequently, ringing the bell, meanwhile, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and, lighting the pipe, and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantelpiece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

"'Lovely——'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass of the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl, who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur,'" repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin'-day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some of them low fellows. Never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity; and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:—

"'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed——'"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No, it ain't 'dammed,'" observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light; "it's 'shamed;' there's a blot there. 'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely oir——' I forget wot this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a-lookin' at it," replied Sam; "but there's another blot. Here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.'"

"'Circumwented,' p'rhaps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam. "'Circumscribed;' that's it!"

"That ain't as good a word as 'circumwented,' Sammy," said Mr. Weller gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'rhaps it's a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice girl, and nothin' but it.'"

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a col-lection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller parenthetically.

"'But now,'" continued Sam, "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed:—

"'So I take the prividige of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday—to tell you that the first and only time I see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was taken by the profeel macheen (wich praps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeered that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller dubiously.

"No, it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly to avoid contesting the point.

"'Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said. My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up; ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam. "She'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a-goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam. "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it 'Veller,'" said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing! I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery; and *he* wos only a Cambervell man; so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And, having folded it in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner—"To Mary, House-maid, at Mr. Nupkins's Mayor's, Ipswich, Suffolk,"—and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

To the last, Sam remains devotedly attached to his master; and when Mr. Pickwick gives up his rambles, retires from active life and settles down at Dulwich, he goes with him, determined to remain single, and to stick by him and make him comfortable, "vages or no vages, notice or no notice, board or no board, lodgin' or no lodgin'."

Sam Weller kept his word, and remained unmarried for two years. The old housekeeper dying at the end of that time, Mr. Pickwick promoted Mary to the situation, on condition of her marrying Mr. Weller at once, which she did without a murmur. From the circumstance of two sturdy little boys having been repeatedly seen at the gate of the back garden, we have reason to suppose that Sam has some family.

(Ch. x., xii., xiii., xv., xvi., xviii.–xx., xxii.–xxviii., xxx.–xxxv., xxxvi.–xlviii., l.–lii., lv.–lvii.) *See* JOE (the Fat Boy), PICKWICK (SAMUEL), WELLER (TONY).

WELLER, TONY. Father to Samuel Weller; one of the old plethoric, mottled-faced, great-coated, many-waistcoated stage-coachmen that flourished in England before the advent of railways. Being a widower, and therefore feeling rather lonely at times, he is inveigled by a buxom widow, who keeps a public-house, into marrying again. Father and son, who have not seen each other for some time, accidentally meet one day at a tavern where Sam is taking some refreshment with his master, Mr. Pickwick.

A hoarse voice, like some strange effort of ventriloquism, emerged from beneath the capacious shawls which muffled his throat and chest, and slowly uttered these sounds, "Wy, Sammy!"

"Who's that, Sam?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Why, I wouldn't ha' believed it, sir!" replied Mr. Weller, with astonished eyes. "It's the old 'un."

"Old one?" said Mr. Pickwick. "What old one?"

"My father, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "How are you, my ancient?" And with this beautiful ebullition of filial affection, Mr. Weller made room on the seat beside him for the stout man, who advanced, pipe in mouth and pot in hand, to greet him.

"Wy, Sammy," said the father, "I han't seen you for two years and better."

"No more you have, old codger," replied the son. "How's mother-in-law?"

"Wy, I'll tell you what, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, senior, with much solemnity in his manner, "there never was a nicer woman as a widder than that 'ere second wentur o' mine. A sweet creetur she was, Sammy; and all I can say on her now is, that as she was such an uncommon pleasant widder, it's a great pity she ever changed her condition. She don't act as a vife, Sammy."

"Don't she, though?" inquired Mr. Weller, junior.

The elder Weller shook his head as he replied with a sigh, "I've done it once too often, Sammy—I've done it once too often. Take example by your father, my boy, and be wery careful o' widders all your life, 'specially if they've kept a public-house, Sammy." And, having delivered this parental advice with great pathos, Mr. Weller, senior, refilled his pipe from a tin box he carried in his pocket, and lighting his fresh pipe from the ashes of the old one, commenced smoking at a great rate.

Shortly after this, Mr. Weller meets his son again, when a more extended conversation ensues.

"That 'ere your governor's luggage, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller, senior, of his affectionate son, as he entered the yard of The Bull Inn, Whitechapel, with a travelling-bag and a small portmanteau.

"You might ha' made a worser guess than that, old feller," replied Mr. Weller, the younger, setting down his burden in the yard, and sitting himself down upon it afterwards. "The governor his-self 'll be down here presently."

"He's a-cabbin' it, I suppose?" said the father.

"Yes, he's a havin' two mile o' danger at eightpence," responded the son. "How's mother-in-law this mornin'?"

"Queer, Sammy, queer," replied the elder Mr. Weller, with impressive solemnity. "She's been gettin' rayther in the Methodistical order lately, Sammy; and she's uncommonly pious to be sure. She's too good a creetur for me, Sammy; I feel I don't deserve her."

"Ah," said Mr. Samuel, "that's wery self-denyin' o' you."

"Wery," replied his parent, with a sigh. "She's got hold o' some invention for grown-up people being born again, Sammy—the new birth, I think they calls it. I should wery much like to see that system in haction, Sammy. I should wery much like to see your mother-in-law born again. Wouldn't I put her out to nurse!"

"What do you think them women does t'other day," continued

Mr. Weller, after a short pause, during which he had significantly struck the side of his nose with his forefinger some half-dozen times; "what do you think they does t'other day, Sammy?"

"Don't know," replied Sam; "what?"

"Goes and gets up a grand tea-drinkin' for a feller they calls their shepherd," said Mr. Weller. "I was a-standing starin' in at the pictur-shop down at our place, when I sees a little bill about it: 'Tickets half-a-crown. All applications to be made to the committee. Secretary, Mrs. Weller;' and when I got home, there was the committee a-sittin' in our back-parlour. Fourteen women; I wish you could ha' heard 'em, Sammy! There they was, a-passin' resolutions, and wotin' supplies, and all sorts o' games. Well, what with your mother-in-law a-worrying me to go, and what with my looking for'ard to seein' some queer starts if I did, I put my name down for a ticket. At six o'clock on the Friday evenin' I dresses myself out wery smart, and off I goes with the old 'ooman; and up we walks into a fust floor where there was tea-things for thirty, and a whole lot o' women as begins whisperin' to one another, and lookin' at me as if they'd never seen rayther a stout gen'l'm'n of eight-and-fifty afore. By-and-by there comes a great bustle downstairs; and a lanky chap with a red nose and white neckcloth rushes up, and sings out, 'Here's the shepherd a-coming to wisit his faithful flock!' and in comes a fat chap in black, vith a great white face, a-smilin' avay like clock-work. Such goin's on, Sammy! 'The kiss of peace,' says the shepherd, and then he kissed the women all round; and ven he'd done, the man with the red nose began. I was just a-thinkin' whether I hadn't better begin too—'specially as there was a wery nice lady a-sittin' next me—ven in comes the tea, and your mother-in-law, as had been makin' the kettle boil downstairs. At it they went, tooth and nail. Such a precious loud hymn, Samuy, while the tea was a-brewin'! such a grace! such eatin' and drinkin'! I wish you could ha' seen the shepherd walkin' into the ham and muffins. I never see such a chap to eat and drink—never! The red-nosed man warn't by no means the sort of person you'd like to grub by contract; but he was nothin' to the shepherd. Well, arter the tea was over, they sang another hymn, and then the shepherd began to preach; and wery well he did it, considerin' how heavy them muffins must have lied on his chest. Presently he pulls up all of a sudden, and hollers out, 'Where is the sinner? where is the mis'rable sinner?' upon which all the women looked at me, and began to groan as if they was dyin'. I thought it was rather sing'lar; but, hows'ever, I says nothing. Presently he pulls up again, and, lookin' wery hard at me, says, 'Where is the sinner? where is the mis'rable sinner?' and all the women groans again, ten times louder than afore. I got rather wild at this; so I takes a step or two for'ard, and says, 'My friend,' says I, 'did you apply that 'ere observation to me?' 'Stead of beggin' my pardon, as any gen'l'm'n would ha' done, he got more abusive than ever, called me a wessel, Sammy—a wessel of wrath, and all sorts o' names. So, my blood being reg'larly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three more to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off. I wish you could ha' heard how the women screamed, Sammy, ven they picked up the shepherd from under the table."

(Ch. xx., xxii., xxiii., xxvii., xxxiii., xxxiv., xliii., xlv., lii., lv., lvi. *See* PICKWICK (SAMUEL) and WELLER (SAMUEL).

WELLER, MRS. SUSAN. Wife of Mr. Tony Weller, formerly Mrs. Clarke. (Ch. xxvii., xlv.) *See* WELLER (SAMUEL) and WELLER (TONY).

WHIFFERS. A footman at Bath. (Ch. xxxvii.)

WICKS, MR. Clerk in office of Dodson and Fogg. (Ch. xx.)

WILKINS. Gardener to Captain Boldwig. (Ch. xix.)

WINKLE, MR., SENIOR. Father of Nathaniel Winkle; an old wharfinger at Birmingham, and a thorough man of business, having the most methodical habits, and never committing himself hastily in any affair. He is greatly displeased at his son's marriage to Miss Arabella Allen, but finally forgives him, and admits that the lady is "a very charming little daughter-in-law, after all." (Ch. l., lvi.)

WINKLE, NATHANIEL. A member of the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club, and a cockney pretender to sporting skill. (Ch. i.–v., vii., ix., xi.–xiii., xv., xviii., xix., xxiv.–xxvi., xxviii., xxx.–xxxii., xxxiv.–xxxvi., xxxviii., xxxix., xliv., xlvii., liv., lvi., lvii.)

WITHERFIELD, MISS. A middle-aged lady, affianced to Mr. Magnus. (Ch. xxii., xxiv.) *See* MAGNUS, PETER.

WUGSBY, MRS. COLONEL. A fashionable lady whom Mr. Pickwick meets at Bath. (Ch. xxxv., xxxvi.)

ZEPHYR, THE. *See* MIVINS, MR.

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I. Meeting of the Pickwick Club; Mr. Blotton calls Mr. Pickwick a "humbug" in a "Pickwickian sense."—II. The Pickwickians get into trouble with a cabman at the Golden Cross Inn; they meet Mr. Alfred Jingle; the journey to Rochester; after supper at The Bull Inn, Mr. Tupman and Mr. Jingle attend the ball, Mr. Jingle wearing Mr. Winkle's coat; Mr. Jingle excites the jealousy of Dr. Slammer, who challenges Mr. Winkle in consequence; the duel, which is interrupted by Dr. Slammer discovering that Mr. Winkle is "not the man."—III. Dismal Jemmy relates "The Stroller's Tale;" Dr. Slammer recognises Mr. Jingle.—IV. The military review at Rochester; meeting with Mr. Wardle and his party.—V. The drive to Dingley Dell; Mr. Winkle, dismounting, is unable to remount; and, Mr. Pickwick going to his assistance, his horse runs away, leaving the Pickwickians to walk the rest of the way.—VI. The party at Mr. Wardle's; the clergyman recites "The Ivy Green"

and relates "The Convict's Return."—VII. Mr. Winkle attempts to shoot the rooks, and wounds Mr. Tupman; the cricket-match at Muggleton, and the dinner which followed.—VIII. Mr. Tupman proposes to Miss Rachael, and is discovered by the fat boy; Joe, relating the discovery to old Mrs. Wardle, is overheard by Mr. Jingle, who determines to supersede Mr. Tupman in the spinster's affections —IX. Finding his arts successful, he elopes with her; Mr. Wardle and Mr. Pickwick follow, and are just on the point of overtaking the fugitives, when their carriage breaks down.—X. Sam Weller's first appearance as "boots" at The White Hart Inn; his account of his father's marriage; Mr. Wardle questions Sam, and finds that Jingle and Miss Rachael are at the White Hart; Mr. Jingle is bought off, and the lady returns with her brother.—XI. The disappearance of Mr. Tupman, and the journey of Pickwick, Snodgrass, and Winkle in search of him; Mr. Pickwick discovers the stone with the famous inscription; the madman's manuscript; the discussion occasioned among the learned societies by Mr. Pickwick's discovery.—XII. Mr. Pickwick, informing Mrs. Bardell of his determination to employ a valet, finds himself in an awkward situation, in which he is discovered by his friends; Mr. Pickwick engages Sam Weller as his valet.—XIII. Some account of Eatanswill, and the rival factions of the Buffs and Blues; Mr. Perker explains how an election is managed, and introduces the Pickwickians to Mr. Pott, editor of *The Gazette*, who invites Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle to his house; Sam Weller relates to his master some tricks of the election; speeches of the rival candidates, and success of the Hon. Samuel Slumkey. —XIV. "The Bagman's Story."—XV. Mr. Leo Hunter waits upon Mr. Pickwick, and invites him and his friends to a *fête champêtre*, to be given by Mrs. Leo Hunter; dispute and reconciliation of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman; the fancy ball at Mrs. Hunter's, and re-appearance of Alfred Jingle as Mr. Charles Fitz-Marshall; recognising Mr. Pickwick, he suddenly departs, and is followed by Mr. Pickwick and Sam to The Angel, and Bury St. Edmunds.—XVI. Sam gives Mr. Pickwick some account of his bringing up; Sam discovers Mr. Job Trotter, who reveals the plans of Mr. Charles Fitz-Marshall for eloping with a young lady from the boarding-school; Mr. Pickwick's adventure in the boarding-school; he is relieved from his unpleasant situation by the appearance of Mr. Wardle and Mr. Trundle.—XVII. Mr. Pickwick reads to Mr. Wardle the "Story of the Parish Clerk."—XVIII. Mr. Pott, having his jealousy of Mr. Winkle excited by an article in *The Independent*, denounces that gentleman, whereupon a scene ensues, ending in the departure of Mr. Winkle; Messrs. Winkle, Snodgrass, and Tupman join Mr. Pickwick at The Angel, at Bury St. Edmunds; Mr. Pickwick receives a letter from Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, informing him of Mrs. Bardell's action for breach of promise.—XIX. Account of the shooting-party and the extraordinary skill of Messrs. Tupman and Winkle; Sam Weller explains the mysteries of "weal pie;" Mr. Pickwick, having imbibed punch very freely, falls asleep in a wheelbarrow, and is left alone while the party continue their sport; he is discovered by Captain Boldwig, who orders him to be wheeled off to the pound, from which he is rescued by Mr. Wardle and Sam Weller.—XX. Mr. Pickwick and Sam visit the office of Dodson and Fogg, after which they call at a tavern, where Sam unexpectedly encounters his father; from him they learn that Jingle and Job Trotter are at Ipswich, and Mr. Pickwick decides to seek them there at once; Mr. Pickwick finds Mr. Lowten at the head of a convivial party at The Magpie and Stump, and is invited to join them.—XXI. Jack

Bamber relates some stories about Gray's Inn, and also "A Tale of a Queer Client."—XXII. Mr. Pickwick, going to Ipswich, meets Mr. Peter Magnus, going to the same place, and learns from that gentleman his object in visiting that city; Mr. Pickwick, retiring for the night, leaves his watch upon the table, and, returning to seek it, loses his way, and gets into the wrong room, which proves to be the chamber of a middle-aged lady.—XXIII. Sam Weller unexpectedly encounters Mr. Job Trotter, and begins his return-match.—XXIV. Mr. Magnus introduces Mr. Pickwick to his betrothed, and is astonished at their behaviour; Miss Witherfield waits upon George Nupkins, Esq., and enters a complaint against Mr. Pickwick, in consequence of which that gentleman and Mr. Tupman are arrested, and, in attempting a rescue, Sam Weller and the other Pickwickians share the same fate.—XXV. The trial before George Nupkins, Esq., which is brought to an unexpected termination by Mr. Pickwick exposing Mr. Alfred Jingle and his designs; Mr. Weller also exposes Job Trotter; the first passage of Mr. Weller's first love.—XXVI. Sam visits Mrs. Bardell, and assists in a conversation which throws some light on the action of Bardell *v.* Pickwick.—XXVII. Sam goes to Dorking, and makes the acquaintance of his mother-in-law and the Rev. Mr. Stiggins, and also has an interview with Mr. Weller, senior.—XXVIII. The Pickwickians and Sam Weller go to Dingley Dell, and attend the wedding of Mr. Trundle and Miss Isabella Wardle; Mr. Pickwick speaks at the wedding-breakfast, and dances with old Mrs. Wardle in the evening; Mr. Wardle sings a "Christmas Carol."—XXIX. Mr. Wardle relates "The Story of the Goblins who stole a Sexton."—XXX. The Pickwickians make the acquaintance of Mr. Ben Allen and Mr. Bob Sawyer; Mr. Winkle exhibits his skill in the accomplishment of skating; Mr. Pickwick's fall through the ice, and rescue; breaking up of the party.—XXXI. Mr. Jackson, of the house of Dodson and Fogg, subpœnas the friends and servants of Mr. Pickwick; Mr. Pickwick and Sam go to Mr. Perker's, Sam relating on the way the mysterious disappearance of a respectable tradesman; Mr. Perker informs Mr. Pickwick that he has retained Serjeant Snubbin as his advocate, and is amazed at Mr. Pickwick's determination to see that eminent personage; Mr. Pickwick's interview with Serjeant Snubbin, in which they are joined by Mr. Phunky.—XXXII. Mr. Bob Sawyer, proposing to give a bachelor party, has some trouble with his landlady; the party, getting noisy, are ordered out by Mrs. Raddle.—XXXIII. Mr. Sam Weller, going to meet his father at The Blue Boar, has his attention attracted by a valentine in a shop-window, and, purchasing paper and pens, he indites a valentine to Mary, which Mr. Weller, senior, criticises and approves; Mr. Weller and Sam attend the meeting of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Total Abstinence Association; Mr. Stiggins also attends in a state which astonishes the members, and causes the dispersion of the meeting.—XXXIV. Commencement of the memorable trial, Bardell *v.* Pickwick; dramatic effect of Mrs. Bardell's appearance; address of Serjeant Buzfuz, followed by the examination of the witnesses, and the important testimony of Sam Weller; verdict for the plaintiff.—XXXV. The Pickwickians, going to Bath, make the acquaintance of Captain Dowler, also of Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq., M.C.; Sam goes on an errand to Queen Square, and meets a resplendent footman; the ball-night in the assembly-room at Bath, where Mr. Pickwick does himself no credit at cards.—XXXVI. Mr. Pickwick takes lodgings for himself and friends in the Royal Crescent; he finds the "True Legend of Prince Bladud;" Mr.

Dowler, sitting up for his wife, who has gone to a party, falls asleep; on her return in a sedan-chair, Mr. Winkle is the first person aroused, and he proceeds, in dressing-gown and slippers, to open the door, when it is blown to behind him, and he rushes into the sedan-chair; exciting chase of Mr. Winkle by Mr. Dowler.—XXXVII. Sam Weller receives an invitation to a "friendly swarry" by the Bath footmen, which he attends under the patronage of Mr. John Smauker; Mr. Pickwick relates to Sam the story of Mr. Winkle's flight, and commissions him to find and bring him back.—XXXVIII. Mr. Winkle, having fled to Bristol, unexpectedly finds himself in the presence of Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Ben Allen; Mr. Allen explains to Mr. Winkle his intentions in regard to his sister Arabella; Mr. Winkle, returning to his hotel, is greatly astonished to find Mr. Dowler; mutual explanation and reconciliation.—XXXIX. Sam Weller appears, and undertakes to find Miss Arabella Allen; his unexpected meeting with the pretty housemaid, through whom he finds and has an interview with Miss Allen; Mr. Pickwick arranges and assists at a meeting between Mr. Winkle and Miss Arabella, and casts new light on the studies of a scientific gentleman.—XL. Mr. Pickwick is arrested; Mr. Perker visits him, but is unable to induce him to pay the damages adjudged, and Mr. Pickwick is carried to the Fleet.—XLI. Sam relates the story of the Chancery prisoner; Mr. Pickwick makes the acquaintance of Messrs. Mivins and Smangle.—XLII. Mr. Smangle's attempt to get possession of Mr. Pickwick's linen is frustrated by Sam Weller; Mr. Pickwick is "chummed" upon No. 27 in the third, and takes possession of his quarters, but finding his presence disagreeable to his chums, and learning that he *can* live elsewhere, he hires a room in the coffee-house flight; he visits the poor side of the prison, and encounters Mr. Alfred Jingle and Mr. Job Trotter; Mr. Pickwick dismisses Sam.—XLIII. Sam arranges with his father a little plan, by which he gets himself arrested and sent to the Fleet as a prisoner, in which character he astonishes Mr. Pickwick.—XLIV. Sam relates to his master the story of the man "as killed hisself on principle;" he makes the acquaintance of his chum, the cobbler; Mr. Pickwick is visited by Messrs. Tupman, Snodgrass, and Winkle; death of the Chancery prisoner.—XLV. Sam Weller is visited by his father, his mother-in-law, and the shepherd; he is overwhelmed with astonishment at encountering Mr. Job Trotter; Mr. Trotter introduces Mr. Pickwick and Sam to a "whistling-shop."—XLVI. Mrs. Bardell is visited by some friends, with whom and her lodger she goes to The Spaniard Tea Gardens; their tea-party is interrupted by Mr. Jackson, of Dodson and Fogg's, by whom Mrs. Bardell is carried to the Fleet, in execution for costs in the case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick.—XLVII. Mr. Perker, having received notice of this from Sam, visits Mr. Pickwick; Mr. and Mrs. Winkle appear, to confess their marriage; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Tupman also arrive; and Mr. Pickwick finally yields to their united appeals, and consents to release himself from prison.—XLVIII. Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Ben Allen, discussing the prospects, business and matrimonial, of the former, are visited by an aunt of the latter, also by Mr. Pickwick and Sam; Mr. Pickwick's explanation reconciles all parties to the marriage of Miss Allen with Mr. Winkle; Mr. Pickwick again meets the one-eyed bagman.—XLIX. He relates "The Story of his Uncle."—L. Mr. Pickwick having arranged with Mr. Ben Allen to accompany him to Birmingham, to explain matters to the elder Mr. Winkle, is surprised at Mr. Sawyer's determination to go with them; humorous conduct of that gentleman on the journey; the three visit

Mr. Winkle, senior; unfavourable result of the interview.—LI. The party returning to London, stop at The Saracen's Head, Towcester, where they find Mr. Pott; arrival of Mr. Slurk, and desperate encounter of the rival editors.—LII. Sam receives news of the death of his mother-in-law, and goes to Dorking to see his father; Mr. Stiggins pays a visit of sympathy to the widower, by whom he is kicked out of doors, and ducked in the horse-trough.—LIII. Mr. Pickwick calls to consult Mr. Perker on Mr. Winkle's affairs, and meets Mr. Jingle and Job Trotter, who finally take their leave of him and of the reader; Mr. Pickwick gives Messrs. Dodson and Fogg his opinion of their character.—LIV. The fat boy announces the arrival of his master; Mr. Wardle astonishes Mr. Pickwick with the story of the attachment of Mr. Snodgrass and Miss Emily Wardle; Mr. Snodgrass, visiting Miss Emily, is discovered by the fat boy, who is bribed to keep the secret; Mr. Wardle and his party returning earlier than expected, Mr. Snodgrass conceals himself in an inner room, from which he is unable to escape; unaccountable behaviour of Joe, which is explained by the appearance of Mr. Snodgrass, and his story.—LV. Mr. Weller, advised by Sam, has his late wife's will probated, and sells his share in the funds, through the aid of Wilkins Flasher, Esq.—LVI. Mr. Weller, senior, consigns his property into the hands of Mr. Pickwick; Mr. Pickwick advises Sam, with his father's consent, to marry, but Sam stoutly refuses to leave his master; Mr. Winkle, senior, calls on his daughter-in-law, and becomes reconciled to his son's marriage.—LVII. Mr. Pickwick announces the dissolution of the club; marriage of Snodgrass and Emily Wardle, and subsequent history of the principal characters.

THE

ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST.

THE greater part of this tale was originally published during the years 1837 and 1838, in "Bentley's Magazine," of which Mr. Dickens was at that time the editor. It was begun in the second number (for February, 1837), and was illustrated by George Cruikshank. On its completion, it was issued in three volumes, by Mr. Bentley.

In "Oliver Twist" Dickens assailed the abuses of the poor-law and workhouse system. Of his more general object in writing the work, he has himself given this account:—

"I have yet to learn that a lesson of the purest good may not be drawn from the vilest evil. I have always believed this to be a recognised and established truth, laid down by the greatest men the world has ever seen, constantly acted upon by the greatest and wisest natures, and confirmed by the reason and experience of every thinking mind. I saw no reason, when I wrote this book, why the dregs of life, so long as their speech did not offend the ear, should not serve the purpose of a moral, at least as well as its froth and cream. Nor did I doubt that there lay festering in Saint Giles's as good materials towards the truth as any to be found in Saint James's.

"In this spirit, when I wished to show in little Oliver the principle of good surviving through every adverse circumstance, and triumphing at last; and when I considered among what companions I could try him best, having regard to that kind of men into whose hands he would most naturally fall—I bethought myself of those who figure in these volumes. When I came to discuss the subject more maturely with myself, I saw many strong reasons for pursuing the course to which I was inclined. I had read of thieves by scores—seductive fellows (amiable for the most part), faultless in dress, plump in pocket, choice in horse-flesh, bold in bearing, fortunate in gallantry, great at a song, a bottle, pack of cards, or dice-box, and fit companions for the bravest; but I had never met (except in HOGARTH) with the miserable reality. It appeared to me that to draw a knot of such associates in crime as really do exist; to paint them in all their deformity, in all their wretchedness, in all the squalid poverty of their lives; to show them as they really are, for ever skulking uneasily through the dirtiest paths of life, with the great, black, ghastly gallows closing up their prospect, turn them where they may—it appeared to me that to do this would be to attempt a something which was greatly needed, and which would be a service to society. And therefore I did it as I best could."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

ANNY. A pauper. (Ch. xxiv., li.)

ARTFUL DODGER, THE. *See* DAWKINS, JOHN.

BARNEY. A villainous young Jew, with a chronic catarrh, employed at The Three Cripples Inn, Little Saffron Hill. (Ch. xv., xxii., xlii., xlv.)

BATES, CHARLEY. A thief; one of Fagin's "apprentices." (Ch. ix., x., xii., xiii., xvi., xviii., xxv.) *See* DAWKINS, JOHN.

BAYTON. One of the poor of the parish. (Ch. v.)

BECKY. Barmaid at The Red Lion Inn. (Ch. xxi.)

BEDWIN, MRS. Mr. Brownlow's housekeeper. (Ch. xii., xiv., xvii., xli., li.)

BET, or BETSY. A thief in Fagin's service, and a companion of Nancy. (Ch. ix., xiii., xvi., xviii.) *See* SIKES, BILL.

BILL. A grave-digger. (Ch. v.)

BLATHERS and DUFF. Bow Street officers. (Ch. xxxi.)

BOLTER, MORRIS. *See* CLAYPOLE, NOAH.

BRITTLES. A servant at Mrs. Maylie's. (Ch. xxviii., xxx., xxxi., liii.) *See* GILES, MR.

BROWNLOW, MR. A benevolent old gentleman, who takes Oliver into his house and treats him kindly. (Ch. x.–xii., xvi., xli., xlvi., xlix., li.–liii.) *See* FANG (MR.), FAGIN, MONKS.

BULL'S-EYE. Bill Sikes's dog. (Ch. xiii., xv., xvi., xix., xxxix., xlviii., l.) *See* SIKES, BILL.

BUMBLE, MR. A beadle puffed up with the insolence of office. He visits the branch workhouse where Oliver Twist is "farmed," and is received with great attention by Mrs. Mann, the matron.

> Mrs. Mann ushered the beadle into a small parlour with a brick floor, placed a seat for him, and officiously deposited his cocked hat and cane on the table before him. Mr. Bumble wiped from his forehead the perspiration which his walk had engendered, glanced complacently at the cocked hat, and smiled. Yes, he smiled. Beadles are but men; and Mr. Bumble smiled.
>
> "Now, don't you be offended at what I am a-going to say," observed Mrs. Mann, with captivating sweetness. "You've had a long walk, you

know, or I wouldn't mention it. Now, will you take a little drop of somethink, Mr. Bumble?"

"Not a drop, not a drop," said Mr. Bumble, waving his right hand in a dignified but still placid manner.

"I think you will," said Mrs. Mann, who had noticed the tone of the refusal, and the gesture that had accompanied it, "just a *leetle* drop, with a little cold water, and a lump of sugar."

Mr. Bumble coughed.

"Now, just a leetle drop," said Mrs. Mann persuasively.

"What is it?" inquired the beadle.

"Why, it's what I'm obliged to keep a little of in the house, to put in the blessed infants' daffy when they ain't well, Mr. Bumble," replied Mrs. Mann, as she opened a corner cupboard, and took down a bottle and glass. "It's gin."

"Do you give the children daffy, Mrs. Mann?" inquired Bumble, following with his eyes the interesting process of mixing.

"Ah, bless 'em! that I do, dear as it is," replied the nurse. "I couldn't see 'em suffer before my eyes, you know, sir."

"No," said Mr. Bumble, approvingly; "no, you could not. You are a humane woman, Mrs. Mann." (Here she set down the glass.) "I shall take an early opportunity of mentioning it to the Board, Mrs. Mann." (He drew it towards him.) "You feel as a mother, Mrs. Mann." (He stirred the gin and water.) "I—I drink your health with cheerfulness, Mrs. Mann;" and he swallowed half of it.

"And now about business," said the beadle, taking out a leathern pocket-book. "The child that was half-baptised, Oliver Twist, is eight years old to-day."

"Bless him!" interposed Mrs. Mann, inflaming her left eye with the corner of her apron.

"And notwithstanding an offered reward of ten pound, which was afterwards increased to twenty pound; notwithstanding the most superlative, and, I may say, supernat'ral exertions on the part of this parish," said Bumble, "we have never been able to discover who is his father, or what was his mother's settlement, name, or condition."

Mrs. Mann raised her hands in astonishment, but added, after a moment's reflection, "How comes he to have any name at all, then?"

The beadle drew himself up with great pride, and said, "I invented it."

"You, Mr. Bumble?"

"I, Mrs. Mann. We name our foundlin's in alphabetical order. The last was a S—Swubble: I named him. This was a T—Twist: I named *him*. The next one as comes will be Unwin, and the next Vilkins. I have got the names ready made to the end of the alphabet, and all the way through it again, when we come to Z."

"Why, you're quite a literary character, sir," said Mrs. Mann.

"Well, well," said the beadle, evidently gratified with the compliment; "perhaps I may be, perhaps I may be, Mrs. Mann." He finished the gin and water, and added, "Oliver being now too old to remain here, the Board have determined to have him back into the house; and I have come out myself to take him there: so let me see him at once."

Mrs. Corney being matron of the workhouse, and the death of Mr. Slout, the master of the establishment, being daily expected, Mr. Bumble, who stands next in the order of succes-

sion, thinks it might be a good opportunity for "a joining of hearts and housekeepings." With this idea in his mind, he pays the lady a visit, and, while she is out of the room for a few moments, counts the spoons, weighs the sugar-tongs, closely inspects the silver milk-pot, takes a mental inventory of the furniture, and makes himself acquainted with the contents of a chest of drawers. Upon her return, after some billing and cooing, she says "the one little, little, little word" he begs to hear, and bashfully consents to become Mrs. Bumble as soon as ever he pleases. But the course of Mr. Bumble's love does not run smooth after marriage; for his wife turns out to be a thorough shrew. When the first tiff occurs Mrs. Bumble bursts into tears, but they do not serve to soften the heart of Mr. Bumble; for he smilingly bids her keep on. "It opens the lungs," he tells her, "washes the countenance, exercises the eyes, and softens the temper: so cry away." When, however, she changes her tactics, boldly flies at him, and gives him a sound and well-merited drubbing, he yields incontinently, and indulges in sad and solitary reflections. "I sold myself," he says, "for six tea-spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs, and a milk-pot, with a small quantity of second-hand furniter, and twenty pound in money. I went very reasonable, cheap—dirt cheap."

This precious pair are afterwards guilty—first, of selling certain articles which were left in the workhouse by the mother of Oliver Twist, and which are necessary to his identification; and, secondly, of witnessing what they suppose to be the destruction of these articles. Brought before Mr. Brownlow, they are confronted with proofs and witnesses of their rascality; but Bumble excuses himself by saying, "It was all Mrs. Bumble. She *would* do it."

"That is no excuse," replied Mr. Brownlow. "You were present on the occasion of the destruction of these trinkets, and, indeed, are the more guilty of the two in the eye of the law; for the law supposes that your wife acts under your direction."

"If the law supposes that," said Mr. Bumble, squeezing his hat emphatically in both hands, "the law is a ass, a idiot. If that's the eye of the law, the law's a bachelor; and the worst I wish the law is, that his eye may be opened by experience—by experience."

Notwithstanding this disclaimer of any personal responsibility in the matter, Mr. Bumble loses his situation, and retires with his wife to private life. (Ch. i., iii.–v., vii., xvii., xxiii., xxxvii., xxxviii., li.) *See* DICK (LITTLE), TWIST (OLIVER).

CHARLOTTE. Servant to Mrs. Sowerberry; afterwards goes to London with Noah Claypole. (Ch. iv.–vi., xxvii., xlii., liii.)

CHITLING, TOM. An "apprentice" of Fagin's; a "half-witted dupe," who makes a rather unsuccessful thief. (Ch. xviii., xxv., xxxix., l.)

CLAYPOLE, NOAH. A chuckle-headed charity-boy, apprenticed to Mr. Sowerberry the undertaker. He afterwards goes to London, and becomes a thief. (Ch. v., vi., xxvii., xlii., xliii., xlv.–xlvii., liii.)

CORNEY, MRS. Matron of a workhouse; afterwards married to Mr. Bumble. (Ch. xxiii., xxiv., xxvii., xxxvii., xxxviii., li.) *See* BUMBLE, MR.

CRACKIT, TOBY. A housebreaker. (Ch. xxiii., xxv., xxviii., xxxix., l.)

DAWKINS, JOHN, called "THE ARTFUL DODGER." A young pickpocket in the service of Fagin the Jew. When Oliver Twist runs away from his master, and sets out for London, he meets the Artful Dodger on the road, who gives him something to eat, and afterwards takes him to Fagin's den.

"Don't fret your eyelids," . . . said the young gentleman. "I've got to be in London to-night, and I know a 'spectable old genelman as lives there, wot'll give you lodgings for nothink, and never ask for the change—that is, if any genelman he knows interduces you. And don't he know me? Oh no! Not in the least! By no means! Certainly not!"

Although the Dodger is an adept in thieving and knavery, he is detected at last in attempting to pick a gentleman's pocket, and is sentenced to transportation for life. While in court, he maintains his accustomed coolness, impudently chaffs the police-officers, asking the jailer to communicate "the names of them two files as was on the bench," and generally "does full justice to his bringing-up, and establishes for himself a glorious reputation. When brought into court, he requests to know what he is "placed in that 'ere disgraceful sitivation for."

"Hold your tongue; will you?" said the jailer.

"I'm an Englishman, ain't I?" rejoined the Dodger. "Where are my privileges?"

"You'll get your privileges soon enough," retorted the jailer, "and pepper with 'em."

"We'll see wot the Secretary of State for the Home Affairs has got to say to the beaks, if I don't," replied Mr. Dawkins. "Now, then, wot is this here business? I shall thank the madg'strates to dispose of this here little affair, and not to keep me while they read the paper; for I've got an appointment with a genelman in the City; and as I'm a man of my word, and wery punctual in business matters, he'll go away if I ain't there to my time, and then, p'r'aps, there won't be an action for damage against those as kept me away. Oh no! certainly not!"

The evidence against him is direct and conclusive; but the Dodger continues unabashed; and, when the magistrate asks him if he has anything to say, he affects not to hear the question.

"Do you hear his worship ask you if you've anything to say?" inquired the jailer, nudging the silent Dodger with his elbow.

"I beg your pardon," said the Dodger, looking up with an air of abstraction. "Did you redress yourself to me, my man?"

"I never see such an out-and-out young wagabond, your worship," observed the officer, with a grin. "Do you mean to say anything, you young shaver."

"No," replied the Dodger, "not here, for this ain't the shop for justice; besides which, my attorney is a-breakfasting this morning with the wice-president of the House of Commons. But I shall have something to say elsewhere, and so will he, and so will a wery numerous and 'spectable circle of acquaintance, as'll make them beaks wish they'd never been born, or that they'd got their footmen to hang 'em up to their hat-pegs afore they let 'em come out this morning to try it on upon me. I'll——"

"There! he's fully committed," interposed the clerk. "Take him away."

"Come on," said the jailer.

"Oh ah! I'll come on," replied the Dodger, brushing his hat with the palm of his hand. "Ah" (to the bench), "it's no use your looking frightened; I won't show you no mercy—not a ha'p'orth of it. *You'll* pay for this, my fine fellers. I wouldn't be you for something! I wouldn't go free now, if you was to fall down on your knees and ask me. Here, carry me off to prison! Take me away!"

With these last words the Dodger suffered himself to be led off by the collar, threatening, till he got into the yard, to make a parliamentary business of it, and then grinning in the officer's face with great glee and self-approval.

(Ch. viii.–x., xii., xiii., xvi., xviii., xix., xxv., xxxix., xliii.)

DICK, LITTLE. Companion of Oliver Twist at a branch workhouse where infant paupers are tended with parochial care. (Ch. vii., xvii.)

DODGER, THE ARTFUL. *See* DAWKINS, JOHN.

DUFF. A Bow Street officer. *See* BLATHERS and DUFF.

FAGIN. A crafty old Jew, a receiver of stolen goods, with a number of confederates of both sexes. He also employs several boys (styled "apprentices") to carry on a systematic trade of pilfering. After a long career of villany, he is sentenced to death for complicity in a murder. Having been taken to prison, he is placed in one of the "condemned cells," and left there alone.

He sat down on a stone bench opposite the door, which served for seat and bedstead, and, casting his bloodshot eyes upon the ground,

tried to collect his thoughts. After awhile, he tried to remember a few disjointed fragments of what the judge had said, though it had seemed to him at the time that he could not hear a word. These gradually fell into their proper places, and, by degrees, suggested more; so that in a little time he had the whole almost as it was delivered. To be hanged by the neck till he was dead—that was the end—to be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

As it came on very dark, he began to think of all the men he had known who had died upon the scaffold, some of them through his means. They rose up in such quick succession that he could hardly count them. He had seen some of them die, and joked, too, because they died with prayers upon their lips. With what a rattling noise the drop went down! and how suddenly they changed from strong and vigorous men to dangling heaps of clothes!

Some of them might have inhabited that very cell, sat upon that very spot. It was very dark; why didn't they bring a light? The cell had been built for many years. Scores of men must have passed their last hours there. It was like sitting in a vault strewn with dead bodies —the cap, the noose, the pinioned arms, the faces that he knew, even beneath that hideous veil.—Light, light!

At length, when his hands were raw with beating against the heavy door and walls, two men appeared, one bearing a candle, which he thrust into an iron candlestick fixed against the wall, and the other dragging in a mattress on which to pass the night; for the prisoner was to be left alone no more.

Then came night—dark, dismal, silent night. Other wretches are glad to hear the church-clocks strike, for they tell of life and coming day; to the Jew they brought despair. The boom of every iron bell came laden with the one deep, hollow sound—death. What availed the noise and bustle of cheerful morning, which penetrated even there, to him? It was another form of knell, with mockery added to the warning.

The day passed off. Day! there was no day. It was gone as soon as come; and night came on again—night so long, and yet so short; long in its dreadful silence, and short in its fleeting hours. At one time he raved and blasphemed; and at another howled, and tore his hair. Venerable men of his own persuasion had come to pray beside him; but he had driven them away with curses. They renewed their charitable efforts, and he beat them off.

Saturday night! He had only one night more to live; and as he thought of this, the day broke—Sunday.

It was not until the night of this last awful day that a withering sense of his helpless, desperate state came in its full intensity upon his blighted soul; not that he had ever held any defined or positive hope of mercy, but that he had never been able to consider more than the dim probability of dying so soon. He had spoken little to either of the two men who relieved each other in their attendance upon him; and they, for their parts, made no effort to rouse his attention. He had sat there awake, but dreaming. Now he started up every minute, and, with gasping mouth and burning skin, hurried to and fro, in such a paroxysm of fear and wrath, that even they—used to such sights—recoiled from him with horror. He grew so terrible at last, in all the tortures of his evil conscience, that one man could not bear to sit there eyeing him alone; and so the two kept watch together.

He cowered down upon his stone bed, and thought of the past. He

had been wounded with some missiles from the crowd on the day of his capture, and his head was bandaged with a linen cloth. His red hair hung down upon his bloodless face; his beard was torn, and twisted into knots; his eyes shone with a terrible light; his unwashed flesh crackled with the fever that burnt him up. Eight—nine—ten! If it was not a trick to frighten him, and those were the real hours treading on each other's heels, where would he be when they came round again! Eleven! Another struck before the voice of the previous hour had ceased to vibrate. At eight he would be the only mourner in his own funeral train; at eleven——

Those dreadful walls of Newgate, which have hidden so much misery and such unspeakable anguish, not only from the eyes, but, too often and too long, from the thoughts of men, never held so dread a spectacle as that. The few who lingered as they passed, and wondered what the man was doing who was to be hung to-morrow, would have slept but ill that night if they could have seen him.

Late at night, Mr. Brownlow appears with Oliver Twist at the wicket of the prison, and, presenting an order from one of the sheriffs, is immediately admitted, and conducted to Fagin's cell.

The condemned criminal was seated on his bed, rocking himself from side to side, with a countenance more like that of a snared beast than the face of a man. His mind was evidently wandering to his old life; for he continued to mutter, without appearing conscious of their presence otherwise than as a part of his vision.

"Good boy, Charlie—well done!" he mumbled. "Oliver too, ha, ha, ha! Oliver too—quite the gentleman now, quite the—— Take that boy away to bed!"

The jailer took the disengaged hand of Oliver, and, whispering him not to be alarmed, looked on without speaking.

"Take him away to bed!" cried the Jew. "Do you hear me, some of you? He has been the—the—somehow the cause of all this. It's worth the money to bring him up to it. Bolter's throat, Bill—never mind the girl—Bolter's throat, as deep as you can cut. Saw his head off!"

"Fagin," said the jailer.

"That's me!" cried the Jew, falling instantly into the attitude of listening he had assumed upon his trial. "An old man, my lord—a very old, old man!"

"Here," said the turnkey, laying his hand upon his breast to keep him down—"here's somebody wants to see you, to ask you some questions, I suppose. Fagin, Fagin! Are you a man?"

"I shan't be one long," replied the Jew, looking up with a face retaining no human expression but rage and terror. "Strike them all dead! What right have they to butcher me?"

As he spoke, he caught sight of Oliver and Mr. Brownlow. Shrinking to the farthest corner of the seat, he demanded to know what they wanted there.

"Steady," said the turnkey, still holding him down. "Now, sir, tell him what you want—quick, if you please; for he grows worse as the time gets on."

"You have some papers," said Mr. Brownlow, advancing, "which were placed in your hands, for better security, by a man called Monks."

"It's all a lie together," replied the Jew. "I haven't one—not one."

"For the love of God," said Mr. Brownlow, solemnly, "do not say that now, upon the very verge of death, but tell me where they are. You know that Sikes is dead; that Monks has confessed; that there is no hope of any further gain. Where are those papers?"

"Oliver," cried the Jew, beckoning to him. "Here, here! Let me whisper to you."

"I am not afraid," said Oliver, in a low voice, as he relinquished Mr. Brownlow's hand.

"The papers," said the Jew, drawing Oliver toward him, "are in a canvas bag, in a hole a little way up the chimney in the top front room. I want to talk to you, my dear—I want to talk to you."

"Yes, yes," returned Oliver. "Let me say a prayer. Do! Let me say one prayer. Say only one, upon your knees, with me, and we will talk till morning."

"Outside, outside," replied the Jew, pushing the boy before him toward the door, and looking vacantly over his head. "Say I've gone to sleep: they'll believe *you*. You can get me out, if you take me so. Now then, now then!"

"Oh God, forgive this wretched man!" cried the boy, with a burst of tears.

"That's right, that's right," said the Jew. "That'll help us on. This door first. If I shake and tremble as we pass the gallows, don't you mind, but hurry on. Now, now, now!"

"Have you nothing else to ask him, sir?" inquired the turnkey.

"No other question," replied Mr. Brownlow. "If I hoped we could recall him to a sense of his position——"

"Nothing will do that, sir," replied the man, shaking his head. "You had better leave him."

The door of the cell opened, and the attendants returned.

"Press on, press on!" cried the Jew. "Softly, but not so slow. Faster, faster!"

The men laid hands upon him, and, disengaging Oliver from his grasp, held him back. He struggled with the power of desperation, for an instant; and then sent up cry upon cry that penetrated even those massive walls, and rang in their ears until they reached the open yard.

It was some time before they left the prison. Oliver nearly swooned after this frightful scene, and was so weak, that, for an hour or more, he had not the strength to walk.

Day was dawning when they again emerged. A great multitude had already assembled; the windows were filled with people, smoking, and playing cards, to beguile the time; the crowd were pushing, quarrelling, and joking. Everything told of life and animation, but one dark cluster of objects in the very centre of all—the black stage, the cross-beam, the rope, and all the hideous apparatus of death.

(Ch. viii., ix., xii., xiii., xv., xvi., xix., xx., xxv., xxvi., xxxiv., xxxix., xlii.–xlv., xlvii., lii.) *See* SIKES, BILL.

FANG, MR. A violent and overbearing police-magistrate. Oliver Twist, charged with stealing a handkerchief from Mr. Brownlow as he stands quietly reading at a bookstall, is

brought before Mr. Fang for trial; Mr. Brownlow appearing as witness.

Mr. Fang was a lean, long-backed, stiff-necked, middle-sized man, with no great quantity of hair, and what he had, growing on the back and sides of his head. His face was stern, and much flushed. If he were really not in the habit of drinking rather more than was exactly good for him, he might have brought an action against his countenance for libel, and have recovered heavy damages.

The old gentleman bowed respectfully, and, advancing to the magistrate's desk, said, suiting the action to the word, "That is my name and address, sir." He then withdrew a pace or two, and, with another polite and gentlemanly inclination of the head, waited to be questioned.

Now, it so happened that Mr. Fang was at that moment perusing a leading article in a newspaper of the morning, adverting to some recent decision of his, and commending him, for the three hundred and fiftieth time, to the special and particular notice of the Secretary of State for the Home Department. He was out of temper, and he looked up with an angry scowl.

"Who are you?" said Mr. Fang.

The old gentleman pointed with some surprise to his card.

"Officer," said Mr. Fang, tossing the card contemptuously away with the newspaper, "who is this fellow?"

"My name, sir," said the old gentleman, speaking *like* a gentleman, "my name, sir, is Brownlow. Permit me to inquire the name of the magistrate who offers a gratuitous and unprovoked insult to a respectable man, under the protection of the bench." Saying this, Mr. Brownlow looked round the office as if in search of some person who could afford him the required information.

"Officer," said Mr. Fang, throwing the paper on one side, "what's this fellow charged with?"

"He's not charged at all, your worship," replied the officer. "He appears against the boy, your worship."

His worship knew this perfectly well; but it was a good annoyance, and a safe one.

"Appears against the boy, does he?" said Fang, surveying Mr. Brownlow contemptuously from head to foot. "Swear him."

"Before I am sworn, I must beg to say one word," said Mr. Brownlow; "and that is, that I never, without actual experience, could have believed——"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Mr. Fang peremptorily.

"I will not, sir!" replied the old gentleman.

"Hold your tongue this instant, or I'll have you turned out of the office!" said Mr. Fang. "You're an insolent, impertinent fellow. How dare you bully a magistrate?"

"What?" exclaimed the old gentleman, reddening.

"Swear this person!" said Fang to the clerk. "I'll not hear another word. Swear him!"

Mr. Brownlow's indignation was greatly roused; but, reflecting that he might injure the boy by giving vent to it, he suppressed his feelings, and submitted to be sworn at once.

"Now," said Fang, "what's the charge against this boy? What have you got to say, sir?"

"I was standing at a bookstall——" Mr. Brownlow began.

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Mr. Fang. "Policeman!—Where's

the policeman? Here, swear this policeman. Now, policeman, what is this?"

The policeman, with becoming humility, related how he had taken the charge; how he had searched Oliver, and found nothing on his person; and how that was all he knew about it.

"Are there any witnesses?" inquired Mr. Fang.

"None, your worship," replied the policeman.

Mr. Fang sat silent for some minutes, and then, turning round to the prosecutor, said in a towering passion:

"Do you mean to state what your complaint against this boy is, man, or do you not? You have been sworn. Now, if you stand there, refusing to give evidence, I'll punish you for disrespect to the bench; I will, by——"

By what or by whom nobody knows; for the clerk and jailer coughed very loud just at the right moment, and the former dropped a heavy book on the floor; thus preventing the word from being heard—accidentally, of course.

With many interruptions and repeated insults, Mr. Brownlow contrived to state his case; observing, that, in the surprise of the moment, he had run after the boy because he saw him running away; and expressing his hope that, if the magistrate should believe him, although not actually the thief, to be connected with thieves, he would deal as leniently with him as justice would allow.

"He has been hurt already," said the old gentleman in conclusion. "And I fear," he added, with great energy, looking towards the bar, "I really fear that he is very ill."

"Oh yes! I daresay," said Mr. Fang with a sneer. "Come, none of your tricks here, you young vagabond; they won't do. What's your name?"

Oliver tried to reply; but his tongue failed him. He was deadly pale; and the whole place seemed turning round and round.

"What's your name, you hardened scoundrel?" demanded Mr. Fang. "Officer, what's his name?"

This was addressed to a bluff old fellow in a striped waistcoat, who was standing by the bar. He bent over Oliver, and repeated the inquiry; but finding him really incapable of understanding the question, and knowing that his not replying would only infuriate the magistrate the more, and add to the severity of his sentence, he hazarded a guess.

"He says his name's Tom White, your worship," said this kind-hearted thief-taker. . . .

"How do you propose to deal with the case, sir?" inquired the clerk in a low voice.

"Summarily," replied Mr. Fang. "He stands committed for three months—hard labour, of course. Clear the office."

The keeper of the bookstall, however, who saw the affair, and knows that Oliver is not guilty, just at this moment hastily enters the room, demands to be heard, and testifies that it was not Oliver, but his companion (the "Artful Dodger"), who picked Mr. Brownlow's pocket; and that Oliver, apparently much terrified and astonished by the proceeding, ran off, was pursued, knocked down, arrested, and taken away by a police-officer. This evidence, though unwillingly received by the

magistrate, acquits the boy, who is compassionately taken by Mr. Brownlow to his own house, where he is laid up with fever, and is carefully nursed till he recovers. (Ch. xi.)

FLEMING, AGNES. Mother of Oliver Twist. (Ch. i., liii.)

FLEMING, ROSE. *See* MAYLIE, ROSE.

GAMFIELD. A chimney-sweep. (Ch. iii.)

GILES, MR. Mrs. Maylie's butler and steward. Two burglars, Sikes and Crackit, attempt to break into Mrs. Maylie's house, one night, but, being alarmed, retreat in haste, and are followed in a most valiant manner by Giles and his fellow-servants. When a short distance from the house, however, they stop very suddenly, under instructions from Giles.

"My advice, or, leastways, I should say, my *orders*, is," said the fattest man of the party, "that we 'mediately go home again."

"I am agreeable to anything which is agreeable to Mr. Giles," said a shorter man, who was by no means of a slim figure, and who was very pale in the face, and very polite, as frightened men frequently are.

"I shouldn't wish to appear ill-mannered, gentlemen," said the third, who had called the dogs back. "Mr. Giles ought to know."

"Certainly," replied the shorter man; "and, whatever Mr. Giles says, it isn't our place to contradict him. No, no, I know my sitiwation—thank my stars, I know my sitiwation." To tell the truth, the little man *did* seem to know his situation, and to know perfectly well that it was by no means a desirable one, for his teeth chattered in his head as he spoke.

"You are afraid, Brittles," said Mr. Giles.

"I ain't," said Brittles.

"You are," said Giles.

"You're a falsehood, Mr. Giles," said Brittles.

"You're a lie, Brittles," said Mr. Giles.

Now, these four retorts arose from Mr. Giles's taunt; and Mr. Giles's taunt had arisen from his indignation at having the responsibility of going home again imposed upon himself under cover of a compliment. The third man brought the dispute to a close most philosophically.

"I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen," said he, "we're all afraid."

"Speak for yourself, sir," said Mr. Giles, who was the palest of the party.

"So I do," replied the man. "It's natural and proper to be afraid under such circumstances; *I* am."

"So am I," said Brittles; "only there's no call to tell a man he is so bounceably."

These frank admissions softened Mr. Giles, who at once owned that *he* was afraid; upon which they all three faced about and ran back again with the completest unanimity, till Mr. Giles (who had the shortest wind of the party, and was encumbered with a pitchfork) most handsomely insisted upon stopping to make an apology for his hastiness of speech.

"But it's wonderful," said Mr. Giles, when he had explained, "what

a man will do when his blood is up. I should have committed murder, I know I should, if we'd caught one of them rascals."

As the other two were impressed with a similar presentiment, and their blood, like his, had all gone down again, some speculation ensued upon the cause of this sudden change in their temperament.

"I know what it was," said Mr. Giles; "it was the gate!"

"I shouldn't wonder if it was!" exclaimed Brittles, catching at the idea.

"You may depend upon it," said Giles, "that that gate stopped the flow of the excitement. I felt all mine suddenly going away as I was climbing over it."

By a remarkable coincidence the other two had been visited with the same unpleasant sensation at that precise moment. It was quite obvious therefore that it was the gate, especially as there was no doubt regarding the time at which the change had taken place, because all three remembered that they had come in sight of the robbers at the very instant of its occurrence.

(Ch. xxviii.–xxxi., xxxiv., xxxv., liii.)

GRIMWIG, MR. An irascible but warmhearted friend of Mr. Brownlow's. He is thus introduced:—

At this moment there walked into the room, supporting himself by a thick stick, a stout old gentleman, rather lame in one leg, who was dressed in a blue coat, striped waistcoat, nankeen breeches and gaiters, and a broad-brimmed white hat with the sides turned up with green. A very small-plaited shirt-frill stuck out from his waistcoat, and a very long steel watch-chain, with nothing but a key at the end, dangled loosely below it. The ends of his white neckerchief were twisted into a ball about the size of an orange; the variety of shapes into which his countenance was twisted defy description. He had a manner of screwing his head round on one side when he spoke, and looking out of the corners of his eyes at the same time, which irresistibly reminded the beholder of a parrot. In this attitude he fixed himself the moment he made his appearance; and, holding out a small piece of orange-peel at arm's length, exclaimed in a growling, discontented voice:

"Look here! do you see this? Isn't it a most wonderful and extraordinary thing that I can't call at a man's house, but I find a piece of this cursed poor-surgeon's-friend on the staircase? I've been lamed with orange-peel once; and I know orange-peel will be my death at last? It will, sir; orange-peel will be my death, or I'll be content to eat my own head, sir!" This was the handsome offer with which Mr. Grimwig backed and confirmed nearly every assertion that he made; and it was the more singular in his case, because, even admitting, for the sake of argument, the possibility of scientific improvements being ever brought to that pass which will enable a gentleman to eat his own head in the event of his being so disposed, Mr. Grimwig's head was such a particularly large one, that the most sanguine man alive could hardly entertain a hope of being able to get through it at a sitting, to put entirely out of the question a very thick coating of powder.

(Ch. xiv., xvii., xli., li., liii.)

KAGS. A returned transport. (Ch. l.)

LEEFORD, EDWARD. *See* MONKS.

LIMBKINS. Chairman of the Workhouse Board. (Ch. ii., iii.) *See* TWIST, OLIVER.

LIVELY, MR. A salesman in Field Lane, and a dealer in stolen goods. (Ch. xxvi.)

LOSBERNE, MR., called "THE DOCTOR." A friend of the Maylie family; a surgeon, fat rather from good-humour than good living, and an eccentric bachelor, but kind and large-hearted withal. (Ch. xxix.–xxxvi., xli., xlix., li., liii.)

MANN, MRS. Matron of the branch workhouse where Oliver Twist is "farmed." (Ch. i., xvii.) *See* BUMBLE, MR.

MARTHA. A pauper. (Ch. xxiii., xxiv., li.)

MAYLIE, HARRY. Son of Mrs. Maylie; afterwards married to Rose. (Ch. xxxiv., xxxvi., li., liii.)

MAYLIE, MRS. A lady who befriends Oliver Twist. (Ch. xxix.–xxxi., xxxiii., xxxiv., xli., li., liii.)

MAYLIE, ROSE. Her adopted daughter; an orphan, whose true name is Rose Fleming, and who turns out to be Oliver Twist's aunt. (Ch. xxviii., xxix., xxx.–xxxiii., xxxv., xxxvi., xl., xli., xlvi., li., liii.) *See* SIKES, BILL.

MONKS. A half-brother of Oliver Twist. His real name is Edward Leeford. His father, while living apart from his wife, from whom he has long been separated, sees and loves Agnes Fleming, daughter of a retired naval officer. The result of their intimacy is a child (Oliver), who is born while Mr. Leeford is in Rome, where he is suddenly taken ill and dies. His wife and her son join him as soon as they hear of his illness, that they may look after his large property, which they take possession of immediately upon his death, destroying a will, which leaves the great bulk of it to Agnes Fleming and her unborn child. Believing that this child will yet appear to claim his rights, young Leeford, under the assumed name of Monks, endeavours to find him out, and, after a long search, discovers that he was born in a workhouse, but has left there. He pursues the boy, and finds him at last in London, in the den of Fagin the Jew, whom he makes his accomplice and confidant, giving him a large reward for keeping the boy insnared. The proofs of Monks's villany are discovered by Mr. Brownlow; and he is compelled to give up one-half (three thousand pounds) of the wreck of the property remaining in

his hands, after which he leaves the country, and ultimately dies in prison. (Ch. xxvi., xxxiii., xxxiv., xxxvii.–xxxix., xlix., li., liii.)

NANCY. A thief in Fagin's service, and mistress to Sikes, to whom, brutal as he is, she is always faithful and devoted. The author says of her in his Preface:

> It is useless to discuss whether the conduct and character of the girl seems natural or unnatural, probable or improbable, right or wrong. IT IS TRUE. Every man who has watched these melancholy shades of life knows it to be so. From the first introduction of that poor wretch, to her laying her bloody head upon the robber's breast, there is not one word exaggerated or overwrought. It is emphatically God's truth; for it is the truth He leaves in such depraved and miserable breasts; the hope yet lingering behind; the last fair drop of water at the bottom of the dried-up, weed-choked well. It involves the best and worst shades of our common nature, much of its ugliest hues, and something of its most beautiful; it is a contradiction, an anomaly, an apparent impossibility; but it is a truth. I am glad to have had it doubted; for in that circumstance I find a sufficient assurance (if I wanted any) that it needed to be told.

(Ch. ix., xiii., xv., xvi., xix., xx., xxvi., xxxix., xl., xliv.–xlvii.) *See* SIKES, BILL.

SALLY, OLD. An inmate of the workhouse, who robs Agnes Fleming (Oliver's mother) when on her deathbed. (Ch. xxiv.)

SIKES, BILL. A brutal thief and housebreaker, with no gleam of light in all the blackness of his character. He first appears on the scene during a squabble between Fagin and the Artful Dodger, in which Fagin throws a pot of beer at Charley Bates. The pot misses its mark; and the contents are sprinkled over the face of Sikes, who just then opens the door.

> "Why! what the blazes is in the wind now?" growled a deep voice. "Who pitched that 'ere at me? It's well it's the beer, and not the pot, as hit me, or I'd have settled somebody. . . Wot's it all about, Fagin? D——me, if my neckankecher ain't lined with beer!—Come in, you sneaking warmint: wot are you stopping outside for, as if you was ashamed of your master? Come in!"
>
> The man who growled out these words was a stoutly-built fellow of about five-and-thirty, in a black velveteen coat, very soiled drab breeches, lace-up half-boots, and gray cotton stockings, which enclosed a very bulky pair of legs, with large swelling calves—the kind of legs which in such costume always look in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. He had a brown hat on his head, and a dirty belcher handkerchief round his neck, with the long frayed ends of which he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke. He disclosed, when he had done so, a broad heavy countenance with a beard of three

days' growth, and two scowling eyes, one of which displayed various party-coloured symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow.

"Come in, d'ye hear?" growled this engaging-looking ruffian. A white shaggy dog, with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, skulked into the room.

"Why didn't you come in afore?" said the man. "You're getting too proud to own me afore company, are you? Lie down!"

This command was accompanied with a kick which sent the animal to the other end of the room. He appeared well used to it, however; for he coiled himself up in a corner very quietly, without uttering a sound, and, winking his very ill-looking eyes about twenty times in a minute, appeared to occupy himself in taking a survey of the apartment.

"What are you up to? Ill-treating the boys, you covetous, avaricious, in-sa-ti-a-ble old fence?" said the man, seating himself deliberately. "I wonder they don't murder you: *I* would if I was them. If I'd been your 'prentice, I'd have done it long ago; and—no, I couldn't have sold you arterwards, though; for you're fit for nothing but keeping as a curiosity of ugliness in a glass bottle; and I suppose they don't blow them large enough."

"Hush, hush! Mr. Sikes," said the Jew, trembling. "Don't speak so loud."

"None of your mistering," replied the ruffian: "you always mean mischief when you come that. You know my name: out with it. I shan't disgrace it when the time comes."

"Well, well, then, Bill Sikes," said the Jew with abject humility. "You seem out of humour, Bill."

"Perhaps I am," replied Sikes. "I should think *you* were rather out of sorts too, unless you mean as little harm when you throw pewter pots about, as you do when you blab and——"

"Are you mad?" said the Jew, catching the man by the sleeve, and pointing towards the boys.

Mr. Sikes contented himself with tying an imaginary knot under his left ear, and jerking his head over on the right shoulder; a piece of dumb show which the Jew appeared to understand perfectly. He then in cant terms, with which his whole conversation was plentifully besprinkled, but which would be quite unintelligible if they were recorded here, demanded a glass of liquor.

"And mind you don't poison it," said Mr. Sikes, laying his hat upon the table.

This was said in jest; but, if the speaker could have seen the evil leer with which the Jew bit his pale lip as he turned round to the cupboard, he might have thought the caution not wholly unnecessary, or the wish, at all events, to improve upon the distiller's ingenuity, not very far from the old gentleman's merry heart.

After swallowing two or three glasses of spirits, Mr. Sikes condescended to take some notice of the young gentlemen; which gracious act led to a conversation, in which the cause and manner of Oliver's capture were circumstantially detailed, with such alterations, and improvements on the truth, as to the Dodger appeared most advisable under the circumstances.

"I'm afraid," said the Jew, "that he may say something which will get us into trouble."

"That's very likely," returned Sikes with a malicious grin. "You're blowed upon, Fagin."

"And I'm afraid, you see," added the Jew, speaking as if he had not noticed the interruption, and regarding the other closely as he did so, "I'm afraid that, if the game was up with us, it might be up with a good many more; and that it would come out rather worse for you than it would for me, my dear."

The man started, and turned round upon the Jew; but the old gentleman's shoulders were shrugged up to his ears, and his eyes were vacantly staring on the opposite wall.

There was a long pause. Every member of the respectable coterie appeared plunged in his own reflections, not excepting the dog, who, by a certain malicious licking of his lips, seemed to be meditating an attack upon the legs of the first gentleman or lady he might encounter in the street when he went out.

"Somebody must find out what's been done at the office," said Mr. Sikes, in a much lower tone than he had taken since he came in.

The Jew nodded assent.

"If he hasn't peached, and is committed, there's no fear till he comes out again," said Mr. Sikes; "and then he must be taken care on. You must get hold of him somehow."

Again the Jew nodded.

The prudence of this line of action, indeed, was obvious; but, unfortunately, there was one very strong objection to its being adopted: and this was, that the Dodger and Charley Bates and Fagin and Mr. William Sikes happened, one and all, to entertain a violent and deep-rooted antipathy to going near a police-office on any ground or pretext whatever.

How long they might have sat and looked at each other, in a state of uncertainty not the most pleasant of its kind, it is difficult to guess. It is not necessary to make any guesses on the subject, however; for the sudden entrance of the two young ladies whom Oliver had seen on a former occasion caused the conversation to flow afresh.

"The very thing!" said the Jew. "Bet will go; won't you, my dear?"

"Wheres?" inquired the young lady.

"Only just up to the office, my dear," said the Jew, coaxingly.

It is due to the young lady to say that she did not positively affirm that she would not, but that she merely expressed an emphatic and earnest desire to be "blessed" if she would—a polite and delicate evasion of the request, which shows the young lady to have been possessed of that natural good-breeding that cannot bear to inflict upon a fellow-creature the pain of a direct and pointed refusal.

The Jew's countenance fell; and he turned from this young lady, who was gaily, not to say gorgeously attired, in a red gown, green boots, and yellow curl-papers, to the other female.

"Nancy, my dear," said the Jew in a soothing manner, "what do *you* say?"

"That it won't do: so it's no use a-trying it on, Fagin," replied Nancy.

"What do you mean by that?" said Mr. Sikes, looking up in a surly manner.

"What I say, Bill," replied the lady collectedly.

"Why, you're just the very person for it," reasoned Mr. Sikes: "nobody about here knows anything of you."

"And as I don't want 'em to, neither," replied Miss Nancy in the same composed manner, "it's raythor more no than yes with me, Bill."

"She'll go, Fagin," said Sikes.

"No, she won't, Fagin," said Nancy.

"Yes, she will, Fagin," said Sikes.

And Mr. Sikes was right. By dint of alternate threats, promises, and bribes, the lady in question was ultimately prevailed upon to undertake the commission. She was not indeed withheld by the same considerations as her agreeable friend; for, having recently removed into the neighbourhood of Field Lane from the remote but genteel suburb of Ratcliffe, she was not under the same apprehension of being recognised by any of her numerous acquaintance.

Accordingly, with a clean white apron tied over her gown, and her curl-papers tucked up under a straw bonnet—both articles of dress being provided from the Jew's inexhaustible stock—Miss Nancy prepared to issue forth on her errand.

"Stop a minute, my dear," said the Jew, producing a little covered basket. "Carry that in one hand: it looks more respectable, my dear."

"Give her a door-key to carry in her t'other one, Fagin," said Sikes: "it looks real and genivine like."

"Yes, yes, my dear: so it does," said the Jew, hanging the large street-door-key on the forefinger of the young lady's right hand. "There; very good—very good indeed, my dear," said the Jew, rubbing his hands.

"Oh, my brother! my poor, dear, sweet, innocent little brother!" exclaimed Miss Nancy, bursting into tears, and wringing the little basket and the street-door-key in an agony of distress. "What has become of him? Where have they taken him to? Oh! do have pity, and tell me what's been done with the dear boy, gentlemen: do, gentlemen; if you please, gentlemen."

Having uttered these words in a most lamentable and heart-broken tone, to the immeasurable delight of her hearers, Miss Nancy paused, winked to the company, nodded smilingly round, and disappeared.

She finally discovers Oliver in the street, bent upon executing a commission with which Mr. Brownlow has intrusted him.

He was walking along, thinking how happy and contented he ought to feel, and how much he would give for only one look at poor little Dick, who, starved and beaten, might be weeping bitterly at that very moment, when he was startled by a young woman screaming out very loud, "Oh, my dear brother!" and he had hardly looked up to see what the matter was, when he was stopped by having a pair of arms thrown tight round his neck.

"Don't!" cried Oliver, struggling. "Let go of me! Who is it? What are you stopping me for?"

The only reply to this was a great number of loud lamentations from the young woman who had embraced him, and who had a little basket and a street-door-key in her hand.

"Oh, my gracious!" said the young woman, "I've found him! Oh Oliver, Oliver! Oh, you naughty boy, to make me suffer such distress on your account! Come home, dear, come. Oh, I've found him! Thank gracious goodness heavins, I've found him!" With these incoherent exclamations the young woman burst into another fit of crying, and got so dreadfully hysterical, that a couple of women who

came up at the moment asked a butcher's boy, with a shiny head of hair anointed with suet, who was also looking on, whether he didn't think he had better run for the doctor. To which the butcher's boy: who appeared of a lounging, not to say indolent disposition: replied that he thought not.

"Oh no, no! never mind," said the young woman, grasping Oliver's hand; "I'm better now. Come home directly, you cruel boy; come!"

"What's the matter, ma'am?" inquired one of the women.

"Oh, ma'am," replied the young woman, "he ran away near a month ago from his parents, who are hard-working and respectable people, and joined a set of thieves and bad characters, and almost broke his mother's heart."

"Young wretch," said one woman.

"Go home, do, you little brute!" said the other.

"I'm not," replied Oliver, greatly alarmed. "I don't know her. I haven't got any sister, or father and mother either. I'm an orphan; I live at Pentonville."

"Oh, only hear him! how he braves it out!" cried the young woman.

"Why, it's Nancy!" exclaimed Oliver, who now saw her face for the first time, and started back in irrepressible astonishment.

"You see he knows me," cried Nancy, appealing to the bystanders. "He can't help himself. Make him come home, there's good people, or he'll kill his dear mother and father, and break my heart."

"What the devil's this?" said a man, bursting out of a beershop, with a white dog at his heels. "Young Oliver! Come home to your poor mother, you young dog! come home directly."

"I don't belong to them; I don't know them. Help, help!" cried Oliver, struggling in the man's powerful grasp.

"Help!" repeated the man; "yes, I'll help you, you young rascal! What books are these? You've been a-stealing 'em; have you? Give 'em here!" With these words the man tore the volumes from his grasp, and struck him on the head.

"That's right!" cried a looker-on from a garret window. "That's the only way of bringing him to his senses!"

"To be sure!" cried a sleepy-faced carpenter, casting an approving look at the garret window.

"It'll do him good!" said the two women.

"And he shall have it too!" rejoined the man, administering another blow, and seizing Oliver by the collar. "Come on, you young villain! Here, Bull's-eye, mind him, boy! mind him!"

Weak with recent illness, stupefied by the blows and the suddenness of the attack, terrified by the fierce growling of the dog and the brutality of the man, and overpowered by the conviction of the bystanders that he was really the hardened little wretch he was described to be, what could one poor child do? Darkness had set in; it was a low neighbourhood; no help was near; resistance was useless. In another moment he was dragged into a labyrinth of dark, narrow courts, and forced along them at a pace which rendered the few cries he dared to give utterance to, wholly unintelligible. It was of little moment, indeed, whether they were intelligible or not,; for there was nobody to care for them had they been ever so plain.

After taking the boy back to the Jew's den, Nancy, struck with his pale face and great grief, tries to shield him from

violence. Oliver, determined to escape, watches for an opportunity, and, when the door is opened for a moment, he darts through it, followed by the Jew and his two pupils. Sikes's dog is also about to dash after him, when Nancy springs to the door, and closes it, crying, "Keep back the dog, Bill, keep back the dog! He'll tear the boy to pieces."

"Serve him right!" cried Sikes, struggling to disengage himself from the girl's grasp. "Stand off from me, or I'll split your skull against the wall!"

"I don't care for that, Bill; I don't care for that!" screamed the girl, struggling violently with the man. "The child shan't be torn down by the dog, unless you kill me first."

"Shan't he!" said Sikes, setting his teeth fiercely. "I'll soon do that, if you don't keep off."

The housebreaker flung the girl from him to the farther end of the room, just as the Jew and the two boys returned dragging Oliver among them.

"What's the matter here?" said the Jew, looking round.

"The girl's gone mad, I think," replied Sikes, savagely.

"No, she hasn't!" said Nancy, pale and breathless from the scuffle; "no, she hasn't, Fagin; don't think it."

"Then keep quiet, will you?" said the Jew, with a threatening look.

"No: I won't do that, either," replied Nancy, speaking very loud. "Come, what do you think of that?"

Mr. Fagin was sufficiently well acquainted with the manners and customs of that particular species of humanity to which Miss Nancy belonged, to feel tolerably certain that it would be rather unsafe to prolong any conversation with her at present. With the view of diverting the attention of the company, he turned to Oliver.

"So you wanted to get away, my dear, did you?" said the Jew, taking up a jagged and knotted club which lay in a corner of the fireplace; "eh?"

Oliver made no reply; but he watched the Jew's motions and breathed quickly.

"Wanted to get assistance; called for the police, did you?" sneered the Jew, catching the boy by the arm. "We'll cure you of that, my dear!"

The Jew inflicted a smart blow on Oliver's shoulders with the club, and was raising it for a second, when the girl, rushing forward, wrested it from his hand, and flung it into the fire, with a force that brought some of the glowing coals whirling out into the room.

"I won't stand by and see it done, Fagin!" cried the girl. "You've got the boy; and what more would you have? Let him be, let him be, or I shall put the mark on some of you that will bring me to the gallows before my time!"

The girl stamped her foot violently on the floor as she vented this threat; and with her lips compressed, and her hands clenched, looked alternately at the Jew and the other robber, her face quite colourless from the passion of rage into which she had gradually worked herself.

"Why, Nancy!" said the Jew, in a soothing tone, after a pause, during which he and Mr. Sikes had stared at one another in a disconcerted manner, "you—you're more clever than ever to-night. Ha, ha! my dear, you are acting beautifully."

"Am I?" said the girl. "Take care I don't overdo it; you will be the worse for it, Fagin, if I do; and so I tell you in good time to keep clear of me."

There is something about a roused woman, especially if she add to all her other strong passions the fierce impulses of recklessness and despair, which few men like to provoke. The Jew saw that it would be hopeless to affect any further mistake regarding the reality of Miss Nancy's rage; and shrinking involuntarily back a few paces, cast a glance, half-imploring and half-cowardly, at Sikes: as if to hint that he was the fittest person to pursue the dialogue.

Mr. Sikes, thus mutely appealed to, and possibly feeling his personal pride and influence interested in the immediate reduction of Miss Nancy to reason, gave utterance to about a couple of score of curses and threats, the rapid delivery of which reflected great credit on the fertility of his invention. As they produced no visible effect on the object against whom they were discharged, however, he resorted to more tangible arguments.

"What do you mean by this?" said Sikes, backing the inquiry with a very common imprecation concerning the most beautiful of human features, which, if it were heard above only once out of every fifty thousand times it is uttered below, would render blindness as common a disorder as measles—"what do you mean by it? Burn my body! Do you know who you are, and what you are?"

"Oh yes! I know all about it," replied the girl, laughing hysterically, and shaking her head from side to side with a poor assumption of indifference.

"Well, then, keep quiet," rejoined Sikes with a growl like that he was accustomed to use when addressing his dog, "or I'll quiet you for a good long time to come."

The girl laughed again, even less composedly than before, and, darting a hasty look at Sikes, turned her face aside, and bit her lip till the blood came.

"You're a nice one," added Sikes, as he surveyed her with a contemptuous air, "to take up the humane and genteel side! A pretty subject for the child, as you call him, to make a friend of!"

"God Almighty help me, I am!" cried the girl passionately; "and I wish I had been struck dead in the street, or changed places with them we passed so near to-night, before I had lent a hand in bringing him here. He's a thief, a liar, a devil, all that's bad, from this night forth: isn't that enough for the old wretch without blows?"

"Come, come, Sikes," said the Jew, appealing to him in a remonstratory tone, and motioning towards the boys, who were eagerly attentive to all that passed: "we must have civil words, civil words, Bill!"

"Civil words!" cried the girl, whose passion was frightful to see, "civil words, you villain! Yes, you deserve 'em from me! I thieved for you when I was a child not half as old as this!" pointing to Oliver. "I have been in the same trade and the same service for twelve years since; don't you know it? Speak out! don't you know it?"

"Well, well!" replied the Jew with an attempt at pacification; "and, if you have, it's your living."

"Ah, it is!" returned the girl, not speaking, but pouring out the words in one continuous and vehement scream. "It is my living; and the cold, wet, dirty streets are my home; and you're the wretch that drove me to them long ago, and that'll keep me there day and night, day and night, till I die!"

"I shall do you a mischief!" interposed the Jew, goaded by these reproaches, "a mischief worse than that, if you say much more."

The girl said nothing more; but, tearing her hair and dress in a transport of passion, made such a rush at the Jew as would probably have left signal marks of her revenge upon him, had not her wrists been seized by Sikes at the right moment; upon which she made a few ineffectual struggles, and fainted.

Discovering a dark plot against Oliver, and hearing the name of Miss Maylie connected with that of the boy, Nancy determines to seek out the lady, and warn her. She does so, and, disclosing what a life she leads, is entreated by Rose to quit it.

"Why do you wish to return to companions you paint in such terrible colours?"

"I wish to go back," said the girl, "I wish to go back, because—how can I tell such things to an innocent lady like you?—because, among the men I have told you of, there is one, the most desperate of them all, that I can't leave; no, not even to be saved from the life I am leading now."

"Your having interfered in this dear boy's behalf before," said Rose; "your coming here, at so great a risk, to tell me what you have heard; your manner, which convinces me of the truth of what you say; your evident contrition and sense of shame—all lead me to believe that you might yet be reclaimed. Oh!" said the earnest girl, folding her hands as the tears coursed down her face, "do not turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of one of your own sex; the first—the first, I do believe—who ever appealed to you in the voice of pity and compassion. Do hear my words, and let me save you yet for better things."

"Lady!" cried the girl, sinking on her knees, "dear, sweet, angel lady, you *are* the first that ever blessed me with such words as these; and, if I had heard them years ago, they might have turned me from a life of sin and sorrow; but it is too late; it is too late!"

"It is never too late," said Rose, "for penitence and atonement."

"It is," cried the girl, writhing in the agony of her mind. "I cannot leave him now: I could not be his death."

"Why should you be?" asked Rose.

"Nothing could save him," cried the girl. "If I told others what I have told you, and led to their being taken, he would be sure to die. He is the boldest, and has been so cruel!"

"Is it possible," cried Rose, "that, for such a man as this, you can resign every future hope and the certainty of immediate rescue? It is madness!"

"I don't know what it is," answered the girl: "I only know that it is so; and not with me alone, but with hundreds of others as bad and as wretched as myself. I must go back. Whether it is God's wrath for the wrong I have done I do not know; but I am drawn back to him through every suffering and ill-usage, and should be, I believe, if I knew that I was to die by his hand at last."

Wishing to impart further information as she obtains it, Nancy makes an appointment to walk on London Bridge every Sunday night from eleven till twelve o'clock, where Miss Maylie agrees to meet her, accompanied only by Mr. Brownlow. Dis-

covering something strange in the girl's appearance, Fagin causes her to be watched; and the disclosures she makes are overheard and conveyed to him by the spy he employs. Furious with rage, the Jew imparts to Sikes the fact of Nancy's informing against them. Flinging the old man from him, Sikes rushes furiously from the room, and dashes into the silent streets.

Without one pause or moment's consideration, without once turning his head to the right or left, or raising his eyes to the sky, or lowering them to the ground, but looking straight before him with savage resolution, his teeth so tightly compressed that the strained jaw seemed starting through his skin, the robber held on his headlong course, nor muttered a word, nor relaxed a muscle, until he reached his own door. He opened it, softly, with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and, lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

The girl was lying half-dressed upon it. He had roused her from her sleep; for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

"Get up!" said the man.

"It *is* you, Bill!" cried the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

"It is," was the reply. "Get up!"

There was a candle burning; but the man hastily drew it from the candlestick, and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

"Let it be!" said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. "There's light enough for what I've got to do!"

"Bill," said the girl in the low voice of alarm, "why do you look like that at me?"

The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving breast, and then, grasping her by the head and throat, dragged her into the middle of the room, and, looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

"Bill, Bill!" gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear, "I—I won't scream or cry—not once—hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done!"

"You know, you she-devil," returned the robber, suppressing his breath. "You were watched to-night; and every word you said was heard."

"Then spare my life, for the love of heaven, as I spared yours," rejoined the girl, clinging to him. "Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. Oh! think of all I have given up, only this one night, for you. You *shall* have time to think, and save yourself this crime. I will not loose my hold: you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill! for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood! I have been true to you; upon my guilty soul, I have."

The man struggled violently, to release his arms; but those of the girl were clasped round his, and, tear her as he would, he could not tear them away.

"Bill," cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, "the gentleman and that dear lady told me to-night of a home in some foreign country, where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you; and let us both leave this dreadful place, and, far

apart, lead better lives, and forget how we have lived, except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so: I feel it now. But we must have time—a little, little time!"

The housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection, if he fired, flashed across his mind even in the midst of his fury; and he beat it twice, with all the force he could summon, upon the upturned face that almost touched his own.

She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead, but, raising herself with difficulty on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief—Rose Maylie's own—and, holding it up in her folded hands as high towards heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer, staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.

The murder done, Sikes flees into the country; but, after wandering for miles and miles in momentary fear of capture, he finally resolves to return to London, thinking he can "lay by" for awhile, and then escape to France. He seeks refuge in an old den in Jacob's Island—the filthiest, strangest, and most extraordinary of the many localities that are hidden in the great city—but his old companions shrink from him; and one cries aloud for help to the officers and others below, who have tracked the ruffian to his retreat. The crowd swarm about the building, and endeavour, with thick and heavy strokes, to break down the strong doors and window-shutters. Sikes escapes to the roof, and attempts, by means of a rope, to drop into a ditch at the back of the house.

Roused into new strength and energy, and stimulated by the noise within the house, which announced that an entrance had really been effected, he set his foot against the stack of chimneys, fastened one end of the rope tightly and firmly round it, and with the other made a strong running-noose, by the aid of his hands and teeth, almost in a second. He could let himself down by the cord to within a less distance of the ground than his own height, and had his knife ready in his hand to cut it then, and drop.

At the very instant that he brought the loop over his head, previous to slipping it beneath his arm-pits, and when the old gentleman before mentioned (who had clung so tight to the railings of the bridge as to resist the force of the crowd, and retain his position) earnestly warned those about him that the man was about to lower himself down—at that very instant, the murderer, looking behind him on the roof, threw his arms above his head, and uttered a yell of terror.

"The eyes again!" he cried in an unearthly screech. Staggering as if struck by lightning, he lost his balance, and tumbled over the parapet. The noose was at his neck: it ran up with his weight tight as a bow-string, and swift as the arrow it speeds. He fell for five-and-thirty feet. There was a sudden jerk, a terrific convulsion of the limbs; and there he hung, with the open knife clenched in his stiffening hand.

The old chimney quivered with the shock; but it stood it bravely. The murderer swung lifeless against the wall. . . .

A dog, which had lain concealed till now, ran backwards and forwards on the parapet with a dismal howl, and, collecting himself for a spring, jumped for the dead man's shoulders. Missing his aim, he fell into the ditch, turning completely over as he went, and, striking his head against a stone, dashed out his brains.

Of this character, Dickens says in his preface:

It has been objected to Sikes—with some inconsistency, as I venture to think—that he is surely overdrawn; because in him there would appear to be none of those redeeming traits which are objected to as unnatural in his mistress. Of the latter objection I will merely say that I fear there are in the world some insensible and callous natures, that do become, at last, utterly and incurably bad. Whether this be so or not, of one thing I am certain, that there are such men as Sikes, who, being closely followed through the same space of time, and through the same current of circumstances, would not give, by the action of a moment, the faintest indication of a better nature. Whether every gentler human feeling is dead within such bosoms, or the proper chord to strike has rusted, and is hard to find, I do not know; but that the fact is as I state it, I am sure.

(Ch. xiii., xv., xvi., xix.–xxii., xxviii., xxxix., xliv., xlvii., xlviii., l.)

SOWERBERRY, MR. A parochial undertaker, to whom Oliver Twist is apprenticed. (Ch. iv., v., vii.) *See* BUMBLE, MR.

SOWERBERRY, MRS. His wife, "a short, thin, squeezed-up woman, with a vixenish countenance" and disposition. (Ch. iv.–vii.) *See* BUMBLE, MR.

TWIST, OLIVER. A poor, nameless orphan boy, born in the workhouse of a small town, whither his young mother, an outcast and a stranger, had come to lie down and die. He is "brought up by hand," and "farmed out" at a branch establishment, where twenty or thirty other juvenile offenders against the poor-laws are starved, beaten, and abused by an elderly woman named Mrs. Mann. On his ninth birthday, Mr. Bumble, the beadle, visits the branch, and removes him to the workhouse, to be taught a useful trade.

The room [in the workhouse] in which the boys were fed was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end, out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at meal-times. Of this festive composition each boy had one porringer, and no more—except on occasions of great public rejoicing—and then he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again; and, when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the

copper with such eager eyes, as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves meanwhile in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months: at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook-shop), hinted darkly to his companions, that, unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem*, he was afraid he should some night eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild hungry eye, and they implicitly believed him. A council was held. Lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out, and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered to each other, and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger and reckless with misery. He rose from the table, and advancing, basin and spoon in hand, to the master, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity:

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds; and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralysed with wonder, and the boys with fear.

"What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle, pinioned him in his arms, and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The Board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and, addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said:

"Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!" There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For *more!*" said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hung."

Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning posted on the outside of the gate offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

After serving a short apprenticeship to Mr. Sowerberry, parish undertaker, and being cruelly abused, he runs off, and makes his way, under the guidance of Mr. John Dawkins (*alias*

the "Artful Dodger") to London, where he is decoyed into the den of Fagin, an old Jew, and a receiver of stolen goods, who employs a number of young persons of both sexes to carry on a systematic trade of theft. From this haunt of vice, where he is cautiously and gradually instructed in the art of larceny, he is temporarily rescued (*see* FANG), but is recaptured, and watched more closely than before to prevent his escape. His assistance, however, being very necessary to the execution of a contemplated burglary, he is forced to accompany two confederates of the Jew (Sikes and flash Toby Crackit) on their housebreaking expedition. But the plan fails, as the family are alarmed; and the robbers flee, taking with them Oliver, who has been shot, and severely wounded. Being closely pursued, they drop the boy into a ditch, and dart off at full speed. On recovering his senses, Oliver wanders about till he comes to the very house he had entered. On being admitted, he is kindly cared for by the lady of the house, Mrs. Maylie, and her niece Rose, who, on hearing his story, save him from arrest, and educate him and love him. The detection and punishment of the Jew and his accomplices, and the identification of Oliver through the zealous efforts of his new friends (among whom he finds an aunt in Rose Maylie), bring the tale to a happy conclusion. (Ch. i.–xii., xiv.–xvi., xviii., xx.–xxii., xxviii.–xxxvi., xli., li.–liii.) *See* BUMBLE (MR.), FAGIN, MONKS, SIKES (BILL).

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I. Oliver Twist is born; his mother dies.—II. He is "farmed" with Mrs. Mann; Mr. Bumble visits Mrs. Mann, explains how Oliver received his name, and takes him to the workhouse; Oliver is brought before the "Board" and assigned to picking oakum; appointed by lot among the starved boys, he asks for "more," and is duly punished for his temerity.—III. Mr. Gamfield's negotiations for Oliver.—IV. Mr. Sowerberry converses with Mr. Bumble on parish undertaking and juries; takes Oliver, who—V. Becomes acquainted with Noah Claypole; on account of his "interesting expression of melancholy," Oliver is promoted to be a "mute," and attends his first funeral.—VI. He knocks down Noah Claypole; the excitement caused by this exhibition of spirit.—VII. His punishment; he runs away.—VIII. Experiences divers hardships and ill-treatment; meets Jack Dawkins, the "Artful Dodger;" goes with him to London.—IX. Hears Fagin's soliloquy over a box of stolen watches and jewellery. The "Artful Dodger" and Charley Bates report their success in pocket-picking at an execution.—X. Oliver goes out to operate with them; is arrested.—XI. His trial.—XII. His illness at Mr. Brownlow's; Mr. Brownlow visits him, and is surprised by his familiar look; reception of the Dodger and Charley Bates by Fagin,

after Oliver's arrest.—XIII. Bill Sikes, with his dog, enters Fagin's room; their altercation; Nancy goes to the police-office to learn where Oliver is.—XIV. Mr. Brownlow's kindness to Oliver; his conversation with him; with Mr. Grimwig; Oliver is sent with a parcel to a bookseller.—XV. He is caught by Nancy.—XVI. Impression produced on Fagin's thieves by his return and good clothes; Oliver's grief at having Mr. Brownlow's money and the parcel of books taken from him; he attempts to run away; Nancy protects him when retaken; her rage against Sikes and Fagin.—XVII. Mr. Bumble visits the "porochial" nursery; Dick astounds him by desiring that someone may write a note expressing his love for Oliver, and his wish to die; Mr. Bumble sees Mr. Brownlow's advertisement for Oliver, and calls on him; tells a very unfavourable story of Oliver's parentage and character.—XVIII. The "Dodger" advises Oliver to become a "prig," to make friends with Fagin, and to steal, because, if he didn't, somebody else would; Oliver becomes acquainted with Tom Chitling, just out of the House of Correction.—XIX. Sikes and Fagin plan a burglary in which Oliver must assist.—XX. Fagin tells Oliver he must go with Sikes, and gives him a book of murders to read till sent for; Nancy takes him to Sikes, who gives him his instructions.—XXI. Their journey.—XXII. Preparations for the burglary by Sikes and Toby Crackit; Oliver's grief and terror at learning their plan, and that he must aid in executing it; he enters the house of Mrs. Maylie, is shot, and carried off by Sikes and Crackit.—XXIII. Mrs. Corney makes a cup of tea, and has some reflections over it; Mr. Bumble calls, and discusses the obstinacy of paupers, and the great "porochial" safeguard—to give them exactly what they don't want; takes a cup of tea with Mrs. Corney, and becomes tender.—XXIV. An old pauper-woman on her death-bed gives hints of a revelation concerning Oliver's mother.—XXV. A game of whist at Fagin's; Toby Crackit reports to Fagin the ill-success of the burglary.—XXVI. Fagin seeks intelligence of Sikes among the traders in stolen goods; at The Three Cripples; at Sikes's own room; almost betrays his own guilt to Nancy; has a conference with Monks.—XXVII. Hints of great things that might be said concerning beadles; Mr. Bumble, having weighed and counted Mrs. Corney's silver plate while she was at Old Sally's death-bed, on her return concludes his courtship; on his way home interrupts Noah Claypole eating oysters.—XXVIII. Abandonment of Oliver by Sikes and Crackit after the burglary; conversation between Giles and Brittles while pursuing them; Oliver recovers consciousness, and wanders to the house he had entered the previous night; Giles's report to the other servants of the incidents of the burglary; in the midst of his narrative Oliver knocks, and, after considerable hesitation, is admitted.—XXIX. Rose Maylie; the doctor comes to dress Oliver's wound.—XXX. Mrs. Maylie and Rose look at Oliver sleeping and Rose pleads for mercy toward him; he tells his story; the doctor challenges Giles and Brittles to identify Oliver as the boy who had broken into Mrs. Maylie's house.—XXXI. Blathers and Duff examine the premises, and report their opinion of the burglary; after taking some spirits they become loquacious, and tell how Conkey Chickweed robbed himself; they look at Oliver, and contemn Giles and Brittles for their contradictory testimony.—XXXII. Oliver expresses his gratitude to Rose; the doctor takes him to see Mr. Brownlow, and at Chertsey Bridge rushes into the house Oliver points out as the one from which Sikes and Crackit had gone to commit the burglary; Oliver's disappointment at finding that Mr. Brownlow had gone to the West Indies;

his duties and delights in the country-house to which Mrs. Maylie moved in the spring.—XXXIII. Rose is taken sick; Oliver goes to the market-town with a letter for the doctor; encounters Monks; Rose comes out of the crisis of her fever to live.—XXXIV. Oliver, overjoyed, walks out, and meets Giles with Harry Maylie; Harry tells his mother his love for Rose; Giles's gallantry on the night of the burglary rewarded; Oliver sleeps, and dreams that Fagin and Monks are watching him; wakes, and finds it real.—XXXV. The fruitless search for them; Harry tells Rose his love; she explains why she must not become his wife.—XXXVI. The doctor and Harry Maylie leave Mrs. Maylie's.—XXXVII. Mr. Bumble as master of the workhouse; discussion of prerogative between him and Mrs. (Corney) Bumble; settled decisively in her favour; Mr. Bumble, going into a public-house to regain his composure, meets Monks, who makes numerous inquiries concerning Oliver's mother and the woman who nursed her.—XXXVIII. Mr. and Mrs. Bumble go to Monks's hiding-place; Mrs. Bumble, after demanding and receiving twenty pounds, relates what Old Sally told her about Oliver's mother; hands Monks a locket containing two locks of hair and a gold wedding-ring, which he drops through a trap-door into the river, and then dismisses Mr. and Mrs. Bumble.—XXXIX. Sikes recovers from a fever; Fagin and his boys bring refreshments; Nancy goes with Fagin for some money for Sikes; she overhears a conversation between Fagin and Monks; gives an opiate to Sikes; goes to find Miss Maylie.—XL. She repeats what she heard Monks tell Fagin about Oliver; Rose pleads with her to abandon her wretched course of life.—XLI. Oliver accidentally discovers Mr. Brownlow; Rose goes to his house with Oliver; Mr. Grimwig's excitement at hearing her account of Oliver; joyful surprise of Mr. Brownlow and Mrs. Bedwin at seeing Oliver; discussion of the best mode of clearing up the mystery of his parentage, and securing Monks.—XLII. Noah Claypole and Charlotte, having robbed Mr. Sowerberry, go to London; they stop at The Three Cripples; Fagin overhears their conversation; shows that he knows of their theft, and proposes that they join his gang; Noah enters heartily into his plan, and agrees to undertake stealing money from children sent on errands.—XLIII. Fagin explains how Noah cannot take care of himself without having special regard to Fagin's interests; the "Artful Dodger" is arrested; Fagin expatiates to his other boys on the unusual glory of attaining to the dignity of transportation for life at the "Dodger's" tender age; Noah (now Morris Bolter) goes to the police-office to learn the "Dodger's" fate; his examination and committal.—XLIV. Nancy tries to keep her appointment with Rose, on Sunday night, but is prevented by Sikes; Fagin observes her efforts, and resolves to learn her secret, and so strengthen his influence over her.—XLV. He sends Noah to follow her the next Sunday night.—XLVI. Noah dogs her steps to London Bridge, where Mr. Brownlow and Rose Maylie meet her; she tells them why she failed to meet them before; describes Monks; is urged to forsake her vile companions, but declares she cannot.—XLVII. Fagin tells Sikes of her disclosures; Sikes, in a frenzy of rage, goes to his room, tells Nancy she was watched and overheard at London Bridge, and kills her.—XLVIII. His flight; at an inn a pedlar offers to take a blood-stain out of his hat; he hears the murder talked of at the mail-coach; tries to sleep, but the murdered girl's eyes and figure haunt him; helps at a fire; goes back to London.—XLIX. Mr. Brownlow causes Monks to be seized; tells him the story of his father, mother, and Oliver; convinces him that his villany, and the proofs of it, are well known; makes him

promise a complete statement of facts in regard to Oliver, and full restitution of money of which he had defrauded him.—L. Jacob's Island, where Fagin's gang took refuge after his arrest; Chitling's account of Fagin's capture; Sikes's dog, which he had vainly tried to drown, reaches the island; Sikes himself comes, fearfully haggard; Charley Bates so horrified as to attack him; his hiding-place is discovered, and a fierce crowd try to capture him; his frantic efforts to escape; accidentally hangs himself; and his dog—springing at him—falls, and dashes out his brains.—LI. Oliver's sensations as he goes to his native town; he is shocked at the sight of Monks; aided by Mr. Brownlow, Monks relates to Oliver's benefactors the circumstances of the death of his and Oliver's father, and describes the will and letter he left; the destruction of the will by Monks's mother; his promise to hunt down Oliver; his bribing of Fagin to ensnare Oliver, and his own exposure; Mr. and Mrs. Bumble are summoned; Mrs. Bumble denies all knowledge of Monks and the locket, but two old pauper-women, who overheard Old Sally's confession, refresh her memory; Mr. Bumble's opinion of the law, which supposes that the wife acts under her husband's direction; Rose's parentage made known; Harry, having reduced his circumstances to match hers, and become a clergyman, wins her hand.—LII. Fagin on trial; his sentence; his last days and nights; Mr. Brownlow and Oliver visit him; he tells Oliver where he put the papers given him by Monks.—LIII. Last look at the principal surviving characters.

FULL REPORT

OF

THE FIRST (AND SECOND) MEETING

OF

THE MUDFOG ASSOCIATION

FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EVERYTHING.

THESE reports appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany," in 1837 and 1838, while Mr. Dickens was the editor of that periodical. They were designed to satirise the proceedings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which had then been recently established. The first meeting is "holden in the town of Mudfog;" some of the sections sitting at The Original Pig, and others at The Pig and Tinderbox: the second meeting is at Oldcastle; and the various sections obtain accommodation at the two rival inns—The Black Boy and Stomachache, and The Bootjack and Countenance.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BELL, MR. KNIGHT (*M.R.C.S.*). A member of the association, who exhibits a wax preparation of the interior of a man, who, in early life, had swallowed a door-key. At a *post mortem* examination, it is found that an exact model of the key is distinctly impressed on the coating of the stomach. This coating a dissipated medical student steals, and hastens with it to a locksmith of doubtful character, who makes a new key from the novel pattern. With this key the student enters the house of the deceased gentleman, and commits a burglary to a large amount, for which crime he is tried and

executed. The deceased gentleman had always been much accustomed to punch, and it is supposed that the original key must have been destroyed by the acid. After the unlucky accident, he was troubled with nightmare, under the influence of which he always imagined himself a wine-cellar door.

BLANK, MR. A member who exhibits a model of a fashionable annual, composed of copperplates, gold leaf, and silk boards, and worked entirely by milk and water.

BLUBB, MR. A member who lectures learnedly upon a cranium which proves to be a carved cocoanut-shell. *See* KETCH, PROFESSOR JOHN.

BLUNDERUM, MR. Contributor of a paper, "On the Last Moments of the Learned Pig."

BROWN, MR. (of Edenburg). A member.

BUFFER, DOCTOR. Another member.

CARTER, MR. President of Section D (Mechanical Science), at the first meeting of the association.

COPPERNOSE, MR. Author of a proposition of great magnitude and interest, submitted, at the first meeting of the association, to Section B (Display of Models and Mechanical Science), illustrated by a vast number of models, and explained in a treatise entitled "Practical Suggestions on the Necessity of Providing some Harmless and Wholesome Relaxation for the young Noblemen of England."

CRINKLES, MR. Inventor and exhibitor of a beautiful pocket-picking machine.

DOZE, PROFESSOR. Vice-president of Section A (Zoölogy and Botany), at the first meeting of the association.

DRAWLEY, MR. Vice-president of Section A, at the second meeting.

DULL, MR. Vice-president of Supplementary Section E (Umbugology and Ditchwateristics).

DUMMY, MR. Another vice-president of the same section.

FEE, DOCTOR W. R. A member of the association.

FLUMMERY, MR. Another member.

GRIME, PROFESSOR. Another member.

GRUB, MR. President of Supplementary Section E (Umbugology and Ditchwateristics).

GRUMMIDGE, DOCTOR. A physician, who gives an account of his curing a case of monomania by the heroic method of treatment.

JOBBA, MR. Exhibitor of a forcing-machine on a novel plan, for bringing joint-stock railway shares prematurely to a premium.

JOLTERED, SIR WILLIAM. President of Section A (Zoölogy and Botany), at the second meeting of the association.

KETCH, PROFESSOR JOHN. A member, who is called upon to exhibit the skull of the late Mr. Greenacre, which he produces with the remark, "that he'd pound it as that 'ere 'spectable section [the section of Umbugology and Ditch-wateristics] had never seed a more gamerer cove nor he vos." The "professor" finds, however, that he has made a slight mistake, and has displayed a carved cocoanut instead of the skull which he intended to show.

KUTANKUMAGEN, DOCTOR (of Moscow). A physician, who succeeds in curing an alarmingly healthy man by a persevering use of powerful medicine, low diet, and bleeding, which method of treatment so far restores him as to enable him to walk about with the slight assistance of a crutch and a boy.

KWAKLEY, MR. A member who submits the result of some ingenious statistical inquiries relative to the difference between the value of the qualification of several members of parliament, as published to the world, and its real nature and amount.

LEAVER, MR. Vice-president of Section B (Display of Models and Mechanical Science), at the Oldcastle meeting.

LEDBRAIN, MR. X. Vice-president of Section C (Statistics), at the Mudfog meeting. He reads a very ingenious paper, showing that the total number of legs belonging to one great town in Yorkshire is, in round numbers, forty thousand; while the total number of chair and stool legs is only thirty thousand. Allowing the very favourable average of three legs to a seat, he deduces the conclusion that ten thousand individuals (or one-half the whole population) are either destitute of any seats at all, or pass the whole of their leisure time in sitting upon boxes.

LONG EARS, THE HONOURABLE AND REVEREND MR. A member of the association.

MALLET, MR. President of Section B (Display of Models and Mechanical Science), at the second meeting.

MISTY, MR. X. A member.

MISTY, MR. X. X. Author of a communication on the disappearance of dancing-bears from the streets of London, with

observations on the exhibition of monkeys as connected with barrel-organs.

MORTAIR, MR. Vice-president of Section C (Anatomy and Medicine), at the Oldcastle meeting.

MUDDLEBRAINS, MR. Vice-president of Section A (Zoölogy and Botany), at the Oldcastle meeting.

MUFF, PROFESSOR. A member of the association, remarkable for the urbanity of his manners and the ease with which he adapts himself to the forms and ceremonies of ordinary life. At the first meeting, at Mudfog, he tries some private experiments, in conjunction with Professor Nogo, with prussic acid, upon a dog. The animal proves to have been stolen from an unmarried lady in the town, who is rendered nearly distracted by the loss of her pet (named Augustus, in affectionate remembrance of a former lover), and avenges his death by a violent attack on the two scientific gentlemen, in which the expressive features of Professor Muff are much scratched and lacerated, while Professor Nogo, besides sustaining several severe bites, loses some handfuls of hair. Professor Muff subsequently relates to the association an extraordinary and convincing proof of the wonderful efficacy of the system of infinitesimal doses. He had diffused three drops of rum through a bucketful of water, and given the whole to a patient who was a hard drinker. Before the man had drunk a quart, he was in a state of beastly intoxication; and five other men were made dead drunk with the remainder.

MULL, PROFESSOR. A member of the association, who criticises some of the ideas advanced by Mr. X. X. Misty in his paper on dancing-bears and barrel-organ monkeys.

NEESHAWTS, DOCTOR. A medical member.

NOAKES, MR. Vice-president of Section D (Statistics), at the meeting held at Oldcastle.

NOGO, PROFESSOR. Exhibitor of a model of a wonderful safety fire-escape. *See* MUFF, PROFESSOR.

PESSELL, MR. Vice-president of Section C (Anatomy and Medicine), at the meeting at Oldcastle.

PIPKIN, MR. (*M.R.C.S.*). Author of a paper which seeks to prove the complete belief of Sir William Courtenay (otherwise Thom), recently shot at Canterbury, in homœopathy; and which argues that he might have been restored to life if an infinitesimal dose of lead and gunpowder had been administered to him immediately after he fell.

PROSEE, MR. A member.

PUMPKINSKULL, PROFESSOR. An influential member of the council of the association.

PURBLIND, MR. A member of the association.

QUEERSPECK, PROFESSOR. Exhibitor of a model of a portable railway, neatly mounted in a green case, for the waistcoat pocket. By attaching this instrument to his boots, any bank or public-office clerk could transport himself from his place of residence to his place of business at the easy rate of sixty-five miles an hour. The professor explains that City gentlemen would run in trains, being handcuffed together to prevent confusion or unpleasantness.

RUMMUN, PROFESSOR. A member.

SCROO, MR. Vice-president of Section B (Display of Models and Mechanical Science), at the second meeting of the association.

SLUG, MR. A celebrated statistician. "His complexion is a dark purple, and he has a habit of sighing constantly." He presents to Section C the result of some investigations he has made regarding the state of infant education and nursery literature among the middle classes of London. He also states some curious calculations respecting the dogs'-meat barrows of London, which have led him to the conclusion that, if all the skewers delivered daily with the meat could be collected and warehoused, they would, in ten years' time, afford a mass of timber more than sufficient for the construction of a first-rate vessel of war, to be called "The Royal Skewer," and to become, under that name, the terror of all the enemies of Great Britain.

SMITH, MR. (of London). A member of the association.

SNIVEY, SIR HOOKHAM. A member who combats the opinion of Mr. Blubb.

SNORE, PROFESSOR. President of Section A (Zoölogy and Botany), at the meeting at Mudfog.

SNUFFLETOFFLE, MR. O. J. A member present at the second meeting of the association.

SOEMUP, DOCTOR. President of Section C (Anatomy and Medicine), at the second meeting.

SOWSTER. Beadle of Oldcastle; a fat man with an immense double-chin and a very red nose, which he attributes to a habit of early rising.

STYLES, MR. Vice-president of Section D (Statistics), at the second meeting of the association.

TICKLE, MR. Exhibitor of a newly-invented kind of spectacles, which enable the wearer to discern in very bright colours objects at a great distance (as the horrors of the West India plantations), and render him wholly blind to those immediately before him (as the abuses connected with the Manchester cotton-mills).

TIMBERED, MR. Vice-president of Section C (Statistics) at the meeting held at Mudfog.

TOORELL, DOCTOR. President of Section B (Anatomy and Medicine), at the same meeting.

TRUCK, MR. One of the vice-presidents of Section D (Mechanical Science), at the same meeting.

WAGHORN, MR. Another of the vice-presidents of the same section, at the same meeting.

WHEEZY, PROFESSOR. One of the vice-presidents of Section A (Zoölogy and Botany), at the same meeting.

WIGSBY, MR. Exhibitor of a cauliflower somewhat larger than a chaise umbrella, raised by the simple application of highly-carbonated soda-water as manure. He explains that, by scooping out the head (which would afford a new and delicious species of nourishment for the poor), a parachute could at once be obtained; the stalk, of course, being kept downwards.

WOODENSCONCE, MR. President of Section C (Statistics), at the meeting held at Mudfog.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

This story was begun within a few months after the completion of the "Pickwick Papers" (September, 1837); "Oliver Twist," which followed that work, having been commenced in February, 1837, and carried on simultaneously with it for several months. "Nicholas Nickleby" was issued in monthly shilling numbers, and was illustrated by "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne). On its completion, in 1839, it was brought out in volume form, with a prefixed portrait of Dickens, engraved by Finden from a painting by Maclise. It was dedicated to W. C. Macready.

The main object of the work was to expose "the monstrous neglect of education in England, and the disregard of it by the State, as a means of forming good or bad citizens, and miserable or happy men," by showing up, as a notable example, the cheap Yorkshire schools which were in existence at that time. The author's purpose was answered. In the Preface to a later edition of "Nicholas Nickleby," he was able to speak of the race of Yorkshire schoolmasters "in the past tense," and to say, "Though it has not yet disappeared, it is dwindling daily."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

ADAMS, CAPTAIN. One of the seconds in the duel between Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Frederick Verisopht. (Ch. I.)

AFRICAN KNIFE-SWALLOWER, THE. A member of Mr. Crummles's theatrical company. (Ch. xlviii.)

ALICE. *See* York, The Five Sisters of.

ALPHONSE. Mrs. Wititterly's page; so diminutive, "that

his body would not hold, in ordinary array, the number of small buttons which are indispensable to a page's costume; and they were consequently obliged to be stuck on four abreast." (Ch. xxi., xxviii., xxxii.)

BELLING, MASTER. One of Mr. Squeers's pupils a Dotheboys Hall. (Ch. iv.)

BELVAWNEY, MISS. A lady in Mr. Vincent Crummles' theatrical company. (Ch. xxiii.–xxv., xxix.)

BLOCKSON, MRS. A charwoman employed by Miss Knag (Ch. xviii.)

BOBSTER, MR. A ferocious old fellow into whose house Nicholas Nickleby is introduced one evening by Newman Noggs: whom he has commissioned to find out where Madeline Bray lives, and who makes the ludicrous mistake of discovering the wrong person. (Ch. xl.)

BOBSTER, MISS CECILIA. His daughter; mistaken by Newman Noggs for Miss Madeline Bray, and persuaded by him to see Nicholas, and to hear him speak for himself. (Ch. xl.)

BOLDER. A pupil at Mr. Squeers's school. (Ch. viii.)

BONNEY, MR. A friend of Ralph Nickleby's, and the prime organiser of the "United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company." (Ch. ii.)

BORUM, MR. A gentleman at whose house Nicholas Nickleby and Miss Snevellicci call (accompanied by Miss Ninetta Crummles, the "Infant Phenomenon") to induce him to put his name to Miss Snevellicci's "bespeak." (Ch. xxiv.)

BORUM, MRS. His wife; mother of six interesting children. (Ch. xxiv.)

BORUM, AUGUSTUS. Their son; a young gentleman who pinches the "Phenomenon" behind to ascertain whether she is real. (Ch. xxiv.)

BORUM, CHARLOTTE. One of their daughters, who filches the "Phenomenon's" parasol, and carries it off. (Ch. xxiv.)

BORUM, EMMA. Another daughter. (Ch. xxiv.)

BRAVASSA, MISS. One of the members of Mr. Crummles's theatrical company. (Ch. xxiii.–xxv., xxix.)

BRAY, MADELINE. Daughter of a gentleman who married a very particular friend of the Cheeryble Brothers. Her mother dies while she is a mere child; and her selfish and

profligate father, at a somewhat later date, is reduced, between sickness and poverty, to the verge of death. Although she braves privation, degradation, and affliction, for the sake of supporting him, he is on the point of forcing her to marry a rich old miser named Gride, when death suddenly carries off the unnatural parent, and Madeline is removed to Mrs. Nickleby's house. She afterwards marries Nicholas. (Ch. xvi., xl., xlvi., xlvii., li., lii., liv.–lvi., lxiii., lxv.)

BRAY, MR. WALTER. Father to Madeline, a broken-down, irritable, and selfish debauchee. (Ch. xlvi., xlvii., lii.–liv.)

BROOKER. A felon and an outcast; a former clerk to Ralph Nickleby. Being ill-treated by his master, and hating him, he takes advantage of favouring circumstances to make him think his only son has died and been buried, during his temporary absence from home; though, in reality, the boy has been left at a Yorkshire school, with the design of one day making the secret a means of getting money from the father. But the plan fails; and Mr. Nickleby, in the hot pursuit of bad ends, persecutes and hunts down his own child to death. (Ch. xliv., lx., lxv.) *See* SMIKE, SQUEERS.

BROWDIE, JOHN. A stout, kind-hearted Yorkshireman. He is betrothed to Miss Matilda Price, whom he afterwards marries. At his first meeting with Nicholas Nickleby, he becomes furiously jealous of him. Finding, however, that Nicholas has no intention of making trouble between him and his intended, he conceives a more favourable opinion of the young gentleman, and they become good friends. (Ch. ix., xiii., xxxix., xlii., xliii., xlv., lxiv.)

BULPH, MR. A pilot, who keeps a lodging-house at which Mr. Crummles lives. (Ch. xxiii.)

CHEERYBLE BROTHERS, THE (CHARLES AND EDWIN). Twin brothers, partners in business, and the benefactors and employers of Nicholas Nickleby. Mr. Dickens says of them in his Preface, that they are "drawn from life;" and that "their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence, are no creations of the author's brain, but are prompting every day (and oftenest by stealth) some munificent and generous deed in that town of which they are the pride and honour." Mr. Dickens, however, never saw these gentlemen, or interchanged any communication with them during his life. Having been encouraged to tell his story to one of the brothers, whom he has accidentally met in the street, Nicholas is hurried into an omnibus, and taken straight to the warehouse, where he is

introduced to the other brother, and, after some inquiries and private conference, is taken into their employment. (Ch. xxxv., xxxvii., xl., xliii., xlvi., xlix., lv., lix., lx., lxi., lxiii., lxv.)

CHEERYBLE, FRANK. Nephew of the Cheeryble Brothers. He finally marries Kate Nickleby. (Ch. xliii., xlix., lv., lvii., lix., lxi., lxiii., lxv.)

CHOWSER, COLONEL. One of the guests at a dinner-party given by Ralph Nickleby. (Ch. xix., l.)

COBBEY. A pupil at Squeers's school. (Ch. viii.)

CROWL, MR. A fellow-lodger of Newman Noggs's. (Ch. xiv., xv., xxxii.)

CRUMMLES, MR. VINCENT. The manager of an itinerant theatrical company. Meeting Nicholas Nickleby and Smike at an inn not far from Portsmouth, he advises them to adopt the stage for a profession, and offers to bring them out. "There's genteel comedy," he tells Nicholas, "in your walk and manner, juvenile tragedy in your eye, and touch-and-go farce in your laugh." Of Smike he says—

> "Without a pad upon his body, and hardly a touch of paint upon his face, he'd make such an actor for the starved business as was never seen in this country. Only let him be tolerably well up in the apothecary in 'Romeo and Juliet,' with the slightest possible dab of red on the tip of his nose, and he'd be certain of three rounds the moment he put his head out of the practicable door in the front grooves O.P."

The result is, that Nicholas, after a little deliberation, declares it a bargain; and he and Smike become a part of Mr. Crummles's company. Mr. Crummles treats them very kindly; and when he finally separates from them—on the occasion of his departure with his family for America—he puts out his hand, with "not a jot of his theatrical manner" remaining, and says with great warmth, "We were a very happy little company. You and I never had a word. I shall be very glad to-morrow morning to think that I saw you again; but now I almost wish you hadn't come." (Ch. xxii.–xxv., xxix., xxx., xlviii.)

CRUMMLES, MRS. Wife of Mr. Vincent Crummles. (Ch. xxiii.–xxv., xxix., xxx., xlviii.)

CRUMMLES, MASTER. One of their sons, and a member of the theatrical company. (Ch. xxii., xxiii., xxx., xlviii.)

CRUMMLES, MASTER PERCY. Another son. (Ch. xxii., xxiii., xxx., xlviii.)

CRUMMLES, MISS NINETTA. Their daughter, known and

advertised as the "Infant Phenomenon." (Ch. xxiii.–xxv., xxix., xlviii.)

CURDLE, MR. A Portsmouth gentleman, whom Miss Snevellicci calls upon to request that he would put his name to her "bespeak;" he being a great critic, and having quite the London taste in matters relating to literature and the drama. He is the author of a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, post octavo, on the character of the nurse's deceased husband, in "Romeo and Juliet." (Ch. xxiv.)

CURDLE, MRS. His wife. (Ch. xxiv.)

CUTLER, MR. AND MRS. Friends of the Kenwigses. (Ch. xiv.)

DAVID. Butler to the Cheeryble Brothers. (Ch. xxxvii., lxiii.)

DIGBY. Smike's theatrical name. *See* SMIKE.

FOLAIR, MR. A dancer and pantomimic actor belonging to Mr. Crummles's company. (Ch. xxiii.–xxv., xxix., xxx.)

GAZINGI, MISS. An actress in the theatrical company of Mr. Vincent Crummles. (Ch. xxiii.)

GENTLEMAN, THE, IN SMALL-CLOTHES. *See* NICKLEBY, MRS.

GEORGE. A friend of the Kenwigses. He is a young man who had known Mr. Kenwigs when he was a bachelor, and is much esteemed by the ladies as bearing the reputation of a rake. (Ch. xiv.)

GRAYMARSH. A pupil at Squeers's school. (Ch. viii.)

GREEN, MISS. A friend of the Kenwigses. (Ch. xiv.)

GREGSBURY, MR. A member of parliament, to whom Nicholas Nickleby applies for a situation as private secretary. The requirements, however, are so many, and so difficult to meet, that the situation is declined. Says Mr. Gregsbury—

"My secretary would have to make himself master of the foreign policy of the world, as it is mirrored in the newspapers; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings, all leading articles and accounts of the proceedings of public bodies; and to make notes of anything which it appeared to him might be made a point of in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or anything of that kind. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, sir," replied Nicholas.

"Then," said Mr. Gregsbury, "it would be necessary for him to make himself acquainted from day to day with newspaper paragraphs on passing events; such as 'Mysterious disappearance, and supposed suicide of a pot-boy,' or anything of that sort, upon which I might

found a question to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Then he would have to copy the question, and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little compliment about my independence and good sense), and to send the manuscript in a frank to the local paper, with perhaps half-a-dozen lines of leader, to the effect that I was always to be found in my place in parliament, and never shrunk from the responsible and arduous duties, and so forth. You see?"

Nicholas bowed.

"Besides which," continued Mr. Gregsbury, "I should expect him now and then to go through a few figures in the printed tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on timber-duty questions, and finance questions, and so on; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash payments and a metallic currency, with a touch now and then about the exportation of bullion, and the Emperor of Russia, and bank-notes, and all that kind of thing, which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands it. Do you take me?"

"I think I understand," said Nicholas.

"With regard to such questions as are not political," continued Mr. Gregsbury, warming, "and which one can't be expected to care a curse about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves—else where are our privileges?—I should wish my secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches of a patriotic cast. . . . This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do, except waiting in the lobby every night (in case I forgot anything, and should want fresh cramming), and now and then, during great debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about, 'You see that gentleman with his hand to his face, and his arm twisted round the pillar? That's Mr. Gregsbury, the celebrated Mr. Gregsbury,'—with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment." (Ch. xvi.)

GRIDE, ARTHUR. An old miser. (Ch. xlvii., li., liii., liv., lvi., lix., lxv.) *See* BRAY (MADELINE), NICKLEBY (RALPH).

GROGZWIG, BARON OF. *See* KOËLDWETHOUT, BARON VON.

GRUDDEN, MRS. An actress attached to Mr. Crummles's theatrical company, and an assistant to Mrs. Crummles in her domestic affairs. (Ch. xxiii., xxiv., xxix., xxx., xlix.)

HANNAH. Servant to Miss La Creevy. (Ch. iii.)

HAWK, SIR MULBERRY. A fashionable gambler, *roué*, and knave, remarkable for his tact in ruining young gentlemen of fortune. He insults Kate Nickleby, and is punished by her brother. He afterwards fights a duel with his pupil and dupe, Lord Frederick Verisopht, in which the latter is killed. (Ch. xix., xxvi.–xxviii., xxxii., xxxviii., l., lxv.)

JOHNSON, MR. The stage name given by Mr. Crummles to Nicholas Nickleby.

KENWIGS, MR. A turner in ivory, and a lodger in the same house with Newman Noggs; "looked upon as a person of some consideration on the premises, inasmuch as he occupied the whole of the first floor, comprising a suite of two rooms." (Ch. xiv.–xvi., xxxvi., lii.)

KENWIGS, MRS. His wife; "quite a lady in her manners, and of a very genteel family, having an uncle [Mr. Lillyvick] who collected a water-rate; besides which distinction, the two eldest of her little girls went twice a week to a dancing-school in the neighbourhood, and had flaxen hair tied with blue ribbons hanging in luxuriant pigtails down their backs, and wore little white trousers with frills round the ankles—for all of which reasons, and many more, equally valid, but too numerous to mention, she was considered a very desirable person to know." (Ch. xiv.–xvi., xxxvi., lii.)

KENWIGS, MORLEENA. Her eldest daughter, "regarding whose uncommon christian-name it may be stated, that it was invented and composed by Mrs. Kenwigs previous to her first lying-in, for the special distinction of her eldest child, in case it should prove a daughter. (Ch. xiv.–xvi., xxxvi., lii.)

KNAG, MISS. Forewoman in Madame Mantalini's millinery establishment, and her successor in the business. (Ch. xvii., xviii., xx., xxi., xliv.)

KNAG, MR. MORTIMER. Her brother; a young man whom unrequited affection has made miserable. (Ch. xviii.)

KOËLDWETHOUT, BARON VON. Hero of one of the tales told at a roadside inn when Nicholas Nickleby and Squeers, with other passengers, were detained there by an accident to the stage-coach in which they were travelling. The baron is described as dwelling, "once upon a time," with numerous retainers, in an old castle at Grogzwig in Germany. He is a young, jolly, roystering blade, and a perfect Nimrod of a hunter. Becoming tired of his monotonous bachelor-life, he marries a daughter of the Baron von Swillenhausen, by whom he is soon well snubbed and effectually subdued. As the baroness makes it a point that the family pedigree shall receive an addition yearly, and as the Grogzwig coffers are not as inexhaustible as her relatives suppose them to be, Koëldwethout at last loses heart, and resolves to make away with himself. But, before doing so, he smokes one last pipe, and tosses off one last measure of wine, the effect of which is to conjure up an apparition—the "Genius of Suicide and Despair"—with which he has a conference that ends in his deciding to put a good face on the whole matter, and try the

world a little longer. This he does; and dies, many years after, a happy man, if not a rich one. (Ch. vi.)

KOËLDWETHOUT, BARONESS VON. His wife. (Ch. vi.)

LA CREEVY, MISS. A good-hearted elderly miniature-painter, who becomes a fast friend of the Nicklebys, and finally marries Tim Linkinwater, the old clerk of the Cheeryble Brothers. (Ch. iii., v., x., xx., xxxi., xxxiii., xxxv., xxxviii., xlix., lxi., lxiii., lxv.)

LANE, MISS. Governess in Mr. Borum's family. (Ch. xxiv.)

LEDROOK, MISS. A member of Mr. Crummles' dramatic company. (Ch. xxiii., xxv., xxx.)

LENVILLE, THOMAS. A tragic actor in Mr. Crummles's theatre. (Ch. xxiii., xxiv., xxix.)

LENVILLE, MRS. His wife; a member of the same profession. (Ch. xxiii., xxix.)

LILLYVICK, MR. A collector of water-rates; uncle to Mrs. Kenwigs, at one of whose anniversary wedding-parties he meets Miss Henrietta Petowker, an actress, and is smitten with her charms. He finally follows her to Portsmouth—where she has engaged to appear in Mr. Crummles's theatre—and marries her, much to the disgust of the Kenwigses, who have considered themselves his heirs. But Miss Petowker soon proves false, and elopes, leaving the collector disconsolate. He returns to London, where he meets Newman Noggs, and is prevailed upon to go to the house of his relative, where a ludicrously affecting scene ensues. A boy has been born to the Kenwigses during his absence. Mr. Lillyvick informs them that he never shall expect them to receive his wife, as she has deserted him.

"Eloped with a half-pay captain," repeated Mr. Lillyvick, "basely and falsely eloped with a half-pay captain, with a bottle-nosed captain that any man might have considered himself safe from. It was in this room," said Mr. Lillyvick, looking sternly round, "that I first see Henrietta Petowker: it is in this room that I turn her off for ever."

This declaration completely changed the whole posture of affairs. Mrs. Kenwigs threw herself upon the old gentleman's neck, bitterly reproaching herself for her late harshness, and exclaiming, if she had suffered, what must his sufferings have been! Mr. Kenwigs grasped his hand, and vowed eternal friendship and remorse. . . . And Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs both said, with strong feeling and tears of sympathy, that everything happened for the best, and conjured the good collector not to give way to unavailing grief, but to seek consolation in the society of those affectionate relations whose arms and hearts were ever open to him.

"Out of affection and regard for you, Susan and Kenwigs," said Mr. Lillyvick, "and not out of revenge and spite against her (for she

is below it), I shall to-morrow morning settle upon your children, and make payable to the survivors of them, when they come of age or marry, that money which I once meant to leave 'em in my will. The deed shall be executed to-morrow, and Mr. Noggs shall be one of the witnesses. He hears me promise this, and he shall see it done."

(Ch. xiv.–xvi., xxv., xxx., xxxvi., xlviii.)

LINKINWATER, MISS. Sister to Tim Linkinwater. (Ch. xxxvii., lxiii.)

LINKINWATER, TIM. Chief clerk of the Cheeryble Brothers.

"It's forty-four year," said Tim, making a calculation in the air with his pen, and drawing an imaginary line before he cast it up—"forty-four year next May, since I first kept the books of Cheeryble Brothers. I've opened the safe every morning all that time (Sundays excepted), as the clock struck nine, and gone over the house every night at half-past ten (except on Foreign Post nights, and then twenty minutes before twelve) to see the doors fastened, and the fires out. I've never slept out of the back attic one single night. There's the same mignonette-box in the middle of the window, and the same four flower-pots, two on each side, that I brought with me when I first came. There ain't—I've said it again and again, and I'll maintain it—there ain't such a square as this in the world. I *know* there ain't," said Tim, with sudden energy, and looking sternly about him, "not one. For business or pleasure, in summer time or winter—I don't care which—there's nothing like it. There's not such a spring in England as the pump under the archway. There's not such a view in England as the view out of my window. I've seen it every morning before I shaved, and I ought to know something about it. I have slept in that room," added Tim, sinking his voice a little, "for four-and-forty year; and if it wasn't inconvenient, and didn't interfere with business, I should request leave to die there."

(Ch. xxxv., xxxvii., xl., xliii., xlix., lv., lix.–lxi., lxiii., lxv.)

LUMBEY, MR. A doctor who attends on Mrs. Kenwigs in her last confinement. (Ch. xxxv.)

MANTALINI, MADAME. A fashionable milliner and dressmaker. (Ch. x., xvii., xviii., xxi., xxxiv., xliv.)

MANTALINI, MR. ALFRED. Her husband.

His name was originally Muntle; but it had been converted, by an easy transition, into Mantalini, the lady rightly considering that an English appellation would be of serious injury to the business. He had married on his whiskers, upon which property he had previously subsisted, in a genteel manner, for some years; and which he had recently improved, after patient cultivation, by the addition of a moustache, which promised to secure him an easy independence; his share in the labours of the business being at present confined to spending the money.

When Madame refuses to supply his demands, he at first resorts to flattery and honeyed words, then declares that,

being a burden, he will put an end to his existence; which generally has the effect of softening her heart, and bringing her to terms. She is at last, however, driven into bankruptcy by his reckless extravagance, and, the suicide dodge having been tried once too often, insists on a separation, and declares her firm determination to have nothing more to do with such a man. The elegant and dashing fop's butterfly life is soon ended, and he goes "to the demnition bow-wows." He gets into prison, and is taken out by a vixenish washerwoman, who is at first captivated by his handsome person and graceful manners, but, becoming disenchanted, keeps him constantly turning a mangle in the cellar in which she lives, "like a demd old horse in a demnition mill;" making his life, as he says, "one demd horrid grind."

(Ch. x., xvii., xxii., xxxiv., xliv., lxiv.)

MOBBS. A pupil at Squeers's school. (Ch. viii.)

NICKLEBY, MR. GODFREY. Father of Ralph and the elder Nicholas, to the former of whom he left three thousand pounds in cash, and to the latter "one thousand and the farm, which was as small a landed estate as one would desire to see." (Ch. i.)

NICKLEBY, NICHOLAS, the elder. Son of Mr. Godfrey Nickleby, brother of Ralph, and father of Nicholas and Kate. By his wife's advice he took to speculating with what little capital he had, and, losing it all, lost heart too, took to his bed, and died. (Ch. i.) *See* NICKLEBY, RALPH.

NICKLEBY, NICHOLAS, the younger. The character from whom the story takes its name; a young man who finds himself, at the age of nineteen, reduced to poverty by the unfortunate speculations and death of his father, but possessed, notwithstanding, of a good education, and with abounding energy, honesty, and industry. His mother being determined to make an appeal for assistance to her deceased husband's brother, Mr. Ralph Nickleby, he accompanies her, with his sister, to London. On their first interview their relative receives them very roughly, and takes a dislike to his nephew, amounting to positive hatred; but he procures him a situation as assistant tutor at Dotheboys Hall—a school kept by Mr. Wackford Squeers, in Yorkshire. Nicholas proceeds thither to assume his new duties; but such is the meanness, rapacity, and brutality of Mr. Squeers, that he soon forcibly interferes on behalf of the "pupils;" gives the master a sound drubbing, and then turns his back upon the place, taking with him a poor, half-starved, and shamefully-abused

lad, named Smike. He returns to London only to find that the story of his adventure, highly magnified and distorted, has preceded him. Learning that his sister will lose a situation she has obtained, if he remains at home, he quits London again, and goes to Portsmouth, where he joins a theatrical company, and becomes an actor. He is, however, suddenly summoned back to London to protect his sister from the insults and persecutions of two aristocratic *roués*, one of whom he chastises severely under circumstances of great provocation. He then takes his mother and sister under his own protection, and soon after makes the acquaintance of two benevolent merchants—the Cheeryble Brothers—gains their respect and confidence; is, after a while, admitted into the firm; and finally marries a friend and *protégée* of his benefactors. Mr. Dickens says of this character, in his Preface—

"If Nicholas be not always found to be blameless or agreeable, he is not always intended to appear so. He is a young man of an impetuous temper, and little or no experience; and I saw no reason why such a hero should be lifted out of nature."

(Ch. iii.–ix., xii., xiii., xv., xvi., xx., xxii.–xxv., xxix., xxxii., xxxiii., xxxv., xxxvii., xl., xlii., xliii., xlv., xlvi., xlviii., xlix., li.–lv., lviii., lxi., lxiii.–lxv.)

NICKLEBY, RALPH. A miser and usurer; uncle to the younger, and brother to the elder Nicholas Nickleby.

These two brothers had been brought up together in a school at Exeter, and being accustomed to go home once a week, had often heard from their mother's lips long accounts of their father's sufferings in his days of poverty, and of their deceased uncle's importance in his days of affluence: which recitals produced a very different impression on the two: for while the young..., who was of a timid and retiring disposition, gleaned from thence nothing but forewarnings to shun the great world, and attach himself to the quiet routine of a country life, Ralph the elder deduced from the often-repeated tale the two great morals—that riches are the only true source of happiness and power, and that it is lawful and just to compass their acquisition by all means short of felony. "And," reasoned Ralph with himself, "if no good came of my uncle's money when he was alive, a great deal of good came of it after he was dead; inasmuch as my father has got it now, and is saving it up for me, which is a highly virtuous purpose. And, going back to the old gentleman, good *did* come of it to him too; for he had the pleasure of thinking of it all his life long, and of being envied and courted by all his family besides." And Ralph always wound up these mental soliloquies by arriving at the conclusion, that there was nothing like money.

Not confining himself to theory, or permitting his faculties to rust, even at that early age, in mere abstract speculations, this promising lad commenced usurer on a limited scale at school, putting out at

good interest a small capital of slate-pencil and marbles, and gradually extending his operations until they aspired to the copper coinage of this realm, in which he speculated to considerable advantage. Nor did he trouble his borrowers with abstract calculations of figures, or references to ready-reckoners; his simple rule of interest being all comprised in the one golden sentence, "twopence for every half-penny," which greatly simplified the accounts, and which, as a familiar precept, more easily acquired, and retained in the memory, than any known rule of arithmetic, cannot be too strongly recommended to the notice of capitalists, both large and small, and more especially of money-brokers and bill-discounters. Indeed, to do these gentlemen justice, many of them are to this day in the frequent habit of adopting it with eminent success.

On the death of his father, he is placed in a mercantile house in London; applies himself passionately to his old pursuit of money-getting; soon has a spacious house of his own in Golden Square; and enjoys the reputation of being immensely rich. When his brother's widow presents herself in London, with her two children, seeking his assistance, he gives her to understand that he is not to be looked to "as the support of a great hearty woman and a grown boy and girl." He makes them work, therefore, for their bread, and, taking an intense dislike to his nephew, tries in every way to humble and ruin him; but his machinations are all defeated, his illegal operations detected, his evil deeds discovered; and he finally hangs himself in a fit of mingled frenzy, hatred, and despair. (Ch. i.–iv., x., xix., xx., xxviii., xxxi., xxxiii., xxxv., xliv., xlv., xlvii., li., liv., lvi., lix., lx., lxii.) *See* SMIKE, SQUEERS.

NICKLEBY, KATE. Sister of Nicholas. She marries Frank Cheeryble. (Ch. iii., v., x., xi., xvii.–xxi., xxvii., xxviii., xxxiii., xxxv., xxxviii., xli., xliii., xlv., xlix., lv., lxi., lxiii.–lxv.)

NICKLEBY, MRS. Widow of the elder, and mother of the younger Nicholas Nickleby; a well-meaning woman, but weak withal; very fond and proud of her children; very loquacious; very desirous of being considered genteel; and remarkable for the inaccuracy of her memory, the irrelevancy of her remarks, and the general discursiveness and inconsequence of her conversation. When she leaves her quarters in London, and goes with Nicholas to live at Bow, her attention is attracted by the singular deportment of an elderly gentleman who lives in the next house. He is so plainly struck with Mrs. Nickleby's appearance, and becomes so very demonstrative, that, although she feels flattered by his homage, she determines, nevertheless, to acquaint her son with the facts.

"There can be no doubt," said Mrs. Nickleby, "that he *is* a gentleman, and has the manners of a gentleman, and the appearance of a

gentleman; although he does wear smalls and gray worsted stockings. That may be eccentricity, or he may be proud of his legs. I don't see why he shouldn't be. The Prince Regent was proud of his legs, and so was Daniel Lambert, who was also a fat man; *he* was proud of his legs; so was Miss Biffin; she was—no," added Mrs. Nickleby, correcting herself, "I think she had only toes; but the principle is the same."

Nicholas looked on quite amazed at the introduction of this new theme, which seemed just what Mrs. Nickleby had expected him to be.

"You may well be surprised, Nicholas, my dear," she said: "I am sure *I* was. It came upon me like a flash of fire, and almost froze my blood. The bottom of his garden joins the bottom of ours, and, of course, I had several times seen him sitting among the scarlet-beans in his little arbour, or working at his little hot-beds. I used to think he stared rather; but I didn't take any particular notice of that, as we were new-comers, and he might be curious to see what we were like. But when he began to throw his cucumbers over our wall——"

"To throw his cucumbers over our wall!" repeated Nicholas in great astonishment.

"Yes, Nicholas, my dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby, in a very serious tone, "his cucumbers over our wall, and vegetable-marrows, likewise."

"Confound his impudence!" said Nicholas, firing immediately. "What does he mean by that?"

"I don't think he means it impertinently at all," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"What!" said Nicholas, "cucumbers and vegetable-marrows flying at the heads of the family as they walk in their own garden, and not meant impertinently! Why, mother——"

Nicholas stopped short; for there was an indescribable expression of placid triumph, mingled with a modest confusion, lingering between the borders of Mrs. Nickleby's nightcap, which arrested his attention suddenly.

"He must be a very weak and foolish and inconsiderate man," said Mrs. Nickleby, "blamable, indeed; at least, I suppose other people would consider him so: of course, I can't be expected to express any opinion on that point, especially after always defending your poor dear papa, when other people blamed him, for making proposals to me, and, to be sure, there can be no doubt that he has taken a very singular way of showing it. Still, at the same time, his attentions are—that is, as far as it goes, and to a certain extent, of course—a flattering sort of thing; and although I should never dream of marrying again, with a dear girl like Kate still unsettled in life——"

"Surely, mother, such an idea never entered your brain for an instant!" said Nicholas. . . . "You know there is no language of vegetables which converts a cucumber into a formal declaration of attachment."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby, tossing her head, and looking at the ashes in the grate, "he has done and said all sorts of things."

"Is there no mistake on your part?" asked Nicholas.

"Mistake!" cried Mrs. Nickleby. "Lord, Nicholas, my dear! do you suppose I don't know when a man's in earnest?"

"Well, well," muttered Nicholas.

"Every time I go to the window," said Mrs. Nickleby, "he kisses one hand, and lays the other upon his heart: of course, it's very foolish of him to do so, and I daresay you'll say it's very wrong; but he does it very respectfully—very respectfully indeed—and very tenderly,

extremely tenderly. So far he deserves the greatest credit: there can be no doubt about that. Then there are the presents, which come pouring over the wall every day; and very fine they certainly are, very fine; we had one of the cucumbers at dinner yesterday, and think of pickling the rest for next winter. And last evening," added Mrs. Nickleby, with increased confusion, "he called gently over the wall, as I was walking in the garden, and proposed marriage and an elopement. His voice is as clear as a bell or a musical-glass—very like a musical-glass, indeed—but, of course, I didn't listen to it. Then the question is, Nicholas, my dear, what am I to do?"

"Does Kate know of this?" asked Nicholas.

"I have not said a word about it yet," answered his mother.

"Then for Heaven's sake!" rejoined Nicholas, rising, "do not; for it would make her very unhappy. And with regard to what you should do, my dear mother, do what your better sense and feeling, and respect for my father's memory, would prompt. There are a thousand ways in which you can show your dislike of these preposterous and doting attentions. If you act as decidedly as you ought, and they are still continued, and to your annoyance, I can speedily put a stop to them." . . .

So saying, Nicholas kissed his mother, and bade her good-night; and they retired to their respective chambers.

Mrs. Nickleby is finally convinced that her admirer is insane, which nobody else is slow to perceive; but she will not admit it until the old gentleman has transferred his admiration to Miss La Creevy; though she persists in thinking that her rejection of his addresses is the unhappy cause of his madness. (Ch. iii., v., x., xi., xviii.–xx., xxi., xxvi.–xxviii., xxxiii., xxxv., xxxviii., xli., xliii., xlv., lv., lxi., lxiii., lxv.)

NOGGS, NEWMAN. Mr. Ralph Nickleby's clerk and drudge.

He was a tall man, of middle age, with two goggle eyes, whereof one was a fixture, a rubicund nose, a cadaverous face, and a suit of clothes (if the term be allowable when they suited him not at all) much the worse for wear, very much too small, and placed upon such a short allowance of buttons, that it was marvellous how he contrived to keep them on. . . . He rarely spoke to anybody, unless somebody spoke to him, . . . and rubbed his hands slowly over each other, cracking the joints of his fingers, and squeezing them into all possible distortions. The incessant performance of this routine on every occasion, and the communication of a fixed and rigid look to his unaffected eye, so as to make it uniform with the other, and render it impossible for anybody to determine where or at what he was looking, were two among the numerous peculiarities of Mr. Noggs, which struck an inexperienced observer at first sight.

This man was once a gentleman; but, being of an open and unsuspicious nature, he falls into the hands of Ralph Nickleby and other knaves, who ruin him. Reduced to poverty, he enters Nickleby's service as clerk and fag, both

because he is proud and there are no other drudges there to see his degradation, and because he is resolved to find Nickleby out, and hunt him down. He befriends and assists Nicholas, aids in unravelling his master's wicked plots, and at last has the satisfaction of telling him what he has done, "face to face, man to man, and like a man." (Ch. ii.–vi., xi., xiv.–xvi., xxii., xxviii., xxxi., xxxiii., xxxiv., xl., xliv., xlvii., li., lii., lvii., lix., lxiii., lxv.)

PETOWKER, MISS HENRIETTA. An actress who marries Mr. Lillyvick, and then elopes with a "half-pay captain." (Ch. xiv., xv., xxv., xxx., xxxvi., xlviii.) *See* KENWIGS, LILLYVICK.

PHŒBE, or PHIB. Miss Squeers's maid. (Ch. xii.)

PLUCK, MR. A creature of Sir Mulberry Hawk's. (Ch. xix., xxvii., xxviii., xxxviii., l.) *See* HAWK, SIR MULBERRY.

PRICE, MATILDA. A friend of Miss Fanny Squeers's, engaged to John Browdie, whom she afterwards marries. (Ch. ix., xii., xxxix., xlii., xliii., xlv., lxiv.)

PUGSTYLES, MR. One of Mr. Gregsbury's constituents, and the spokesman of a deputation which waits on that gentleman to request him to resign his seat in parliament. (Ch. xvi.)

PUPKER, SIR MATTHEW. A member of parliament, and chairman of a meeting called to organise "The United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company." (Ch. ii.)

PYKE, MR. Toad-eater in ordinary to Sir Mulberry Hawk. (Ch. xix., xxvii., xxviii., xxxviii., l.) *See* HAWK, SIR MULBERRY.

SCALEY, MR. A sheriff's officer. (Ch. xxi.)

SIMMONDS, MISS. A workwoman of Madame Mantalini's. (Ch. xvii.)

SLIDERSKEW, PEG. Arthur Gride's housekeeper; a short, thin, weazen, blear-eyed old woman, palsy-stricken, hideously ugly, and very deaf. (Ch. li., liii., liv., lvii., lxv.)

SMIKE. An inmate of Squeers's house. Left with Mr. Squeers at an early age, and no one appearing, after the first year, to claim him, or to pay for his board and tuition, he is made use of as a drudge for the whole family. Starved and beaten, he becomes broken-spirited and nearly half-witted. When Nicholas Nickleby arrives at Dotheboys Hall as Squeers's assistant, his heart is filled with pity for the poor lad, and he treats him with great gentleness and kindness; and when

Squeers undertakes to flog the boy within an inch of his life for attempting to run away, Nicholas interferes, compels the ruffian to desist, and gives him as severe a beating as Smike himself was to have had. The two then leave the school and the village together, and, after various wanderings, fall in with Mr. Crummles, who is much struck with Smike's haggard countenance, and secures him for his theatrical company as "an actor for the starved business," bringing him out as the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet," under the stage-name of Digby. Smike is subsequently captured by Squeers, who meets him in London, and takes him to Snawley's house; but he is aided to escape by John Browdie, and succeeds in finding his way back to Nicholas, who refuses to give him up. Introduced to Mrs. Nickleby and Kate and Miss La Creevy, and surrounded by all the comforts and pleasures of a home, Smike gradually becomes accustomed to the new life upon which he has entered, and recovers much of his natural intelligence; but it is not long before he begins to droop, and, though he rallies once or twice, grows weaker and weaker till he dies. It is afterwards ascertained that he was the son of Ralph Nickleby. (Ch. vii., viii., xii., xiii., xv., xx., xxii., xxiii., xxv., xxix., xxx., xxxii., xxxv., xxxvii.–xl., xlv., xlix., lv., lviii.) *See* BROOKER, SQUEERS.

SNAWLEY, MR. A sanctimonious, hypocritical rascal, who places his two little step-sons in the care of Squeers, at Dotheboys Hall, with the tacit understanding that they are to have no vacations, and are to "rough it a little." Acting as the tool of Ralph Nickleby, he afterwards claims Smike as his son, for the purpose of separating him from Nicholas, and restoring him to the custody of Squeers; but his villany is discovered, and, to secure his own safety, he divulges the whole scheme, naming Ralph Nickleby as his employer, and implicating Squeers as a confederate. (Ch. iv., xxxviii., xlv., lix.)

SNAWLEY, MRS. His wife. (Ch. xxxviii., lix.)

SNEVELLICCI, MISS. A member of Mr. Crummles's dramatic company. (Ch. xxiii.–xxv., xxix., xxx., xlviii.)

SNEVELLICCI, MR. Her father; an actor belonging to the same company. (Ch. xxx.)

SNEVELLICCI, MRS. Her mother. (Ch. xxx.)

SNEWKES, MR. A friend of the Kenwigses. (Ch. xiv.)

SNOBB, THE HONOURABLE MR. A guest at the dinner party given by Ralph Nickleby. (Ch. xix.)

SQUEERS, WACKFORD. A brutal, rapacious, and ignorant Yorkshire schoolmaster. To this person Nicholas Nickleby engages himself as a scholastic assistant on the faith of the following advertisement in the London papers :—

"Education.—At Mr. Wackford Squeers's Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages, living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single-stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every other branch of classical literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr. Squeers is in town, and attends daily, from one till four, at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. N.B.—An able assistant wanted. Annual Salary, £5. A Master of Arts would be preferred." . . .

Mr. Squeers's appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two. . . . The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which times his expression bordered closely on the villanous. . . . He wore a white neckerchief with long ends, and a suit of scholastic black; but his coat-sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in a perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable. . . .

That learned gentleman . . . had before him a small measure of coffee, a plate of hot toast, and a cold round of beef; but he was at that moment intent on preparing breakfast for the little boys.

"This is twopenn'orth of milk, is it, waiter?" said Mr. Squeers, looking down into a large blue mug.

"That's twopenn'orth, sir," replied the waiter.

"What a rare article milk is, to be sure, in London!" said Mr. Squeers, with a sigh. "Just fill that mug up with lukewarm water, William; will you?"

"To the wery top, sir?" inquired the waiter. "Why, the milk will be drownded!"

"Never you mind that," replied Mr. Squeers. "Serve it right for being so dear. You ordered that thick bread and butter for three; did you?"

"Coming directly, sir."

"You needn't hurry yourself," said Squeers; "there's plenty of time. Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager after vittles." As he uttered this moral precept, Mr. Squeers took a large bite out of the cold beef, and recognised Nicholas.

"Sit down, Mr. Nickleby," said Squeers. "Here we are a-breakfasting, you see."

Nicholas did *not* see that anybody was breakfasting except Mr. Squeers. . . .

"Oh, that's the milk and water, is it, William? . . . Here's richness! Think of the many beggars and orphans in the streets, that would be glad of this, little boys. . . . When I say number one . . . . the boy on the left hand nearest the window may take a drink; and when I say number two, the boy next him will go in; and so till we come to number five. . . . Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," cried all the little boys, with great eagerness. . . .

"Keep ready till I tell you to begin. Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human natur. This is the way we inculcate strength of mind, Mr. Nickleby." . . .

Nicholas murmured something he knew not what in reply; and the little boys . . . remained with strained eyes in torments of expectation.

"Thank God for a good breakfast! . . . Number one may take a drink."

Number one seized the mug ravenously, and had just drunk enough to make him wish for more, when Mr. Squeers gave the signal for number two, who gave up at the same interesting moment to number three; and the process was repeated until the milk and water terminated with number five.

"And now," said the schoolmaster, dividing the bread and butter for three into as many portions as there were children; "you had better look sharp with your breakfast; for the horn will blow in a minute or two, and then every boy leaves off." . . .

The boys began to eat voraciously . . . while the schoolmaster (who was in high good humour after his meal) picked his teeth with a fork and looked on. In a very short time the horn was heard.

"I thought it wouldn't be long," said Squeers, jumping up, and producing a little basket. . . . "Put what you haven't had time to eat in here, boys! You'll want it on the road."

They certainly *did* want it on the road, and very much too; for the journey was long, the weather was intensely cold, a great deal of snow fell from time to time, and the wind was intolerably keen. Mr. Squeers got down at almost every stage to stretch his legs, he said—and as he always came back with a very red nose, and composed himself to sleep directly, the stretching seemed to answer. It was a long journey: but the longest lane has a turning at last; and late in the night the coach put them down at a lonely roadside inn, where they found in waiting two labouring men, a rusty pony-chaise, and a cart.

"Put the boys and the boxes into the cart," said Squeers, rubbing his hands; "and this young man and me will go in the chaise. Get in, Nickleby."

Nicholas obeyed. Mr. Squeers with some difficulty inducing the pony to obey also, they started off, leaving the cartload of infant misery to follow at leisure.

"Are you cold, Nickleby?" inquired Squeers, after they had travelled some distance in silence.

"Rather, sir, I must say."

"Well, I don't find fault with that," said Squeers; "it's a long journey this weather."

"Is it much farther to Dotheboys Hall, sir?" asked Nicholas.

"About three mile. . . . But you needn't call it a hall down here."

Nicholas coughed as if he would like to know why.

"The fact is it ain't a hall." . . .

"Oh, indeed!" . . .

"No. . . . We call it a hall up in London because it sounds better; but they don't know it by that name in these parts. A man may call

his house an island if he likes; there's no act of parliament against that, I believe."

"I believe not, sir," rejoined Nicholas.

Squeers eyed his companion slyly at the conclusion of this little dialogue, and, finding that he had grown thoughtful, . . . contented himself with lashing the pony until they reached their journey's end.

"Jump out!" . . . .

Nicholas sighed and hurried in. Mr. Squeers, having bolted the door to keep it shut, ushered him into a small parlour scantily furnished . . . They had not been in this apartment a couple of minutes when a female bounced into the room, and, seizing Mr. Squeers by the throat, gave him two loud kisses—one close after the other, like a postman's knock. The lady was of a large raw-boned figure, about half a head taller than Mr. Squeers, and was dressed in a dimity night-jacket, with her hair in papers. She had also a dirty nightcap on.

She was accustomed to boast that she was no grammarian, thank God! and also that she had tamed a high spirit or two in her day. Truly, in conjunction with her worthy husband, she had broken many and many a one.

"How is my Squeery?" . . .

"Quite well, my love. . . . How's the cows?"

"All right, every one of 'em." . . .

"And the pigs?" . . .

"As well as they was when you went away."

"Come! That's a blessing! . . . The boys are all as they were, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes! they're well enough. . . . That young Pitcher's had a fever." . . .

"No! . . . Damn that boy! He's always at something of that sort." . . .

Pending these little endearments, Nicholas had stood, awkwardly enough, in the middle of the room, not very well knowing whether he was expected to retire into the passage. . . . He was now relieved from his perplexity by Mr. Squeers.

"This is the new young man, my dear." . . .

A young servant-girl brought in a Yorkshire pie and some cold beef, which being set upon the table, the boy Smike appeared with a jug of ale.

Mr. Squeers was emptying his great-coat pockets of letters to different boys, and other small documents which he had brought down in them. The boy glanced with an anxious and timid expression at the papers, as if with a sickly hope that one among them might relate to him. The look was a very painful one, and went to Nicholas's heart at once; for it told a long and very sad history.

It induced him to consider the boy more attentively; and he was surprised to observe the extraordinary mixture of garments which formed his dress. Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit, such as is usually put upon very little boys. . . . In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keeping with this singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots, originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. Heaven knows how long he had been there; but he still wore . . .

a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse man's neckerchief. He was lame, and as he feigned to be busy in arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

"What are you bothering about there, Smike?" cried Mrs. Squeers. "Let the things alone, can't you?"

"Eh!" said Squeers, looking up. "Oh, it's you, is it?"

"Yes, sir. . . . Is there"——

"Well?" said Squeers.

"Have you—did anybody—has nothing been heard—about me?"

"Devil a bit . . . not a word; . . . and never will be. Now, this is pretty sort of thing, isn't it—that you should have been left here all these years, and no money paid after the first six, nor no notice taken, nor no clue to be got who you belong to? It's a pretty sort of thing that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it, isn't it?"

The boy put his hand to his head, as if he were making an effort to recollect something, and then, looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile, and limped away.

"I'll tell you what, Squeers," remarked his wife as the door closed, "I think that young chap's turning silly."

"I hope not. . . . for he's a handy fellow out of doors, and worth his meat and drink anyway. I should think he'd have wit enough for us, though, if he *was*. But come! Let's have supper; for I'm hungry and tired, and want to get to bed."

Mr. Squeers took a stiff bumper of hot brandy and water after supper; and Mrs. Squeers made the new young man the ghost of a small glassful of that compound.

At length, Mr. Squeers yawned fearfully, and opined that it was time to go to bed, upon which signal Mrs. Squeers and the girl dragged in a small straw mattress and a couple of blankets, and arranged them into a couch for Nicholas.

"We'll put you into your regular bedroom to-morrow, Nickleby. . . . Let me see. Who sleeps in Brooks's bed, my dear?"

"In Brooks's . . . there's Jennings, little Bolder, Graymarsh, and What's-his-name."

"So there is. . . . Yes: Brooks is full." . . .

"There's a place somewhere I know; . . . but I can't at this moment call to mind where it is. However, we'll have that all settled to-morrow. Good-night, Nickleby! Seven o'clock in the morning, mind."

"I shall be ready, sir. . . . Good-night!" . . .

"I don't know, I am sure," he said, "whose towel to put you on; but, if you'll make shift with something to-morrow morning, Mrs. Squeers will arrange that in the course of the day. My dear, don't forget." . . .

Mr. Squeers then nudged Mrs. Squeers to bring away the brandy bottle, lest Nicholas should help himself in the night; and, the lady having seized it with great precipitation, they retired together.

The next morning, Nicholas is awakened very early by Squeers, who tells him that it is time to get up; and also that the pump is frozen, so that he will have to give himself a "dry

polish," till the ice is broken in the well. Mrs. Squeers now appears on the scene, looking busily for a spoon which is missing.

"Drat the things!" said the lady, opening the cupboard. "I can't find the school spoon anywhere."

"Never mind it, my dear," observed Squeers in a soothing manner: "it's of no consequence."

"No consequence! Why, how you talk!" retorted Mrs. Squeers, sharply. "Isn't it brimstone morning?"

"I forgot, my dear," rejoined Squeers: "yes, it certainly is. We purify the boys' blood now and then, Nickleby."

"Purify fiddlesticks' ends!" said his lady. "Don't think, young man, that we go to the expense of flower of brimstone and molasses just to purify them; because, if you think we carry on business in that way, you'll find yourself mistaken, and so I tell you plainly."

"My dear," said Squeers, frowning. "Hem!"

"Oh, nonsense!" rejoined Mrs. Squeers. "If the young man comes to be a teacher here, let him understand at once that we don't want any foolery about the boys. They have the brimstone and treacle—partly because, if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine, they'd be always ailing, and giving a world of trouble; and partly because it spoils their appetites, and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner. So it does them good and us good at the same time; and that's fair enough, I'm sure."

Nicholas is shortly afterwards introduced into the schoolroom.

"There! . . . This is our shop, Nickleby!" . . .

A bare and dirty room with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copy-books and paper; . . . a couple of long old rickety desks, cut and notched and inked and damaged in every possible way; two or three forms; a detached desk for Squeers, and another for his assistant; . . . the walls were so stained and discoloured, that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched with paint or whitewash.

But the pupils! . . . Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long meagre legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies. . . . There were little faces, which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining; there were vicious-faced boys, brooding, with leaden eyes, like malefactors in a jail; and there were young creatures on whom the sins of their frail parents had descended, weeping even for the mercenary nurses they had known, and lonesome even in their loneliness. With every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts eating its evil way to their core in silence, what an incipient Hell was breeding here! . . .

It was Mr. Squeers's custom to call the boys together, and make a sort of report, after every half-yearly visit to the metropolis: . . . The boys were recalled from house-window, garden, stable, and cow-yard; and the school were assembled in full conclave. . . .

"Let any boy speak a word without leave," said Mr. Squeers, mildly, "and I'll take the skin off his back." . . .

Death-like silence immediately prevailed. . . .

"Boys, I've been to London, and have returned to my family and you as strong and as well as ever."

. . . The boys gave three feeble cheers at this refreshing intelligence. Such cheers! . . .

"I have seen the parents of some boys," continued Squeers, turning over his papers; "and they're so glad to hear how their sons are getting on, that there's no prospect at all of their going away, which, of course, is a very pleasant thing to reflect upon for all parties."

Two or three hands went to two or three eyes; . . . but the greater part of the young gentlemen—having no particular parents to speak of—were wholly uninterested in the thing, one way or other.

"I have had disappointments to contend against," said Squeers. "Bolder's father was two pound ten short. Where is Bolder? . . . Come here, Bolder!" said Squeers.

An unhealthy-looking boy, with warts all over his hands, stepped from his place to the master's desk, and raised his eyes imploringly to Squeers's face; his own quite white from the rapid beating of his heart.

"Bolder," said Squeers, speaking very slowly—for he was considering, as the saying goes, where to have him—"Bolder, if your father thinks that, because—— Why! what's this, sir?" . . .

He caught up the boy's hand by the cuff of his jacket. . . .

"What do you call this, sir?" . . .

"I can't help it, indeed, sir. . . . They will come. It's the dirty work, I think, sir—at least, I don't know what it is, sir; but it's not my fault."

"Bolder . . . you're an incorrigible young scoundrel; and, as the last thrashing did you no good, we must see what another will do towards beating it out of you." . . .

Mr. Squeers fell upon the boy, and caned him soundly. . . .

"There . . . rub away as hard as you like: you won't rub that off in a hurry. . . . Now let us see. A letter for Cobbey. Stand up, Cobbey!"

Another boy stood up, and eyed the letter very hard, while Squeers made a mental abstract of the same.

"Oh! . . . Cobbey's grandmother is dead, and his Uncle John has took to drinking, which is all the news his sister sends, except eighteenpence, which will just pay for that broken square of glass. Mrs. Squeers, my dear, will you take the money?" . . .

"Graymarsh," said Squeers, "he's the next. Stand up, Graymarsh!"

Another boy stood up. . . .

"Graymarsh's maternal aunt . . . is very glad to hear he's so well and happy, and sends her respectful compliments to Mrs. Squeers, and thinks she must be an angel. She likewise thinks Mr. Squeers is too good for this world, but hopes he may long be spared to carry on the business. Would have sent the two pair of stockings, as desired, but is short of money, so forwards a tract instead. . . . Hopes, above all, that he will study in everything to please Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, and look upon them as his only friends; and that he will love Master Squeers; and not object to sleeping five in a bed, which no Christian should. Ah! . . . a delightful letter; very affecting, indeed."

It was affecting in one sense; for Graymarsh's maternal aunt was

strongly supposed by her more intimate friends to be no other than his maternal parent. . . .

"Mobbs's mother-in-law," said Squeers, "took to her bed on hearing that he wouldn't eat fat, and has been very ill ever since. She wishes to know by an early post where he expects to go to if he quarrels with his vittles; and with what feelings he could turn up his nose at the cow's-liver broth, after his good master had asked a blessing on it. This was told her in the London newspapers—not by Mr. Squeers; for he is too kind and too good to set anybody against anybody. . . . She is sorry to find he is discontented (which is sinful and horrid), and hopes Mr. Squeers will flog him into a happier state of mind; with this view she has also stopped his halfpenny a week pocket-money, and given a double-bladed knife, with a corkscrew in it, to the missionaries, which she had bought on purpose for him. A sulky state of feeling . . . won't do. Cheerfulness and contentment must be kept up. Mobbs, come to me."

Mobbs moved slowly towards the desk, rubbing his eyes in anticipation of good cause for doing so; and soon afterwards retired by the side-door with as good cause as a boy need have.

Mr. Squeers then proceeded to open a miscellaneous collection of letters, some enclosing money, which Mrs. Squeers "took care of;" and others referring to small articles of apparel, as caps, and so forth, all of which the same lady stated to be too large or too small, and calculated for nobody but young Squeers, who would appear, indeed, to have had most accommodating limbs, since everything that came into the school fitted him to a nicety.

This business despatched, . . . Squeers retired to his fireside, leaving Nicholas to take care of the boys in the schoolroom, which was very cold, and where a meal of bread and cheese was served up shortly after dark.

There was a small stove at that corner of the room which was nearest to the master's desk, and by it Nicholas sat down, depressed and self-degraded. . . . As he was absorbed in these meditations, he all at once encountered the upturned face of Smike, who was on his knees before the stove, picking a few cinders from the hearth and planting them on the fire. . . . When he saw that he was observed, he shrank back as if expecting a blow.

"You need not fear me," said Nicholas, kindly. "Are you cold?"

"N-n-o."

"You are shivering."

"I am not cold. . . . I am used to it." . . .

"Poor fellow."

If he had struck the drudge he would have slunk away without a word. But now he burst into tears.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! . . . My heart will break! It will, it will!"

"Hush! . . . be a man! You are nearly one by years—God help you!"

"By years! . . . Oh, dear, dear! how many of them! How many of them since I was a little child, younger than any that are here now! where are they all?"

"Whom do you speak of?" . . .

"My friends," he replied, "myself, my—— Oh! what sufferings mine have been!"

"There is always hope," said Nicholas. . . .

"No, . . . no; none for me. Do you remember the boy that died here?"

"I was not here you know: . . . but what of him?" . . .

"I was with him at night: and when it was all silent, he cried no more for the friends he wished to come and sit with him, but began to see faces round his bed, that came from home; he said they smiled and talked to him; and he died at last lifting his head to kiss them. . . . What faces will smile on me when I die? . . . Who will talk to me in those long nights? They cannot come from home: they would frighten me if they did; for I don't know what it is. . . . Pain and fear, pain and fear for me, alive or dead. No hope, no hope!"

The bell rang to bed, and the boy . . . crept away. . . . With a heavy heart Nicholas soon afterwards retired—no, not retired; there was no retirement there—followed—to his dirty and crowded dormitory.

A day or two after this, the poor creature Smike, in the hope of somehow bettering his condition, runs away. As Squeers cannot afford to lose so valuable a drudge, he is pursued, overtaken, and brought back, with his legs tied under the apron, and made fast to the chaise, to prevent his escaping on the road.

With hands trembling with delight, Squeers unloosened the cord; and Smike . . . more dead than alive, was brought into the house and securely locked up in a cellar until such time as Mr. Squeers should deem it expedient to operate upon him. . . .

The news that Smike had been caught and brought back in triumph ran like wildfire through the hungry community; and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it was destined to remain, however, until afternoon; when Squeers, having refreshed himself with his dinner and an extra libation or so, made his appearance (accompanied by his amiable partner) with . . . a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new. . . .

"Is every boy here?" . . .

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak; so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself. . . .

"Nickleby! to your desk, sir." . . .

There was a very curious and unusual expression on the usher's face; but he took his seat without opening his lips in reply. Squeers . . . left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, dragging Smike by the collar, or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar would have been had he boasted such a decoration. . . .

"Have you anything to say? . . . Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough."

"Spare me, sir!" . . . cried Smike.

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said Squeers. "Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life and spare you that." . . .

One desperate cut had fallen on his body, . . . when Nicholas Nickleby, suddenly starting up, cried "Stop!" . . .

"Who cried stop?" . . .

"I," said Nicholas, stepping forward. "This must not go on."

"Must not go on!" . . .

"No! . . . Must not! Shall not! I will prevent it!" . . . You have disregarded all my quiet interference in this miserable lad's behalf; . . you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged for-

giveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself, not I."

"Sit down, beggar!" . . .

"Wretch," rejoined Nicholas, fiercely, "touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. . . . By Heaven! I will not spare you if you drive me on. . . . I have a long series of insults to avenge; . . . and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for, if you do raise the devil in me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head." . . .

Squeers . . . spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face . . . Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy. . . .

He threw all his remaining strength into half-a-dozen finishing cuts and flung Squeers from him with all the force he could muster. The violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form; and Squeers, striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and ascertained, to his thorough satisfaction, that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had had some unpleasant doubts at first), Nicholas . . . packed up a few clothes in a small leathern valise, and, finding that nobody offered to oppose his progress, marched boldly out by the front door, and shortly afterwards struck into the road.

Mr. Squeers meets his just deserts at last, being sentenced to transportation for seven years for being in the unlawful possession of a stolen will; the result of which is that Dotheboys Hall is broken up for ever. (Ch. iv.–ix., xiii., xxxiv., xxxviii., xxxix., xlii., xlv., lvi., lvii., lix., lx., lxv.)

SQUEERS, MRS. Wife of Mr. Wackford Squeers. (Ch. vii., viii., ix., xiii., lxiv.) *See* SQUEERS, WACKFORD.

SQUEERS, MISS FANNY. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wackford Squeers; a young lady in her three-and-twentieth year, resembling her mother in the harshness of her voice and the shrewishness of her disposition, and her father in the remarkable expression of her right eye, something akin to having none at all. (Ch. ix., xii., xiii., xv., xxxix., xli., lxiv.)

SQUEERS, MASTER WACKFORD, JUNIOR. Son of Mr. and Mrs. Wackford Squeers. (Ch. viii., ix., xiii., xxix., xxxiv., xxxviii., xlii., lxiv.) *See* SQUEERS, WACKFORD.

SWILLENHAUSEN, BARON VON. Neighbour and father in-law to the Baron of Grogzwig. (Ch. vi.)

SWILLENHAUSEN, BARONESS VON. His wife. (Ch. vi.)

TIMBERRY, MR. SNITTLE. An actor belonging to Mr. Crummles's theatre. (Ch. xxi.)

TIX, MR. TOM. A broker who makes an inventory of the stock in Madame Mantalini's millinery establishment on the occasion of her sudden failure. (Ch. xlviii.)

TOM. Clerk at the General Agency Office. (Ch. xvi., xliii.)

TOMKINS. One of Squeers's pupils. (Ch. xiii.)

TRIMMERS, MR. A friend of the Cheeryble Brothers. (Ch. xxxv.)

VERISOPHT, LORD FREDERICK. A silly young nobleman, the tool of Sir Mulberry Hawk. He becomes enamoured of Kate Nickleby, and has an angry altercation concerning her with Sir Mulberry. The quarrel leads to a duel, in which Lord Frederick is killed. (Ch. xix., xxvi.–xxviii., xxxviii., l.) *See* HAWK, SIR MULBERRY.

WESTWOOD, MR. One of the seconds in the duel between Sir Mulberry Hawk and Lord Verisopht. (Ch. l.)

WILLIAM. A waiter at the Saracen's Head Inn. (Ch. v.)

WITITTERLY, MRS. JULIA. A lady of the middle class, who apes the airs and style of the aristocracy, and with whom Kate Nickleby lives for a while as companion. (Ch. xxi., xxvii., xxviii.)

WITITTERLY, MR. HENRY. Husband to Mrs. Wititterly. Being informed that Kate has applied for a situation as companion to his wife, he discusses the matter for some time with Mrs. Wititterly in whispers. At length he notices Kate.

"Oh!" he said, turning round, "yes. This is a most important matter. Mrs. Wititterly is of a very excitable nature; very delicate, very fragile; a hothouse plant, an exotic."

"Oh, Henry, my dear," interposed Mrs. Wititterly.

"You are, my love, you know you are; one breath," said Mr. W., blowing an imaginary feather away. "Pho! you're gone!"

The lady sighed.

"Your soul is too large for your body," said Mr. Wititterly. "Your intellect wears you out; all the medical men say so; you know that there is not a physician who is not proud of being called in to you. What is their unanimous declaration? 'My dear doctor,' said I to Sir Tumley Snuffim, in this very room, the very last time he came. 'My dear doctor, what is my wife's complaint? Tell me all. I can bear it. Is it nerves?' 'My dear fellow,' he said, 'be proud of that woman; make much of her; she is an ornament to the fashionable world, and to you. Her complaint is soul. It swells, expands,

dilates—the blood fires, the pulse quickens, the excitement increases—Whew!'" Here Mr. Wititterly, who, in the ardour of his description, had flourished his right hand to within something less than an inch of Mrs. Nickleby's bonnet, drew it hastily back again, and blew his nose as fiercely as if it had been done by some violent machinery.

"You make me out worse than I am, Henry," said Mrs. Wititterly, with a faint smile.

"I do not, Julia, I do not," said Mr. W. "The society in which you move—necessarily move, from your station, connection, and endowments—is one vortex and whirlpool of the most frightful excitement. Bless my heart and body, can I ever forget the night you danced with the baronet's nephew at the election ball, at Exeter! It was tremendous."

"I always suffer for these triumphs afterwards," said Mrs. Wititterly.

"And for that very reason," rejoined her husband, "you must have a companion, in whom there is great gentleness, great sweetness, excessive sympathy, and perfect repose."

Here, both Mr. and Mrs. Wititterly, who had talked rather at the Nicklebys than to each other, left off speaking, and looked at their two hearers, with an expression of countenance which seemed to say, "What do you think of all this!"

"Mrs. Wititterly," said her husband, addressing himself to Mrs. Nickleby, "is sought after and courted by glittering crowds and brilliant circles. She is excited by the opera, the drama, the fine arts, the—the—the——"

"The nobility, my love," interposed Mrs. Wititterly.

"The nobility, of course," said Mr. Wititterly. "And the military. She forms and expresses an immense variety of opinions on an immense variety of subjects. If some people in public life were acquainted with Mrs. Wititterly's real opinion of them, they would not hold up their heads, perhaps, quite as high as they do."

(Ch. xxi., xxvii., xxviii., xxxiii.)

YORK, THE FIVE SISTERS OF. The title of a story told by a gray-haired gentleman at a roadside inn between Grantham and Newark, for the amusement of his fellow-passengers, who have been detained there by the breaking down of a stage-coach. The five sisters are represented as living in York in the early part of the sixteenth century, in an old house belonging to the black monks of St. Benedict. While engaged in embroidering a complicated and intricate pattern, they are visited by one of the monks, who urges them to take the veil; but, under the influence of the youngest sister (named Alice), they refuse to do so, believing that peace and virtue can be found beyond as well as within a convent's walls. Years pass by, bringing change and separation and sorrow; but at last the four elder sisters meet again in the old home: and again the same black monk urges them by all the sad memories of the past to seek consolation and peace within the sheltering arms of the Church.

Remembering how the young heart of their lost sister had sickened at the thought of cloistered walls, they again refuse. As a work of piety, however, as well as a memorial of affection, they cause to be executed in five compartments of stained glass, fitted into a large window in York Cathedral (which is still shown there under the name of the Five Sisters), a faithful copy of their old embroidery-work, through which the sun may shine brightly on a flat stone in the nave, which bears the name of Alice. (Ch. vi.)

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

Chapter I. Sketch of the history of the Nickleby family previous to the time of our story, and death of Mr. Nickleby, father of its hero.—II. Description of Mr. Ralph Nickleby, and of his business; formation of the Crumpet Company.—III. Ralph Nickleby receives the news of his brother's death, and the arrival of the widow and her children in London; he finds them in lodgings at Miss La Creevy's, and proceeds to provide for them by promising to secure Nicholas a situation as assistant in the academy of Mr. Wackford Squeers in Yorkshire.—IV. Interview between Mr. Squeers and Mr. Snawley; Ralph and his nephew call upon Mr. Squeers, and Nicholas secures the situation; Nicholas informs Newman Noggs of his uncle's intentions in regard to him.—V. Nicholas bids adieu to Miss La Creevy, and leaves the house without disturbing his mother and sister; how Mr. Squeers and his boys breakfasted; Ralph, Mrs. Nickleby, and Kate come to see Nicholas off, also Newman Noggs, who secretly gives him a letter.—VI. On the journey to Yorkshire the coach is overturned; while waiting for another, one gentleman entertains his fellow-passengers with the story of the Five Sisters of York; and another one relates the story of the Baron of Grogzwig; they leave the stage at Greta Bridge, and Mr. Squeers "stretches his legs," as he has frequently done on the journey.—VII. They reach Dotheboys Hall, with which Nicholas is not favourably impressed; he is introduced to Mrs. Squeers; notices the sad appearance of Smike, and gets an idea of the internal economy of Squeers's establishment; he reads Newman Noggs's letter.—VIII. Mrs. Squeers improves the boys' appetites by dosing them with brimstone and treacle; Mr. Squeers shows his practical mode of teaching, makes a report to the school of his journey to London, and adds a liberal discipline with the cane; Nicholas shows his sympathy for Smike.—IX. Mrs. Squeers expresses her opinion of Nicholas; Miss Fanny Squeers makes an errand into the schoolroom, in her father's absence, for the purpose of inspecting Nicholas; his appearance being satisfactory, she at once falls in love with him, and hastens to inform her bosom friend, Miss Price, of her attachment and its return; Miss Squeers makes a little party for the purpose of introducing Nicholas to her friends; he excites the jealousy of Mr. John Browdie, and Miss Price does the same service for Fanny Squeers.—X. Miss La Creevy paints Kate Nickleby's portrait; discussing the character of Ralph Nickleby, they are interrupted by the appearance of

that gentleman; Ralph informs Kate and her mother of the situation he has obtained for her in the establishment of Madame Mantalini; Kate has an interview with Mr. and Madame Mantalini.—XI. Newman Noggs moves Mrs. Nickleby and Kate into the house of which Ralph Nickleby has given them possession.—XII. Miss Price informs Miss Squeers that her wedding day is fixed; Nicholas in his solitary walk is met by Miss Squeers and her friend, and a scene follows in which he declares his sentiments for the schoolmaster's daughter; Nicholas has a conversation with Smike.—XIII. Smike runs away, is pursued in one direction by Squeers, and in another by his wife, and is overtaken and brought back by Mrs. Squeers; Mr. Squeers is about to flog Smike, when he is stopped by Nicholas, who beats the brute severely, and leaves the house; meeting John Browdie, that worthy individual is greatly delighted to hear of Nicholas's exploit, and assists him on his way; Nicholas is joined by Smike.—XIV. Newman Noggs attends the party of the Kenwigses on their wedding-day, and is called away by the arrival of Nicholas and Smike.—XV. Newman reads to Nicholas a copy of Fanny Squeers's letter to Ralph Nickleby; Nicholas rescues the infant Kenwigs from a dangerous position, and makes a favourable impression on the company.—XVI. Nicholas, visiting a Register-office in search of employment, is struck with the appearance of a young lady whom he meets there; being referred to Mr. Gregsbury, M.P., he visits that gentleman just as he is waited upon by a deputation of his constituents; he finds the situation not adapted to his wants, and he accepts, as Mr. Johnson, the position of private tutor to the Kenwigs children; enters upon the duties of that position under the inspection of Mr. Lillyvick.—XVII. Kate Nickleby commences her labours at Madame Mantalini's, and is introduced to Miss Knag.—XVIII. Miss Knag conceives a warm affection for Kate, and makes the acquaintance of Mrs. Nickleby; Kate and her mother go home with Miss Knag to her brother's, and learn something of the history of that gentleman; Kate, being preferred by some ladies to Miss Knag, loses the forewoman's good opinion.—XIX. Ralph Nickleby invites Kate to dine with him; she is astonished to find his house richly furnished; Ralph introduces her to his guests, Lord Frederick Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk; Kate bears their insulting manner as long as she can, and then hurries from the room; Sir Mulberry finds her alone, and, pursuing his attentions, is interrupted by Ralph Nickleby; Ralph and Sir Mulberry understand each other.—XX. Miss La Creevy has an interview with Miss Knag; Miss La Creevy is astonished at the return of Nicholas, and undertakes to prepare his mother and Kate for his coming; Ralph visits the widow to inform her of her son's misdemeanours, and is confronted by Nicholas himself, who repels his charges, but who, for the sake of his mother and Kate, leaves them to the care of his uncle, and departs.—XXI. Madame Mantalini's establishment falls into the hands of the sheriff; Mr. Mantalini threatens suicide; and Kate finds herself without a situation; Mrs. Nickleby urges Kate to answer an advertisement for a companion, and she applies for and secures a situation in that capacity in the family of Mrs. Wititterly.—XXII. Nicholas and Smike leave London for Portsmouth, in search of fortune; Nicholas atttempts to revive Smike's recollections of his childhood; they fall in with Mr. Vincent Crummles, witness the rehearsal of a stage-combat by the Masters Crummles, and Nicholas embraces the offer of Mr. Crummles, and joins the theatrical profession.—XXIII. They proceed to Portsmouth, Mr. Crummles giving an account of his wonderful pony by the way, and Nicholas is introduced to the company; Mr.

Crummles announces a new play, of which Nicholas is to be the author, and shows him how to make use of the French original; Nicholas dines with Mr. and Mrs. Crummles, and then finds lodgings for himself and Smike.—XXIV. Mr. Folair and Mr. Lenville give Nicholas some hints of value in his task of composition; Nicholas accompanies Miss Snevellicci in her calls on the occasion of her "bespeak;" Nicholas appears in his new piece, and meets with decided success.—XXV. Mr. Crummles's company is joined by Miss Henrietta Petowker from London, and Mr. Lillyvick follows her; Mr. Lillyvick makes known to Nicholas his intentions in regard to Miss Petowker; Mr. Lillyvick and Miss Petowker are married, and have their wedding-breakfast; Nicholas instructs Smike in the part of the Apothecary.—XXVI. Lord Frederick Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk determine to find out Kate Nickleby, and Lord Frederick learns her address from Ralph; they encounter Mrs. Nickleby, and show her particular attention, which sets that good lady castle-building.—XXVII. Messrs. Pyke and Pluck call upon Mrs. Nickleby as the friends of Sir Mulberry Hawk, and invite her to make one of their party at the play; at the play she finds herself in the next box to Kate, who is in company with the Wititterlys; Sir Mulberry makes a division of the party, so as to secure Kate's society to himself, and becomes more insulting in his attentions.—XXVIII. Sir Mulberry and Lord Frederick, backed by Pyke and Pluck, follow up their advantage, and call at the Wititterlys'; Kate, harassed beyond endurance, seeks her uncle, and claims his protection, but he declines to interfere.—XXIX. Mr. Lenville, jealous of Nicholas's increasing popularity, threatens him with punishment; attempting to execute his threat in the presence of the company, he finds himself disappointed; Nicholas receives warning from Newman Noggs that his presence in London may be necessary for Kate's protection.—XXX. Mr. Crummles arranges three "last appearances" for Mr. Johnson; Nicholas, at Miss Snevellicci's earnest invitation, accompanies that young lady home, when he becomes the hero of the dinner-feast, and Miss Snevellicci gives way to her feelings; the appearance of a London manager in the audience creates an unusual excitement behind the curtain; Nicholas receives another letter from Newman, and hurries his departure for London.—XXXI. Ralph Nickleby detects Newman watching him; Newman consults with Miss La Creevy in regard to Kate and the return of Nicholas.—XXXII. Nicholas returns to London, and, not finding Newman or Miss La Creevy, strolls into an hotel, where he overhears Sir Mulberry and his party insolently jesting about Kate, and demands satisfaction; receiving only insult in reply, he assaults Sir Mulberry as he is entering his carriage to leave, the horse takes fright, and Sir Mulberry receives serious injury.—XXXIII. Newman relates to Nicholas the position of affairs in regard to Kate, and Nicholas loses no time in removing her from Mrs. Wititterly's; he also removes his mother and Kate back to the lodgings at Miss La Creevy's, and returns the key of Ralph Nickleby's house to the owner.—XXXIV. Mrs. and Mr. Mantalini transact a little business with Ralph Nickleby; Mr. Mantalini informs Ralph of the altercation between Nicholas and Sir Mulberry Hawk; Mr. Squeers surprises Ralph by calling upon him; they plan to retaliate upon Nicholas through his affection for Smike.—XXXV. Smike is introduced to Mrs. Nickleby and Kate; Nicholas tries the register office again for employment, and meets Mr. Charles Cheeryble, who takes him to his warehouse, where he meets Mr. Ned Cheeryble and Tim Linkinwater; he enters the employ of Cheeryble Brothers, and removes his mother and Kate to a

cottage which his employers let him at Bow.—XXXVI. The Kenwigses, rejoicing over an addition to their family, have their joy turned to grief by the news Nicholas brings of the marriage of Mr. Lillyvick.—XXXVII. Nicholas's labours meet the entire approval of Tim Linkinwater; Cheeryble Brothers give Tim Linkinwater a dinner on his birthday; Mrs. Nickleby informs Nicholas of the strange proceedings of their next-door neighbour.—XXXVIII. Miss La Creevy notices a sorrowful change in Smike; Ralph Nickleby waits upon Sir Mulberry Hawk, and they discuss his injury from the attack of Nicholas; Lord Frederick refuses to be a party to any assault upon Nicholas; Smike is arrested in the street by Mr. Squeers, and carried to Snawley's house.—XXXIX. John Browdie and his wife, with Miss Squeers, arrive in London, and stop at The Saracen's Head; Mr. Squeers reports to them the capture of Smike; accepting the schoolmaster's invitation to tea at Mr. Snawley's, John Browdie feigns illness, and assists Smike to escape.—XL. Smike finds his way to Newman Noggs, and is restored to Nicholas; Nicholas encounters a young lady in the room of Mr. Charles Cheeryble, whom he recognises as the one he met at the Registry office, and falls in love with her at once; Nicholas employs Newman to follow her servant, and find out who she is; Newman faithfully performs his trust, and appoints a meeting, on keeping which Nicholas finds that his mediator has made a mistake in the lady.—XLI. Mrs. Nickleby and Kate, conversing in the garden, are interrupted by the gentleman next door, who proceeds to declare his passion for Mrs. Nickleby, when he is arrested by his keeper.—XLII. Nicholas takes supper with Mr. and Mrs. John Browdie at The Saracen's Head, and hears from John the particulars of Smike's escape from Squeers; sudden appearance of Miss Squeers, with her father and brother; her indignation, and her departure with her relatives.—XLIII. Nicholas first meets Mr. Frank Cheeryble; Mr Charles Cheeryble and his nephew take tea with the Nicklebys.—XLIV. Ralph Nickleby learns that Sir Mulberry Hawk has left the country; Ralph is accosted by a beggar who claims an old acquaintance with him; he refuses to assist him, and threatens him with arrest; Ralph witnesses a falling-out between Mr. and Madame Mantalini; returning home, Ralph finds Squeers and Snawley, and goes away with them; Newman Noggs, following, encounters a stranger, in whom he becomes greatly interested.—XLV. Mr. and Mrs. John Browdie spend a merry evening at the Nicklebys'; their pleasure is interrupted by the entrance of Ralph Nickleby and Squeers, who claim Smike in the name of his father, whom they produce in the person of Snawley; Nicholas refuses to give up Smike; and Squeers gets some rough treatment from John Browdie.—XLVI. Nicholas, relating the circumstances to Mr. Charles Cheeryble, finds that Ralph has been before him; Mr. Charles relates to Nicholas the history of the young lady whom he has met, and employs him as his confidential messenger in communicating with her, and Nicholas makes his first call upon Miss Bray.—XLVII. Newman Noggs, concealing himself in a closet in his room, becomes witness to an interview between Ralph Nickleby and Arthur Gride, in which the latter details his plans for securing Madeline Bray as his bride, and compounds with Ralph for his assistance; they visit Bray, and urge Gride's suit for his daughter's hand.—XLVIII. Nicholas encounters Mr. Vincent Crummles, and attends a farewell supper given to that gentleman and his family previous to their departure for America; Nicholas discusses the morality of a certain class of playwrights, and takes his final leave of the Crummleses.—XLIX. Mrs. Nickleby appropriates to

herself the attentions of Mr. Frank Cheeryble; Frank and Tim Linkinwater drop in at the Nicklebys'; they are astonished at the entrance, down the chimney, of the Gentleman in Small-Clothes; an abrupt change in his manner towards Mrs. Nickleby convinces her of his insanity, of which she thinks herself the cause; Nicholas becomes alarmed at Smike's melancholy.—L. Sir Mulberry Hawk threatens revenge on Nicholas, and Lord Frederick remonstrates; a quarrel between them in a gambling-booth at Hampton Races leads to a duel, in which Lord Frederick is killed.—LI. Arthur Gride selects his wedding-garments; Newman Noggs bears a letter from his master to Gride, and takes an opportunity to acquaint himself with its contents; Ralph questions Newman about Brooker, but without satisfactory result; Newman informs Nicholas of the plot between Ralph and Gride, by which the latter is to marry Madeline Bray; in the absence of the Cheeryble Brothers, Nicholas determines to take upon himself the responsibility of remonstrating with Miss Bray.—LII. Mr. Lillyvick returns to the Kenwigses, and relates the story of his wife's elopement.—LIII. Pursuing his purpose, Nicholas counsels Miss Bray to prevent the approaching marriage; finding she will sacrifice herself for her father's sake, he goes to Gride, and tries threats upon him, but without effect.—LIV. Arthur Gride and Ralph Nickleby go to Mr. Bray's for the marriage; while waiting for the appearance of Bray and Madeline, they are surprised by the entrance of Nicholas and Kate; sudden death of Mr. Bray; Nicholas accuses Ralph and Gride of their evil designs, threatens them with discovery and punishment, and carries Madeline from the house.—LV. Mrs. Nickleby surprises Nicholas by informing him of her discovery that Frank Cheeryble has fallen in love with Kate; Smike becomes very ill, and Nicholas takes him to Devonshire.—LVI. Ralph Nickleby and Gride return to the latter's house, and find it closed; forcing an entrance they find that Peg Sliderskew has robbed Gride of his papers, and absconded; Ralph Nickleby sends for Squeers, informs him of the theft of the papers, and engages him to recover them.—LVII. Squeers, having found Mrs. Sliderskew and secured her confidence, proceeds to examine the stolen papers; Frank Cheeryble and Newman Noggs steal in upon them, and prevent the destruction of a will in which Madeline is interested.—LVIII. Smike has his fears excited by the apparition of the man who first carried him to Dotheboys Hall; Smike confesses to Nicholas his love for Kate and dies.—LIX. Ralph is surprised by the absence of Newman Noggs, and also by the appearance of Mr. Charles Cheeryble, to whom he refuses to listen; Ralph goes in search of Squeers, but does not find him, and then to Gride's, who refuses him entrance; he then goes to Cheeryble Brothers', where Newman Noggs confronts him, and tells him how he has watched his actions and overheard his plots; they also relate to Ralph the discoveries they have made in regard to the imposture of Snawley, the occupation of Squeers, his arrest, and the implication of Ralph in these villanies; he spurns their counsel and defies them to do their worst.—LX. Ralph visits Squeers at the police-office, learns that the will in favour of Madeline Bray has been lost to him, and that Squeers no longer will aid his schemes; Tim Linkinwater carries the announcement of a fresh discovery to Ralph, and conveys him again to Cheeryble Brothers' counting-room, where they tell him of Smike's death and confront him with Brooker, who proves to him that Smike was his (Ralph's) own son.—LXI. Nicholas confesses to Kate his love for Madeline, and she informs him that she has declined the hand of Frank Cheeryble; Nicholas also makes known

the state of his feelings to Mr. Charles Cheeryble; Mr. Cheeryble informs Nicholas of the occurrences of the preceding day, and that his uncle has fixed an appointment for a meeting with him.—LXII. Ralph Nickleby, on leaving the Cheeryble Brothers, goes home, filled with remorse; on keeping his appointment, they find him dead, hanged by his own act. —LXIII. The Cheeryble Brothers invite the Nicklebys and Miss La Creevy to a dinner, where they are surprised to find Frank Cheeryble and Madeline Bray; Brother Charles explains the position of Madeline's affairs, and approves of her choice of Nicholas, and also the union of Frank with Kate; Tim Linkinwater and Miss La Creevy agree to unite their fortunes; Newman Noggs appears in a new character.—LXIV. Nicholas and Kate discover Mr. Mantalini in reduced circumstances; Nicholas visits John Browdie in Yorkshire; breaking up of Dotheboys Hall.—LXV. Conclusion, in which the subsequent history of the characters is briefly told.

SKETCHES OF YOUNG COUPLES.

[PUBLISHED IN 1840.]

The Young Couple.

ADAMS, JANE. A housemaid.

ANNE. A housemaid at "No. 6;" friend to Jane Adams.

FIELDING, MISS EMMA. A young lady about to be married to a Mr. Harvey, who is "an angel of a gentleman."

HARVEY, MR. A young gentleman engaged to Miss Fielding.

JOHN, MR. A servant in the house of Miss Fielding's father.

The Loving Couple.

LEAVER, AUGUSTUS. } Two married persons, so tender, so
LEAVER, AUGUSTA. } affectionate, so given to the interchange of soft endearments, as to be well-nigh intolerable to everybody else.

STARLING, MRS. A widow-lady enraptured with the affectionate behaviour of Mr. and Mrs. Leaver, whom she considers a perfect model of wedded felicity.

The Contradictory Couple.

CHARLOTTE. } A married pair who seem to find a positive
EDWARD. } pleasure in contradiction, and agree in nothing else.

CHARLOTTE, MISS. Their daughter.

JAMES, MASTER. Their son

The Couple who Dote upon their Children.

SAUNDERS, MR. A bachelor-friend of the Whifflers.

WHIFFLER, MR. AND MRS. A married pair, whose thoughts at all times and in all places are bound up in their children, and have no sphere beyond. They relate clever things their offspring say or do, and weary every company with their prolixity and absurdity.

The Cool Couple.

CHARLES. } A husband and wife, well-bred, easy, and care-
LOUISA. } less, who rarely quarrel, but are unsympathising, and indifferent to each other's comfort and happiness.

The Plausible Couple.

WIDGER, MR. BOBTAIL. } People of the world, who
WIDGER, MRS. LAVINIA. } adapt themselves to all its ways, all its twistings and turnings; who know when to close their eyes, and when their ears; when to crawl upon their hands and knees; when to stoop; and when to stand upright.

The Nice Little Couple.

CHIRRUP, MR. A warm-hearted little fellow, with the smartness, and something of the brisk, quick manner, of a small bird.

CHIRRUP, MRS. His wife; a sprightly little woman, with an amazing quantity of goodness and usefulness—a condensation, indeed, of all the domestic virtues.

The Egotistical Couple.

SLIVERSTONE, MR. A clerical gentleman, who magnifies his wife on every possible occasion by launching out into glowing praises of her conduct in the production of eight young children, and the subsequent rearing and fostering of the same.

SLIVERSTONE, MRS. His wife; always engaged in praising her husband's worth and excellence.

The Couple who Coddle Themselves.

CHOPPER, MRS. Mother to Mrs. Merrywinkle.

MERRYWINKLE, MR. AND MRS. A married pair, who have fallen into excessive habits of self-indulgence, and forget their natural sympathy and close connection with everybody and everything in the world around them; thus depriving themselves of the best and truest enjoyment.

The Old Couple.

ADAMS, JANE. An aged servant, who has been nurse and story-teller to two generations.

CROFTS. A barber.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

UNDER this title, on the 4th of April, 1840, Mr. Dickens started a miscellany, which was to be issued in weekly numbers, at threepence each, and which was to consist of short, detached papers, with occasional continuous stories. These were introduced and connected together by means of a fiction, describing an old gentleman named Master Humphrey, and a kind of club, which meets once a week at his house, in a quaint old room in which there is a tall old-fashioned clock, from the case of which the members of the club draw forth piles of dusty papers which they themselves have written, and placed there to be read at their meetings. The work extended to eighty-eight numbers, covering a period of nearly two years. It was brought out in the form of an imperial octavo, was excellently printed on good paper, and was illustrated with wood engravings (instead of etchings on steel) by George Cattermole, "Phiz" (H. K. Browne), George Cruikshank, and Daniel Maclise—the two latter artists, however, furnishing but one sketch each.

The public did not take kindly to the machinery of Master Humphrey and his friends; and to revive their flagging interest, Mr. Pickwick and the two Wellers were again brought upon the scene, as was also a third Weller—a young Tony—who is Sam's son, and a counterpart in miniature of his grandfather. This device was successful; and the work won its way steadily to general favour. But Mr. Dickens considered that the connecting fiction of Master Humphrey interfered too much with the continuity of the principal stories, and gave the whole work a too desultory character. He therefore eventually cancelled the introductory, intermediary, and concluding chapters in which this fiction was contained, though on the completion of the eighty-eight numbers of which the work consisted, it was issued in three volumes—of which the first appeared in 1840, and the last two in 1841.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

ALICE, MISTRESS. Heroine of the tale told by Magog, the Guildhall giant, to his companion, Gog; the beautiful and only daughter of a wealthy London bowyer of the sixteenth century. She elopes with a gay young cavalier, by whom she is conveyed abroad, where shame and remorse

overtake her. Her father, dying, leaves all his property and trade to a trusted 'prentice, named Hugh Graham, charging him with his latest breath to revenge his child upon the author of her misery, if ever he has the opportunity. Twenty years afterwards, Alice suddenly returns; and Master Graham (who was formerly an aspirant for her hand, and who still loves her) gives her lodging in his house—once hers—taking up his own abode in a dwelling near by. Soon after, he encounters the man who wrought her ruin. The two exchange a few high, hot words, and then close in deadly contest. After a brief struggle, the noble falls, pierced through the heart with his own sword by the citizen. A riot ensues; and at last Graham is shot dead on his own doorstep. On carrying him upstairs, an unknown woman is discovered lying lifeless beneath the window.

BELINDA. A distracted damsel, who writes a letter to Master Humphrey about her faithless lover.

BENTON, MISS. Master Humphrey's housekeeper. Mr. Weller, senior, in a moment of weakness, falls in love with her; but she prefers Mr. Slithers the barber; and the old gentleman, recovering his "native hue of resolution," conjures his son Samivel to put him in a strait waistcoat until the fit is passed, in the event of his ever becoming amorous again.

DEAF GENTLEMAN, THE. An intimate friend of Master Humphrey's, and a cheerful, placid, happy old man. It is his humour to conceal his name, or he has a reason and purpose for doing so. Master Humphrey and the other members of the club respect his secret, therefore; and he is known among them only as the Deaf Gentleman.

GOG. One of the Guildhall giants. *See* TODDYHIGH, JOE.

GRAHAM, HUGH. A bowyer's 'prentice, in love with his master's daughter. *See* ALICE, MISTRESS.

JINKINSON. The subject of an anecdote related by Sam Weller.

MAGOG. One of the Guildhall giants. *See* TODDYHIGH, JOE.

MARKS, WILL. The hero of a tale which Mr. Pickwick submits to Master Humphrey and his friends as a "qualification" for admission to their club. Will is a wild, roving young fellow, living at Windsor in the time of James I. He volunteers to keep watch by night at a gibbet near Kingston, for the purpose of identifying some witches who have been holding hideous nocturnal revels there; but he finds, instead of witches, two gentlewomen weeping and

wailing for an executed husband and brother. He suffers himself to be conducted to Putney, where he is introduced to a masked cavalier, who induces him to take the body of the dead man by night for burial to St. Dunstan's Church in London. This task, though a difficult and dangerous one, he performs; and on his return home, finding the whole neighbourhood worked up to a high pitch of mystery and horror over his disappearance, he adds to the excitement by telling them a most extraordinary story of his adventures, describing the witches' dance to the minutest motion of their legs, and performing it in character on the table, with the assistance of a broomstick.

MASTER HUMPHREY. A kind-hearted, deformed old gentleman, living in an ancient house in a venerable suburb of London. He is the founder of a sort of club, which meets in his room one night in every week, at the hour of ten. In this room are six chairs, four of which are filled by Master Humphrey and his friends—Jack Redburn, Mr. Owen Miles, and the "Deaf Gentleman." The two empty seats are reserved until they can fill them with two men to their mind; and Mr. Pickwick eventually becomes the occupant of one of them, while Mr. Jack Bamber is proposed as a candidate for the other. In a snug corner stands a quaint old clock in a huge oaken case, curiously and richly carved; and in the bottom of this case the members of the club, from time to time, deposit manuscript tales of their own composition, which are taken out and read at their weekly meetings. Among these are the two well-known stories called "The Old Curiosity Shop" (the secondary title of which, as at first published, was "Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey") and "Barnaby Rudge." Master Humphrey thus describes himself and his friends:

> "We are men of secluded habits, with something of a cloud upon our early fortunes, whose enthusiasm, nevertheless, has not cooled with age, whose spirit of romance is not yet quenched, who are content to ramble through the world in a pleasant dream, rather than ever waken again to its harsh realities. We are alchemists who would extract the essence of perpetual youth from dust and ashes, tempt coy Truth in many light and airy forms from the bottom of her well, and discover one crumb of comfort or one grain of good in the commonest and least-regarded matter that passes through our crucible."

MILES, MR. OWEN. A wealthy retired merchant of sterling character; a great friend and admirer of Jack Redburn.

PICKWICK, MR. SAMUEL. The hero of "The Pickwick Papers." Reading Master Humphrey's account of himself,

his clock, and his club, he is seized with a strong desire to become a candidate for one of the two vacant chairs in the club, and accordingly furnishes a witch-story of the time of James I., as his qualification, which procures him the honour. *See* MARKS, WILL.

Mr. Pickwick's face, while his tale was being read, would have attracted the attention of the dullest man alive. The complacent motion of his head and forefinger as he gently beat time, and corrected the air with imaginary punctuation, the smile that mantled on his face at every jocose passage, and the sly look he stole around to observe its effect, the calm manner in which he shut his eyes and listened when there was some little piece of description, the changing expression with which he acted the dialogue to himself, his agony that the deaf gentleman should know what it was all about, and his extraordinary anxiety to correct the reader when he hesitated at a word in the manuscript or substituted a wrong one, were alike worthy of remark. And when at last, endeavouring to communicate with the deaf gentleman by means of the finger alphabet, with which he constructed such words as are unknown in any civilised or savage language, he took up a slate and wrote in large text, one word in a line, the question, "How—do—you—like—it?"—when he did this, and handing it over the table awaited the reply, with a countenance only brightened and improved by his great excitement, even Mr. Miles relaxed, and could not forbear looking at him for the moment with interest and favour.

PODGERS, JOHN. A character in Mr. Pickwick's tale; a stout, drowsy, fat-witted old fellow, held by his neighbours to be a man of strong sound sense; uncle to Will Marks.

REDBURN, JACK. One of Master Humphrey's friends, and his factotum. Mr. Miles is his inseparable companion, and regards him with great admiration, believing not only that "no man ever lived who could do so many things as Jack, but that no man ever lived who could do anything so well."

SLITHERS, MR. Mr. Pickwick's barber; a very bustling, active little man, with a red nose and a round bright face. He falls in love with Miss Benton, Master Humphrey's housekeeper, and finally marries her.

TODDYHIGH, JOE. An old playmate of the Lord Mayor elect of London. The two had been poor boys together at Hull; and when they separated, and went out into the world in different directions to seek their fortunes, they agreed always to remain fast friends. But time works many changes; and so it happens that the Lord Mayor elect receives his old companion very coldly when he suddenly appears in his counting-room, and claims acquaintance, at a late hour on the very night before the grand inauguration. Ashamed and distrustful of his old friend, he gets rid of him as quickly as possible,

giving him, however, a ticket to the grand dinner on the morrow. Joe takes it without a word, and instantly departs. The next day he goes to Guildhall, but, knowing nobody there, lounges about, and at last comes into an empty little music-gallery, which commands the whole hall. Sitting down, he soon falls asleep; and when he wakes, as the clock strikes three, he is astonished to find the guests departed, and to see the statues of the great giants Gog and Magog (the guardian genii of the city) endowed with life and motion, and to hear them speak in grave and solemn voices, agreeing to while away the dreary nights with legends of old London and with other tales; Magog making a beginning by relating the first of the "Giant Chronicles."

WELLER, SAMUEL. Mr. Pickwick's body-servant; "the same true, faithful fellow" that he used to be in the days of the Pickwick Club, retaining all his native humour too, and all his old easy confidence, address, and knowledge of the world. *See* WELLER, TONY, *the elder.*

WELLER, TONY, the elder. The old plethoric coachman of "The Pickwick Papers;" father to Sam Weller. When Mr. Pickwick, attended by Sam, visits Master Humphrey on club-nights, old Mr. Weller accompanies them as part of Mr. Pickwick's body-guard. While the members of Master Humphrey's Clock are holding their meeting in the study upstairs, Miss Benton the housekeeper, and her friend, Mr. Slithers the barber, entertain the two Wellers in the kitchen.

"I don't think," said Sam, who was smoking with great composure and enjoyment, "that if the lady wos agreeable, it 'ud be very far out o' the way for us four to make up a club of our own like the governors does upstairs, and let him," Sam pointed with the stem of his pipe towards his parent, "be the president."

The housekeeper affably declared it was the very thing she had been thinking of. The barber said the same. Mr. Weller said nothing, but he laid down his pipe as if in a fit of inspiration, and performed the following manœuvres.

Unbuttoning the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, and pausing for a moment to enjoy the easy flow of breath consequent upon this process, he laid violent hands upon his watch-chain, and slowly and with extreme difficulty drew from his fob an immense double-cased silver watch, which brought the lining of the pocket with it, and was not to be disentangled but by great exertions and an amazing redness of face. Having fairly got it out at last, he detached the outer case, and wound it up with a key of corresponding magnitude; then put the case on again, and having applied the watch to his ear to ascertain that it was still going, gave it some half-dozen hard knocks on the table to improve its performance.

"That," said Mr. Weller, laying it on the table with its face upwards, "is the title and emblem of this here society. Sammy, reach

them two stools this vay for the wacant cheers. Ladies and gen'lmen, Mr. Weller's Watch is vound up and now a-goin'. Order!"

By way of enforcing this proclamation, Mr. Weller, using the watch after the manner of a president's hammer, and remarking with great pride that nothing hurt it, and that falls and concussions of all kinds materially enhanced the excellence of the works and assisted the regulator, knocked the table a great many times, and declared the association formally constituted.

The old "whip" presides with great dignity, and observes the strictest rules of parliamentary law; thus, when Sam, in the course of some remarks, refers to a class of gentlemen as "barbers," and Mr. Slithers rises, and suggests that "hair-dressers" would be more "soothing" to his feelings, Mr. Weller rules that "hair-dressers" is the only designation proper to be used in the debate, and that all others are out of order.

"Well, but suppose he wasn't a hairdresser," suggested Sam.

"Wy, then, sir, be parliamentary, and call him vun all the more," returned his father, "in the same vay as every gen'lman in another place is *honourable*, ev'ry barber in this place is a hairdresser. Ven you reads the speeches in the papers, and see as vun gen'lman says of another, 'The *honourable* member, if he vill allow me to call him so,' you vill understand, sir, that that means, 'if he vill allow me to keep up that 'ere pleasant and uniwersal fiction."

Having taken a decided fancy to Miss Benton, but being afraid that she is a "widder," Mr. Weller gets Sam to inquire as to the fact. He is told that she is a spinster.

"A wot?" said his father, with deep scorn.

"A spinster," replied Sam.

Mr. Weller looked very hard at his son for a minute or two, and then said:

"Never mind vether she makes jokes or not, that's no matter. Wot I say is, is that 'ere female a widder, or is she not?"

"Wot do you mean by her making jokes?" demanded Sam, quite aghast at the obscurity of his parent's speech.

"Never you mind, Samivel," returned Mr. Weller, gravely; "puns may be wery good things or they may be wery bad 'uns, and a female may be none the better, or she may be none the vurse for making of 'em; that's got nothing to do vith widders."

"Wy now," said Sam, looking round, "would anybody believe that a man at his time of life could be running his head agin spinsters and punsters being the same thing?"

"There ain't a straw's difference between 'em," said Mr. Weller. "Your father didn't drive a coach for so many years, not to be ekval to his own langvidge as far as *that* goes, Sammy."

Mr. Weller insists upon the two words being synonymous, but is finally assured that Miss Benton is not a widow, which gives him great satisfaction.

WELLER, TONY, the younger. A son of Sam Weller; named after his grandfather. He is a very small boy, about two feet six from the ground, having a very round face strongly resembling Mr. Weller's, and a stout little body of exactly his build, firmly set upon a couple of very sturdy legs. When Mr. Weller is first introduced to Master Humphrey, he immediately goes off, as he always does, into praises of his namesake.

"Samivel Veller, sir," said the old gentleman, "has con-ferred upon me the ancient title o' grandfather vich had long lain dormouse, and wos s'posed to be nearly hex-tinct in our family. Sammy, relate a anecdote o' vun o' them boys,—that 'ere little anecdote about young Tony sayin' as he *would* smoke a pipe unbeknown to his mother."

"Be quiet, can't you?" said Sam; "I never see such an old magpie—never!"

"That 'ere Tony is the blessedest boy," said Mr. Weller, heedless of this rebuff, "the blessedest boy as ever *I* see in *my* days! of all the charmin'est infants as ever I heerd tell on, includin' them as was kivered over by the robin-redbreasts arter they'd committed sooicide with blackberries, there never wos any like that 'ere little Tony. He's alvays playin' vith a quart pot, that boy is! To see him a-settin' down on the doorstep pretendin' to drink out of it, and fetchin' a long breath artervards, and smoking a bit of fire-vood, and sayin' 'Now I'm grandfather,'—to see him a-doin' that at two year old is better than any play as was ever wrote. 'Now I'm grandfather!' He wouldn't take a pint-pot, if you vos to make him a present on it, but he gets his quart, and then he says, 'Now I'm grandfather!'"

Mr. Weller was so overpowered by this picture that he straightway fell into a most alarming fit of coughing, which must certainly have been attended with some fatal result but for the dexterity and promptitude of Sam, who, taking a firm grasp of the shawl just under his father's chin, shook him to and fro with great violence, at the same time administering some smart blows between his shoulders. By this curious mode of treatment Mr. Weller was finally recovered, but with a very crimson face, and in a state of great exhaustion.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

THIS story originally appeared in the serial miscellany called "Master Humphrey's Clock," the first chapter in the fourth number. It is supposed to be narrated by Master Humphrey (who figures as the Single Gentleman, the brother of Little Nell's grandfather), and, as at first published, it bore the sub-title, "Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey."

The author says of this tale, "The many friends it won me, and the many hearts it turned to me when they were full of private sorrow, invest it with an interest in my mind which is not a public one, and the rightful place of which appears to be 'a more removed ground.' I will merely observe, therefore, that, in writing the book, I had it always in my fancy to surround the lonely figure of the child [Little Nell] with grotesque and wild, but not impossible companions, and to gather about her innocent face and pure intentions associates as strange and uncongenial as the grim objects that are about her bed when her history is first foreshadowed."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BACHELOR, THE. A kind old gentleman at a village where Little Nell and her grandfather stay in the course of their wanderings.

None of the simple villagers had cared to ask his name, or, when they knew it, to store it in their memory. Perhaps from some vague rumour of his college honours which had been whispered abroad on his first arrival, perhaps because he was an unmarried, unencumbered gentleman, he had been called The Bachelor. The name pleased him, or suited him as well as any other, and The Bachelor he had ever since remained.

(Ch. lii., liv., lv., lxi., lxviii., lxix., lxxxiii.)

BARBARA. A housemaid at Mrs. Garland's; afterwards the wife of Kit Nubbles. (Ch. xxii., xxxviii.–xl., lxviii., lxix., lxxiii.) *See* NUBBLES, KIT.

BARBARA'S MOTHER. (Ch. xxxix., xl., lxi., lxviii., lxix., lxxiii.)

BRASS, SALLY. Sister and partner of Sampson Brass.

> In face she bore a striking resemblance to her brother Sampson—so exact, indeed, was the likeness between them, that had it consorted with Miss Brass's maiden modesty and gentle womanhood to have assumed her brother's clothes in a frolic and sat down beside him, it would have been difficult for the oldest friend of the family to determine which was Sampson and which Sally, especially as the lady carried upon her upper lip certain reddish demonstrations, which, if the imagination had been assisted by her attire, might have been mistaken for a beard. These were, however, in all probability, nothing more than eye-lashes in a wrong place, as the eyes of Miss Brass were quite free from any such natural impertinences. In complexion Miss Brass was sallow—rather a dirty sallow, so to speak—but this hue was agreeably relieved by the healthy glow which mantled in the extreme tip of her laughing nose. Her voice was exceedingly impressive—deep and rich in quality, and, once heard, not easily forgotten. . . . In mind, she was of a strong and vigorous turn, having from her earliest youth devoted herself with uncommon ardour to the study of the law; not wasting her speculations upon its eagle flights, which are rare, but tracing it attentively through all the slippery and eel-like crawlings in which it commonly pursues its way. . . . Whether she had steeled her heart against mankind, or whether those who might have wooed and won her were deterred by fears that, being learned in the law, she might have too near her fingers' ends those particular statutes which regulate what are familiarly termed actions for breach, certain it is that she was still in a state of celibacy, and still in daily occupation of her old stool opposite to that of her brother Sampson. And equally certain it is, by the way, that between these two stools a great many people had come to the ground.

(Ch. xxxiii.–xxxviii., li., lvi., lviii.–lx., lxiii.–lxvii., lxxiii.)

BRASS, SAMPSON. A villanous attorney of Bevis Marks, with a cringing manner and a very harsh voice; Quilp's legal adviser. He is a tall, meagre man, with a nose like a wen, a protruding forehead, retreating eyes, and hair of a deep red. (Ch. xi.–xiii., xxxiii., xxxv., xxxvii., xxxviii., xlix., li., lvi.–lx., lxii.–lxiv., lxvi., lxvii., lxxxiii.)

CHEGGS, MR. A market-gardener; a rival of Mr. Swiveller's for the hand of Sophy Wackles, whom he finally marries. (Ch. viii.) *See* SWIVELLER, DICK.

CHEGGS, MISS. His sister. (Ch. viii.)

CHUCKSTER, MR. Clerk in the office of Witherden the notary; a member of the Lodge of Glorious Apollos, and a mortal enemy of Kit Nubbles. (Ch. xiv., xx., xxxviii., xl., lvi., lx., lxv., lxix., lxxiii.)

CLERGYMAN, THE. A very kind pastor at the village

where Nell and her grandfather stay for a time. (Ch. lii., lxxiii.) *See* TRENT, LITTLE NELL.

CODLIN, TOM. One of the Punch-and-Judy showmen with whom Little Nell and her grandfather travel for a few days. (Ch. xvi.–xix., xxvii., lxxiii.)

DAVID, OLD. Assistant to the old sexton in the village where Little Nell dies. (Ch. liv.)

EDWARDS, MISS. A pupil at Miss Monflathers's educational establishment. (Ch. xxii., lxxii.)

EVANS, RICHARD. One of Mr. Marton's pupils. (Ch. lii.)

GARLAND, MR. A little, fat, placid-faced, and very kind-hearted old gentleman, with whom Kit Nubbles lives after he leaves Little Nell. (Ch. xiv., xx., xxii., xxxviii.–xl., lx., lxvii.–lxx., lxxii.)

GARLAND, MRS. His wife; a little old lady, plump and placid, like himself. (Ch. xiv., xx., xxii., xxxviii.–xl., lxvii.–lxix., lxxiii.)

GARLAND, MR. ABEL. Their son, articled to Mr. Witherden the notary, whose partner he afterwards becomes. (Ch. xiv., xx., xxxviii.–xli., lx., lxv., lxvii.–lxix., lxxiii.)

GEORGE. Driver of Mrs. Jarley's caravan; afterwards her husband. (Ch. xxvi., xxviii., xlvii.)

GEORGE, MRS. A neighbour and friend of Mrs. Quilp's. (Ch. iv.)

GRANDFATHER, LITTLE NELL'S. Proprietor of the Old Curiosity Shop. The history of his life before the time when the story opens is thus sketched:

"There were once two brothers, who loved each other dearly. There was a disparity in their ages—some twelve years. . . . Wide as the interval between them was, however, they became rivals too soon. The deepest and strongest affection of both their hearts settled upon one object.

"The youngest—there were reasons for *his* being sensitive and watchful—was the first to find this out. I will not tell you what misery he underwent, what agony of soul he knew, how great his mental struggle was. . . . He left his brother to be happy. The truth never passed his lips; and he quitted the country, hoping to die abroad.

"The older brother married her. She was in heaven before long, and left him with an infant daughter. . . .

"In this daughter the mother lived again. You may judge with what devotion he who lost that mother, almost in the winning, clung to this girl, her breathing image. She grew to womanhood, and gave her heart to one who could not know its worth. Well! Her fond father could not see her pine and droop. He might be more deserving than he thought him. He surely might become so with a wife like her. He joined their hands, and they were married.

"Through all the misery that followed this union, through all the cold neglect and undeserved reproach, through all the poverty he brought upon her, through all the struggles of their daily life, too mean and pitiful to tell, but dreadful to endure, she toiled on in the deep devotion of her spirit, and in her better nature, as only woman can. Her means and substance wasted, her father nearly beggared by her husband's hand, and the hourly witness (for they lived now under one roof) of her ill-usage and unhappiness, she never, but for him, bewailed her fate. Patient, and upheld by strong affection to the last, she died a widow of some three weeks' date, leaving to her father's care two orphans—one a son of ten or twelve years old, the other a girl, such another infant child (the same in helplessness, in age, in form, in feature) as she had been herself when her young mother died.

"The elder brother, grandfather to these two children, was now a broken man, crushed and borne down less by the weight of years than by the hand of sorrow. With the wreck of his possessions he began to trade—in pictures first, and then in curious ancient things. He had entertained a fondness for such matters from a boy; and the tastes he had cultivated were now to yield him an anxious and precarious subsistence.

"The boy grew like his father in mind and person; the girl so like her mother, that when the old man had her on his knee, and looked into her mild blue eyes, he felt as if awaking from a wretched dream, and his daughter were a little child again. The wayward boy soon spurned the shelter of his roof, and sought associates more congenial to his taste. The old man and the child dwelt alone together.

"It was then, when the love of two dead people who had been nearest and dearest to his heart was all transferred to this slight creature; when her face, constantly before him, reminded him from hour to hour of the too early change he had seen in such another, of all the suffering he had watched and known, and all his child had undergone; when the young man's profligate and hardened course drained him of money, as his father's had, and even sometimes occasioned them temporary privation and distress—it was then that there began to beset him, and to be ever in his mind, a gloomy dread of poverty and want. He had no thought for himself in this. His fear was for the child. It was a spectre in his house, and haunted him night and day."

Possessed by this overmastering desire to provide for his granddaughter, he is drawn to the gaming-table, and tries his luck again and again, until at last he becomes—for her sake—a confirmed gambler. Losing heavily and constantly, but confident that fortune will finally favour him, he borrows money from Quilp, a rich dwarf, pledging his little stock as security for the debt. His resources, however, are soon all exhausted, his shop and its contents taken in execution, and he himself is thrown upon the world, a beggar, shattered in intellect, and tottering on the verge of the grave. Little Nell leads him away from London; and they wander together through the country. But the passion for play only slumbers in him, and is ready to awake with the first opportunity that offers. But in the seclusion

of a quiet village, where they at last find a home, such temptation no longer comes; and his hopes and fears, and all his thoughts, are turned to the gentle object of his love, who soon begins to sink under the effects of her past trials and sufferings. Meantime—

"The younger brother had been a traveller in many countries, and had made his pilgrimage through life alone. His voluntary banishment had been misconstrued, and he had borne (not without pain) reproach and slight for doing that which had wrung his heart, and cast a mournful shadow on his path. Apart from this, communication between him and the elder was difficult and uncertain, and often failed; still it was not so wholly broken off but that he learned—with long blanks, and gaps between each interval of information—all that I have told you now.

"Then dreams of their young, happy life—happy to him, though laden with pain and early care—visited his pillow yet oftener than before; and every night, a boy again, he was at his brother's side. With the utmost speed he could exert he settled his affairs; converted into money all the goods he had, and with honourable wealth enough for both, with open heart and hand, with limbs that trembled as they bore him on, with emotion such as men can hardly bear and live, arrived one evening at his brother's door."

When, by dint of such inquiries as the utmost vigilance and sagacity could set on foot, he at last discovers the place of the wanderers' retreat, it is only to find Little Nell dead, and her grandfather a mere wreck. Even Kit Nubbles, his old servant, who accompanies the younger brother, has no power to move him.

"Where is she?" demanded Kit. "Oh, tell me but that—but that, dear master!"

"She is asleep—yonder—in there."

"Thank God!"

"Aye! Thank God!" returned the old man. "I have prayed to Him, many, and many, and many a livelong night, when she has been asleep, He knows. Hark! Did she call?"

"I heard no voice."

"You did. You hear her now. Do you tell me that you don't hear *that?*"

He started up, and listened again.

"Nor that?" he cried, with a triumphant smile. "Can anybody know that voice so well as I! Hush! hush!"

Motioning him to be silent, he stole away into another chamber. After a short absence (during which he could be heard to speak in a softened soothing tone) he returned, bearing in his hand a lamp.

"She is still asleep," he whispered. "You were right. She did not call—unless she did so in her slumber. She has called to me in her sleep before now, sir; as I have sat by, watching, I have seen her lips move, and have known, though no sound came from them, that she spoke of me. I feared the light might dazzle her eyes and wake her, so I brought it here."

He spoke rather to himself than to the visitor, but when he had

put the lamp upon the table, he took it up, as if impelled by some momentary recollection or curiosity, and held it near his face. Then, as if forgetting his motive in the very action, he turned away and put it down again.

"She is sleeping soundly," he said; "but no wonder. Angel hands have strewn the ground deep with snow, that the lightest footstep may be lighter yet; and the very birds are dead, that they may not wake her. She used to feed them, sir. Though never so cold and hungry, the timid things would fly from us. They never flew from her!"

Again he stopped to listen, and scarcely drawing breath, listened for a long, long time. That fancy past, he opened an old chest, took out some clothes as fondly as if they had been living things, and began to smooth and brush them with his hand.

"Why dost thou lie so idle there, dear Nell," he murmured, "when there are bright red berries out of doors waiting for thee to pluck them! Why dost thou lie so idle there, when thy little friends come creeping to the door, crying 'Where is Nell—sweet Nell?'—and sob, and weep, because they do not see thee? She was always gentle with children. The wildest would do her bidding—she had a tender way with them, indeed she had!"

Kit had no power to speak. His eyes were filled with tears.

"Her little homely dress—her favourite!" cried the old man, pressing it to his breast, and patting it with his shrivelled hand. "She will miss it when she wakes. They have hid it here in sport, but she shall have it—she shall have it. I would not vex my darling, for the wide world's riches. See here—these shoes—how worn they are—she kept them to remind her of our last long journey. You see where the little feet went bare upon the ground. They told me, afterwards, that the stones had cut and bruised them. *She* never told me that. No, no, God bless her! and, I have remembered since, she walked behind me, sir, that I might not see how lame she was—but yet she had my hand in hers, and seemed to lead me still."

* * * * * * *

By little and little, the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips:

"You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You never will do that—never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her—I never had—I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now."

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind, drew close together, and after a few whispered words—not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered—followed him. They moved so gently, that their footsteps made no noise; but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. "When

I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday, could know her never more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight; and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

They then take the old man out while Little Nell is removed to the churchyard; but, upon his return, he repairs straight to her chamber.

Not finding what he had left there, he returned with distracted looks to the room in which they were assembled. From that he rushed into the schoolmaster's cottage, calling her name. They followed close upon him, and when he had vainly searched it, brought him home.

With such persuasive words as pity and affection could suggest, they prevailed upon him to sit among them and hear what they should tell him. Then endeavouring by every little artifice to prepare his mind for what must come, and dwelling with many fervent words upon the happy lot to which she had been removed, they told him, at last, the truth. The moment it had passed their lips, he fell down among them like a murdered man.

For many hours they had little hope of his surviving; but grief is strong, and he recovered.

If there be any who have never known the blank that follows death—the weary void—the sense of desolation that will come upon the strongest minds, when something familiar and beloved is missed at

every turn—the connection between inanimate and senseless things, and the object of recollection, when every household god becomes a monument and every room a grave—if there be any who have not known this, and proved it by their own experience, they can never faintly guess how, for many days, the old man pined and moped away the time, and wandered here and there as seeking something, and had no comfort.

Whatever power of thought or memory he retained, was all bound up in her. He never understood, or seemed to care to understand, about his brother. To every endearment and attention he continued listless. If they spoke to him on this or any other theme—save one—he would hear them patiently for a while, then turn away, and go on seeking as before.

On that one theme, which was in his and all their minds, it was impossible to touch. Dead! He could not hear or bear the word. The slightest hint of it would throw him into a paroxysm, like that he had had when it was first spoken. In what hope he lived, no man could tell; but that he had some hope of finding her again, some faint and shadowy hope, deferred from day to day, and making him from day to day more sick and sore at heart, was plain to all.

They bethought them of a removal from the scene of this last sorrow; of trying whether change of place would rouse or cheer him. His brother sought the advice of those who were accounted skilful in such matters, and they came and saw him. Some of the number stayed upon the spot, conversed with him when he would converse, and watched him as he wandered up and down, alone and silent. Move him where they might, they said, he would ever seek to get back there. His mind would run upon that spot. If they confined him closely, and kept a strict guard upon him, they might hold him prisoner, but if he could by any means escape, he would surely wander back to that place, or die upon the road.

* * * * * * *

At length they found, one day, that he had risen early, and with his knapsack on his back, his staff in hand, her own straw hat, and little basket full of such things as she had been used to carry, was gone. As they were making ready to pursue him far and wide, a frightened schoolboy came, who had seen him, but a moment before, sitting in the church—upon her grave, he said.

They hastened there, and going softly to the door, espied him in the attitude of one who waited patiently. They did not disturb him then, but kept a watch upon him all that day. When it grew quite dark, he rose and returned home, and went to bed, murmuring to himself, "She will come to-morrow!"

Upon the morrow he was there again from sunrise until night; and still at night he laid him down to rest, and murmured, "She will come to-morrow!"

And thenceforth, every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave for her. How many pictures of new journeys over pleasant country, of resting-places under the free broad sky, of rambles in the fields and woods, and paths not often trodden—how many tones of that one well-remembered voice, how many glimpses of the form, the fluttering dress, the hair that waved so gaily in the wind—how many visions of what had been, and what he hoped was yet to be—rose up before him in the old, dull, silent church! He never told them what he thought, or where

he went. He would sit with them at night, pondering with a secret satisfaction, they could see, upon the flight that he and she would take before night came again; and still they would hear him whisper in his prayers, "Lord! let her come to-morrow!"

The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well; and, in the church where they had often prayed, and mused, and lingered hand in hand, the child and the old man slept together.

(Ch. i.–iii., ix., xi., xii., xv.–xix., xxiv.–xxxii., xlii.–xlvi., lii., liv., lv., lxxi., lxxii.) *See* TRENT, LITTLE NELL.

GRINDER, MR. A showman. (Ch. xvii.)

GROVES, JAMES. Landlord of The Valiant Soldier Inn. (Ch. xxix., lxxiii.)

HARRIS, MR., alias SHORT TROTTERS, *but commonly called either* "SHORT" *or* "TROTTERS." One of the showmen with whom Little Nell and her grandfather travel for a few days. (Ch. xvi.–xix., xxvii., lxxiii.)

HARRY. A schoolboy; Mr. Marton's favourite pupil. (Ch. xxiv., xxv.)

JARLEY, MRS. Proprietor of "Jarley's Wax Works." Little Nell is engaged by this lady to point out the figures to visitors. (Ch. xxvi.–xxix., xxxi., xxxii., xlvii., lxxiii.)

JERRY. Proprietor of a troop of dancing-dogs. (Ch. xvii., xix., xxxvii.)

JINIWIN, MRS. The mother of Mrs. Quilp, with whom she lives, and with whose husband she wages perpetual war, though she stands in no slight dread of him. (Ch. iv.–vi., xxiii., xlix., l., lxxiii.) *See* QUILP, DANIEL.

JOWL, JOE. A gambler, who tempts Little Nell's grandfather to rob Mrs. Jarley. (Ch. xxix., xlii., lxxiii.)

LIST, ISAAC. A gambler and knave. (Ch. xxix., xxx., xlii., lxxiii.)

MARCHIONESS, THE. A name given to the small servant at Sampson Brass's, by Dick Swiveller, who eventually marries her. (Ch. xxxiv.–xxxvi., li., lvii., lviii., lxiv.–lxvi., lxxiii.) *See* SWIVELLER, DICK.

MARTON, MR. An old schoolmaster who befriends Little Nell and her grandfather. (Ch. xxiv.–xxvi., xlv., xlvi., lii.–liv., lxxi., lxxiii.)

MONFLATHERS, MISS. Principal of a select boarding-school for young ladies. (Ch. xxxi.)

NUBBLES, CHRISTOPHER or KIT. A shock-headed,

shambling, awkward lad, with an uncommonly wide mouth, very red cheeks, a turned-up nose, and a peculiarly comical expression of face. He is very much attached to Little Nell, whose grandfather employs him as an errand-boy. After a while, however, the old man takes it into his head that Kit has told of his gambling habits, and that this is the reason why he cannot succeed in borrowing any more money. He therefore forbids his ever coming into his presence again. After the disappearance of his old master, Kit gets employment in the family of a kind old gentleman named Garland. At length he falls into trouble, being falsely accused of larceny, and is arrested, and thrown into prison; but his innocence is soon established, and he is set at liberty. He afterwards marries Barbara, Mrs. Garland's servant. (Ch. i., iii., vi., x., xi., xiii., xiv., xx.–xxii., xxxviii.–xli., xlviii., lvi.–lxi., lxiii., lxiv., lxviii.–lxxii.)

NUBBLES, JACOB. Brother to Kit. (Ch. x., xiii., xxi., xxii., xxxix., xli., lxi., lxix., lxxii.)

NUBBLES, MRS. Mother to Kit Nubbles; a poor but industrious widow, very pious, and very constant in her attendance at a dissenting chapel called Little Bethel. When the Single Gentleman at last gains tidings of Little Nell and her grandfather, he desires Mrs. Nubbles, as being an acquaintance of Nell's, and a kind and motherly person, to accompany him for the purpose of bringing the wanderers back. There being urgent need of haste in the matter, Kit is despatched for his mother. He does not find her at home, however, and feeling sure that she must, therefore, be at chapel, he takes his way to Little Bethel.

It was not very easy to procure a direction to the fold in question, as none of the neighbours were of the flock that resorted thither, and few knew anything more of it than the name. At last, a gossip of Mrs. Nubbles's, who had accompanied her to chapel on one or two occasions when a comfortable cup of tea had preceded her devotions, furnished the needful information, which Kit had no sooner obtained than he started off again.

Little Bethel might have been nearer, and might have been in a straighter road, though in that case the reverend gentleman who presided over its congregation would have lost his favourite allusion to the crooked ways by which it was approached, and which enabled him to liken it to Paradise itself, in contradistinction to the parish church and the broad thoroughfare leading thereunto. Kit found it, at last, after some trouble, and pausing at the door to take breath that he might enter with becoming decency, passed into the chapel.

It was not badly named in one respect, being in truth a particularly little Bethel—a Bethel of the smallest dimensions—with a small number of small pews, and a small pulpit, in which a small gentleman (by trade

a Shoemaker, and by calling a Divine) was delivering in a by no means small voice, a by no means small sermon, judging of its dimensions by the condition of his audience, which, if their gross amount were but small, comprised a still smaller number of hearers, as the majority were slumbering.

Among these was Kit's mother, who, finding it matter of extreme difficulty to keep her eyes open after the fatigues of last night, and feeling their inclination to doze strongly backed and seconded by the arguments of the preacher, had yielded to the drowsiness that overpowered her, and fallen asleep; though not so soundly but that she could, from time to time, utter a slight and almost inaudible groan, as if in recognition of the orator's doctrines. The baby in her arms was as fast asleep as she; and little Jacob, whose youth prevented him from recognising in this prolonged spiritual nourishment anything half as interesting as oysters, was alternately very fast asleep and very wide awake, as his inclination to slumber, or his terror of being personally alluded to in the discourse, gained the mastery over him.

"And now I'm here," thought Kit, gliding into the nearest empty pew which was opposite his mother's, and on the other side of the little aisle, "how am I ever to get at her, or persuade her to come out! I might as well be twenty miles off. She'll never wake till it's all over, and there goes the clock again! If he would but leave off for a minute, or if they'd only sing!"

But there was little encouragement to believe that either event would happen for a couple of hours to come. The preacher went on telling them what he meant to convince them of before he had done, and it was clear that if he only kept to one-half of his promises and forgot the other, he was good for that time at least.

In his desperation and restlessness Kit cast his eyes about the chapel, and happening to let them fall upon a little seat in front of the clerk's desk, could scarcely believe them when they showed him—Quilp!

He rubbed them twice or thrice, but still they insisted that Quilp was there, and there indeed he was, sitting with his hand upon his knees, and his hat between them on a little wooden bracket, with the accustomed grin on his dirty face, and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. He certainly did not glance at Kit or at his mother, and appeared utterly unconscious of their presence; still Kit could not help feeling, directly, that the attention of the sly little fiend was fastened upon them, and upon nothing else.

But astounded as he was by the apparition of the dwarf among the Little Bethelites, and not free from a misgiving that it was the forerunner of some trouble or annoyance, he was compelled to subdue his wonder and to take active measures for the withdrawal of his parent, as the evening was now creeping on, and the matter grew serious. Therefore, the next time little Jacob woke, Kit set himself to attract his wandering attention, and this not being a very difficult task (one sneeze effected it), he signed to him to rouse his mother.

Ill-luck would have it, however, that, just then, the preacher, in a forcible exposition of one head of his discourse, leaned over upon the pulpit-desk so that very little more of him than his legs remained inside; and, while he made vehement gestures with his right hand, and held on with his left, stared, or seemed to stare, straight into little Jacob's eyes, threatening him by his strained look and attitude—so it appeared to the child—that if he so much as moved a muscle, he, the preacher, would be literally, and not figuratively, "down upon him" that instant. In this

fearful state of things, distracted by the sudden appearance of Kit, and fascinated by the eyes of the preacher, the miserable Jacob sat bolt upright, wholly incapable of motion, strongly disposed to cry but afraid to do so, and returning his pastor's gaze until his infant eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

"If I must do it openly, I must," thought Kit. With that he walked softly out of his pew and into his mother's, and as Mr. Swiveller would have observed if he had been present, "collared" the baby without speaking a word.

"Hush, mother!" whispered Kit. "Come along with me, I've got something to tell you."

"Where am I?" said Mrs. Nubbles.

"In this blessed Little Bethel," returned her son, peevishly.

"Blessed indeed!" cried Mrs. Nubbles, catching at the word. "Oh, Christopher, how have I been edified this night!"

"Yes, yes, I know," said Kit, hastily; "but come along, mother, everybody's looking at us. Don't make a noise—bring Jacob—that's right!"

"Stay, Satan, stay!" cried the preacher, as Kit was moving off.

"The gentleman says you're to stay, Christopher," whispered his mother.

"Stay, Satan, stay!" roared the preacher again. "Tempt not the woman that doth incline her ear to thee, but hearken to the voice of him that calleth. He hath a lamb from the fold!" cried the preacher, raising his voice still higher and pointing to the baby. "He beareth off a lamb, a precious lamb! He goeth about, like a wolf in the night season, and inveigleth the tender lambs!"

Kit was the best-tempered fellow in the world, but considering this strong language, and being somewhat excited by the circumstances in which he was placed, he faced round to the pulpit with the baby in his arms, and replied aloud:

"No, I don't. He's my brother."

"He's *my* brother!" cried the preacher.

"He isn't," said Kit indignantly. "How can you say such a thing? And don't call me names if you please; what harm have I done? I shouldn't have come to take 'em away, unless I was obliged, you may depend upon that. I wanted to do it very quiet, but you wouldn't let me. Now, you have the goodness to abuse Satan and them, as much as you like, sir, and to let me alone if you please."

So saying, Kit marched out of the chapel, followed by his mother and little Jacob, and found himself in the open air, with an indistinct recollection of having seen the people wake up and look surprised, and of Quilp having remained, throughout the interruption, in his old attitude, without moving his eyes from the ceiling, or appearing to take the smallest notice of anything that passed.

(Ch. x., xiii., xxi., xxii., xxxix., xli., xlvii., xlviii., lxi., lxiii., lxix., lxxii.)

OWEN, JOHN. A schoolboy; one of Mr. Marton's pupils. (Ch. lii.)

QUILP, DANIEL. A hideous creature, full of ferocity and cunning. He is described as—

An elderly man of remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face

were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning; his mouth and chin bristly with the stubble of a coarse hard beard; and his complexion was one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. But what added most to the grotesque expression of his face was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit, and to have no connection with any mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discoloured fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. His dress consisted of a large high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry throat. Such hair as he had was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowsy fringe about his ears. His hands, which were of a rough, coarse grain, were very dirty; his finger-nails were crooked, long, and yellow. . . .

Mr. Quilp could scarcely be said to be of any particular trade or calling, though his pursuits were diversified and his occupations numerous. He collected the rents of whole colonies of filthy streets and alleys by the water-side, advanced money to the seamen and petty officers of merchant-vessels, had a share in the ventures of divers mates of East-Indiamen, smoked his smuggled cigars under the very nose of the Custom-house, and made appointments on 'Change with men in glazed hats and round jackets pretty well every day.

Quilp having absented himself from home for some time, and not having been heard from, it is finally supposed that he is dead; and Mr. Sampson Brass, the attorney, is called in to write a descriptive advertisement in hopes of finding the body. Quilp returns, however, just at this moment, and resolves to steal upon his wife unawares.

The bedroom-door on the staircase being unlocked, Mr. Quilp slipped in, and planted himself behind the door of communication between that chamber and the sitting-room, which standing ajar to render both more airy, and having a very convenient chink (of which he had often availed himself for purposes of espial, and had indeed enlarged with his pocket-knife), enabled him not only to hear, but to see distinctly, what was passing.

Applying his eye to this convenient place, he descried Mr. Brass seated at the table with pen, ink, and paper, and the case-bottle of rum—his own case-bottle, and his own particular Jamaica—convenient to his hand; with hot water, fragrant lemons, white lump-sugar, and all things fitting; from which choice materials Sampson, by no means insensible to their claims upon his attention, had compounded a mighty glass of punch reeking hot; which he was at that very moment stirring up with a teaspoon, and contemplating with looks in which a faint assumption of sentimental regret struggled but weakly with a bland and comfortable joy. At the same table, with both her elbows upon it, was Mrs. Jiniwin; no longer sipping other people's punch feloniously with teaspoons, but taking deep draughts from a jorum of her own; while her daughter—not exactly with ashes on her head or sackcloth on her back, but preserving a very decent and becoming appearance of sorrow, nevertheless—was reclining in an easy-chair, and soothing her grief with a smaller allowance of the same glib liquid. There were also

present a couple of water-side men, bearing between them certain machines called drags; even these fellows were accommodated with a stiff glass apiece; and as they drank with a great relish, and were naturally of a red-nosed, pimple-faced, convivial look, their presence rather increased than detracted from that decided appearance of comfort, which was the great characteristic of the party.

"If I could poison that dear old lady's rum and water," murmured Quilp, "I'd die happy."

"Ah," said Mr. Brass, breaking the silence, and raising his eyes to the ceiling with a sigh, "who knows but he may be looking down upon us now! Who knows but he may be surveying of us from—from somewheres or another, and contemplating us with a watchful eye! Oh Lor!"

Here Mr. Brass stopped to drink half his punch, and then resumed, looking at the other half as he spoke with a dejected smile.

"I can almost fancy," said the lawyer, shaking his head, "that I see his eye glistening down at the very bottom of my liquor. When shall we look upon his like again? Never, never! One minute we are here," —holding his tumbler before his eyes—"the next we are there"—gulping down its contents, and striking himself emphatically a little below the chest—"in the silent tomb. To think that I should be drinking his very rum. It seems like a dream."

With the view, no doubt, of testing the reality of his position, Mr. Brass pushed his tumbler, as he spoke, towards Mrs. Jiniwin, for the purpose of being replenished, and turned towards the attendant mariners.

"The search has been quite unsuccessful, then?"

"Quite, master. But I should say that, if he turns up anywhere, he'll come ashore somewhere about Grinidge to-morrow, at ebb-tide; eh, mate?"

The other gentleman assented, observing that he was expected at the Hospital, and that several pensioners would be ready to receive him whenever he arrived.

"Then we have nothing for it but resignation," said Mr. Brass, "nothing but resignation and expectation. It would be a comfort to have his body; it would be a dreary comfort."

"Oh, beyond a doubt," assented Mrs. Jiniwin, hastily. "If we once had that, we should be quite sure."

"With regard to the descriptive advertisement," said Sampson Brass, taking up his pen. "It is a melancholy pleasure to recall his traits. Respecting his legs, now?"

"Crooked, certainly," said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Do you think they *were* crooked?" said Brass in an insinuating tone. "I think I see them now, coming up the street, very wide apart, in nankeen pantaloons, a little shrunk, and without straps. Ah! what a vale of tears we live in! Do we say 'crooked'?"

"I think they were a little so," observed Mrs. Quilp, with a sob.

"Legs crooked," said Brass, writing as he spoke. "Large head, short body, legs crooked——"

"Very crooked," suggested Mrs. Jiniwin.

"We'll not say 'very crooked,' ma'am," said Brass, piously. "Let us not bear hard upon the weaknesses of the deceased. He is gone, ma'am, to where his legs will never come in question. We will content ourselves with 'crooked,' Mrs. Jiniwin."

"I thought you wanted the truth," said the old lady. "That's all."

"Bless your eyes, how I love you!" muttered Quilp. "There she goes again! Nothing but punch!"

"This is an occupation," said the lawyer, laying down his pen, and emptying his glass, "which seems to bring him before my eyes like the ghost of Hamlet's father, in the very clothes that he wore on work-a-days. His coat, his waistcoat, his shoes and stockings, his trousers, his hat, his wit and humour, his pathos and his umbrella—all come before me like visions of my youth. His linen!" said Mr. Brass, smiling fondly at the wall—"his linen, which was always of a particular colour, for such was his whim and fancy—how plain I see his linen now!"

"You had better go on, sir," said Mrs. Jiniwin, impatiently.

"True, ma'am, true," cried Mr. Brass. "Our faculties must not freeze with grief. I'll trouble you for a little more of that, ma'am. A question now arises with relation to his nose."

"Flat," said Mrs. Jiniwin.

"Aquiline!" cried Quilp, thrusting in his head, and striking the feature with his fist. "Aquiline, you hag! Do you see it? Do you call this flat? Do you? Eh?"

"Oh, capital, capital!" shouted Brass, from the mere force of habit. "Excellent! How very good he is! He's a most remarkable man—so extremely whimsical! Such an amazing power of taking people by surprise!"

Quilp paid no regard whatever to these compliments, nor to the dubious and frightened look into which the lawyer gradually subsided, nor to the shrieks of his wife and mother-in-law, nor to the latter's running from the room, nor to the former's fainting away. Keeping his eye fixed on Sampson Brass, he walked up to the table, and, beginning with his glass, drank off the contents, and went regularly round until he had emptied the other two; when he seized the case-bottle, and, hugging it under his arm, surveyed him with a most extraordinary leer.

"Not yet, Sampson!" said Quilp, "not just yet!"

"Oh, very good indeed!" cried Brass, recovering his spirits a little. "Ha, ha, ha! Oh, exceedingly good! There's not another man alive who could carry it off like that. A most difficult position to carry off. But he has such a flow of good-humour, such an amazing flow!"

"Good-night!" said the dwarf, nodding expressively.

"Good-night, sir, good-night!" cried the lawyer, retreating backwards towards the door. "This is a joyful occasion, indeed; extremely joyful. Ha, ha, ha! Oh very rich, very rich indeed, remarkably so!"

Waiting until Mr. Brass's ejaculations died away in the distance (for he continued to pour them out all the way down stairs) Quilp advanced towards the two men, who yet lingered in a kind of stupid amazement.

"Have you been dragging the river all day, gentlemen?" said the dwarf, holding the door open with great politeness.

"And yesterday too, master."

"Dear me! you've had a deal of trouble. Pray consider everything yours that you find upon the—upon the body. Good-night!"

The men looked at each other, but had evidently no inclination to argue the point just then, and shuffled out of the room. The speedy clearance effected, Quilp locked the doors; and still embracing the case-bottle with shrugged-up shoulders and folded arms, stood looking at his insensible wife like a dismounted nightmare.

Quilp comes to his end by falling into the Thames, and being drowned on a dark night, in an attempt to escape from some officers who are on the point of arresting him for various crimes.

His property falls to his wife, who bears her bereavement with exemplary resignation, and marries again, choosing the exact opposite of the dear departed. (Ch. iii.–vi., ix., xi.–xiii., xxiii., xxvii., xxx., xli., xlviii.–li., lx., lxii., lxiv., lxvii., lxxiii.) *See* SCOTT, TOM.

QUILP, MRS. BETSEY. His wife; "a pretty little mild-spoken, blue-eyed woman, who having allied herself in wedlock to the dwarf, in one of those strange infatuations of which examples are by no means scarce, performed a sound practical penance for her folly every day of her life." (Ch. iv.–vi., xiii., xxi., xxiii., xlix., l., lxvii., lxxiii.) *See* QUILP, DANIEL.

SCOTT, TOM. Quilp's boy. Although he is habitually beaten and abused by Quilp, Tom retains a queer sort of affection and admiration for his master. His favourite amusement is to stand on his head; and he also adopts this attitude when he wishes to show his defiance of Mr. Quilp's instructions, or to revenge himself upon him. Being cast upon the world by his master's death, he determines to go through it upon his head and hands, and accordingly becomes a professional "tumbler," adopting the name of an Italian image-lad of his acquaintance, and meeting with extraordinary success. (Ch. iv.–vi., xi., xiii., xxvii., xlix.–li., lxvii., lxxiii.)

SEXTON, THE OLD. An old man at the village where Little Nell and her grandfather find a home. (Ch. liii.–lv., lxx., lxxii.)

SHORT. *See* HARRIS, MR.

SIMMONS, MRS. HENRIETTA. A neighbour of Mrs. Quilp. (Ch. iv.)

SINGLE GENTLEMAN, THE. Brother to Little Nell's grandfather. He proves to be Master Humphrey, the narrator of the story. (Ch. xxxiv.–xxxviii., xl., xli., xlvii., xlviii., lv., lvi., lxvi., lxix.–lxxiii.) *See* GRANDFATHER, LITTLE NELL'S.

SLUM, MR. A writer of poetical advertisements. (Ch. xxviii.)

SPHYNX, SOPHRONIA. *See* MARCHIONESS, THE.

SWEET WILLIAM. A silent man, who earns his living by showing tricks upon cards, and who has rather deranged the natural expression of his countenance by putting small leaden lozenges into his eyes and bringing them out at his mouth. (Ch. xix.)

SWIVELLER, DICK. Friend to Fred Trent, and clerk to Sampson Brass. He is first introduced on the occasion of a visit which young Trent makes to his grandfather for the purpose of demanding to see his sister.

At length there sauntered up on the opposite side of the way, with a bad pretence of passing by accident, a figure conspicuous for its dirty smartness, which, after a great many frowns and jerks of the head, in resistance of the invitation, ultimately crossed the road, and was brought into the shop.

"There! It's Dick Swiveller," said the young fellow, pushing him in. "Sit down, Swiveller."

"But is the old min agreeable?" said Mr. Swiveller, in an undertone.

"Sit down!" repeated his companion.

Mr. Swiveller complied, and, looking about him with a propitiatory smile, observed that last week was a fine week for the ducks, and this week was a fine week for the dust; he also observed that whilst standing by the post at the street corner, he had observed a pig with a straw in his mouth issuing out of the tobacco shop, from which appearance he argued that another fine week for the ducks was approaching, and that rain would certainly ensue. He furthermore took occasion to apologise for any negligence that might be perceptible in his dress, on the ground that last night he had had "the sun very strong in his eyes," by which expression he was understood to convey to his hearers, in the most delicate manner possible, the information that he had been extremely drunk.

"But what," said Mr. Swiveller with a sigh, "what is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of conviviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather? What is the odds, so long as the spirit is expanded by means of rosy wine, and the present moment is the least happiest of our existence?" . . .

It was, perhaps, not very unreasonable to suspect, from what had already passed, that Mr. Swiveller was not quite recovered from the effects of the powerful sunlight to which he had made allusion; but, if no such suspicion had been awakened by his speech, his wiry hair, dull eyes, and sallow face, would still have been strong witnesses against him. His attire was not, as he had himself hinted, remarkable for the nicest arrangement, but was in a state of disorder, which strongly induced the idea that he had gone to bed in it. It consisted of a brown body-coat with a great many brass buttons up the front, and only one behind; a bright check neckerchief, a plaid waistcoat, soiled white trousers, and a very limp hat, worn with the wrong side foremost, to hide a hole in the brim. The breast of his coat was ornamented with an outside pocket, from which there peeped forth the cleanest end of a very large and very ill-favoured handkerchief; his dirty wristbands were pulled down as far as possible, and ostentatiously folded back over his cuffs; he displayed no gloves, and carried a yellow cane, having at the top a bone hand with the semblance of a ring on its little finger, and a black ball in its grasp. With all these personal advantages (to which may be added a strong savour of tobacco-smoke and a prevailing greasiness of appearance) Mr. Swiveller leaned back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and occasionally pitching his voice to the needful key, obliged the company with a few bars of an intensely dismal air, and then, in the middle of a note, relapsed into his former silence.

Mr. Swiveller and Fred enter into a sort of conspiracy to marry the former to Little Nell, and thus get possession of the enormous wealth which it is supposed the old man is hoarding up for her. After the disappearance of Little Nell and her

grandfather, Dick makes a friend of Quilp, who obtains for him a situation as clerk in the office of Sampson Brass. Here he makes the acquaintance of the Marchioness.

A coach stopped near the door, and presently afterwards there was a loud double knock. As this was no business of Mr. Swiveller's, the person not ringing the office bell, he pursued his diversion with perfect composure, notwithstanding that he rather thought there was nobody else in the house.

In this, however, he was mistaken; for after the knock had been repeated with increased impatience, the door was opened, and somebody with a very heavy tread went up the stairs, and into the room above. Mr. Swiveller was wondering whether this might be another Miss Brass, twin-sister to the Dragon, when there came a rapping of knuckles at the office-door.

"Come in!" said Dick. "Don't stand upon ceremony. The business will get rather complicated if I've many more customers. Come in!"

"Oh! please," said a little voice very low down in the doorway, "will you come and show the lodgings?"

Dick leaned over the table, and descried a small, slipshod girl in a dirty coarse apron and bib, which left nothing of her visible but her face and feet. She might as well have been dressed in a violin-case.

"Why, who are you?" said Dick.

To which the only reply was, "Oh! please, will you come and show the lodgings?"

There never was such an old-fashioned child in her looks and manner. She must have been at work from her cradle. She seemed as much afraid of Dick, as Dick was amazed at her.

"I haven't got anything to do with the lodgings," said Dick. "Tell 'em to call again."

"Oh! but please, will you come and show the lodgings?" returned the girl. "It's eighteen shillings a week, and us finding plate and linen. Boots and clothes is extra, and fires in winter-time is eightpence a day."

"Why don't you show 'em yourself? You seem to know all about 'em," said Dick.

"Miss Sally said I wasn't to, because people wouldn't believe the attendance was good, if they saw how small I was first."

"Well; but they'll see how small you are afterwards; won't they?" said Dick.

"Ah! But then they'll have taken 'em for a fortnight certain," replied the child, with a shrewd look; "and people don't like moving when they're once settled."

"This is a queer sort of thing," muttered Dick, rising. "What do you mean to say you are; the cook?"

"Yes, I do plain cooking," replied the child. "I'm housemaid too; I do all the work of the house."

"I suppose Brass and the Dragon and I do the dirtiest part of it," thought Dick. And he might have thought much more, being in a doubtful and hesitating mood, but that the girl again urged her request, and certain mysterious bumping sounds on the passage and staircase seemed to give note of the applicant's impatience. Richard Swiveller, therefore, sticking a pen behind each ear, and carrying another in his mouth as a token of his great importance, and devotion to business, hurried out to meet and treat with the single gentleman.

After the arrest of Kit Nubbles, in consequence of the false testimony of Sampson Brass, Dick, who has sided with the poor boy, is discharged. He takes his little bundle under his arm, intending to go to Kit's mother, and comfort and assist her.

But the lives of gentlemen devoted to such pleasures as Richard Swiveller are extremely precarious. The spiritual excitement of the last fortnight, working upon a system affected in no slight degree by the spirituous excitement of some years, proved a little too much for him. That very night Mr. Richard was seized with an alarming illness, and in twenty-four hours was stricken with a raging fever.

Tossing to and fro upon his hot, uneasy bed, tormented by a fierce thirst which nothing could appease; unable to find in any change of posture a moment's peace or ease; and rambling ever through deserts of thought where there was no resting-place, no sight or sound suggestive of refreshment or repose, nothing but a dull eternal weariness, with no change but the restless shiftings of his miserable body, and the weary wandering of his mind, constant still to one ever-present anxiety—to a sense of something left undone, of some fearful obstacle to be surmounted, of some carking care that would not be driven away, and which haunted the distempered brain, now in this form, now in that, always shadowy and dim, but recognisable for the same phantom in every shape it took, darkening every vision like an evil conscience, and making slumber horrible—in these slow tortures of his dread disease the unfortunate Richard lay wasting and consuming inch by inch, until at last, when he seemed to fight and struggle to rise up, and to be held down by devils, he sank into a deep sleep, and dreamed no more.

He awoke. With a sensation of most blissful rest, better than sleep itself, he began gradually to remember something of these sufferings, and to think what a long night it had been, and whether he had not been delirious twice or thrice. Happening, in the midst of these cogitations, to raise his hand, he was astonished to find how heavy it seemed, and yet how thin and light it really was. Still he felt indifferent and happy, and, having no curiosity to pursue the subject, remained in the same waking slumber until his attention was attracted by a cough. This made him doubt whether he had locked his door last night, and feel a little surprised at having a companion in the room. Still he lacked energy to follow up this train of thought, and . . . was rambling in imagination . . . when he heard the cough once more. . . . Raising himself a little in the bed, and holding the curtain open with one hand, he looked out.

The same room, certainly, and still by candle-light; but with what unbounded astonishment did he see all those bottles and basins, and articles of linen airing by the fire, and such like furniture of a sick-chamber—all very clean and neat, but all quite different from anything he left there when he went to bed! The atmosphere, too, filled with a cool smell of herbs and vinegar, the floor newly sprinkled, the—the what? The Marchioness?

Yes; playing cribbage with herself at the table. There she sat, intent upon her game, coughing now and then in a subdued manner as if she feared to disturb him, shuffling the cards, cutting, dealing, playing, counting, pegging, going through all the mysteries of cribbage as if she had been in full practice from her cradle! . . .

Mr. Swiveller raised the curtain again, determined to take the first

favourable opportunity of addressing his companion. An occasion soon presented itself. The Marchioness dealt, turned up a knave, and omitted to take the usual advantage; upon which Mr. Swiveller called out as loud as he could, "Two for his heels!"

The Marchioness jumped up quickly, and clapped her hands . . . for joy . . . declaring . . . that she was "so glad she didn't know what to do."

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller thoughtfully, "be pleased to draw nearer. First of all, will you have the goodness to inform me where I shall find my voice, and, secondly, what has become of my flesh?"

The Marchioness only shook her head mournfully, and cried again; whereupon Mr. Swiveller (being very weak) felt his own eyes affected likewise.

"I begin to infer from your manner and these appearances, Marchioness," said Richard after a pause, and smiling with a trembling lip, "that I have been ill."

"You just have!" replied the small servant, wiping her eyes. "And haven't you been a-talking nonsense!"

"Oh!" said Dick. "Very ill, Marchioness, have I been?"

"Dead, all but," replied the small servant. "I never thought you'd get better. Thank Heaven you have."

Mr. Swiveller was silent for a long while. By-and-by he began to talk again, inquiring how long he had been there.

"Three weeks to-morrow," replied the small servant.

"Three what?" said Dick.

"Weeks," returned the Marchioness emphatically—"three long, slow weeks."

The bare thought of having been in such extremity caused Richard to fall into another silence, and to lie flat down again at his full length. The Marchioness having arranged the bed-clothes more comfortably, and felt that his hands and forehead were quite cool—a discovery that filled her with delight—cried a little more, and then applied herself to getting tea ready, and making some thin dry toast.

While she was thus engaged, Mr. Swiveller looked on with a grateful heart, very much astonished to see how thoroughly at home she made herself, and attributing this attention, in its origin, to Sally Brass, whom, in his own mind, he could not thank enough. When the Marchioness had finished her toasting, she spread a clean cloth on a tray, and brought him some crisp slices and a great basin of weak tea, with which (she said) the doctor had left word he might refresh himself when he awoke. She propped him up with pillows, if not as skilfully as if she had been a professional nurse all her life, at least as tenderly, and looked on with unutterable satisfaction while the patient—stopping every now and then to shake her by the hand—took his poor meal with an appetite and relish which the greatest dainties of the earth, under any other circumstances, would have failed to provoke. Having cleared away, and disposed everything comfortably about him again, she sat down at the table to take her own tea.

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "how's Sally?"

The small servant screwed her face into an expression of the very uttermost entanglement of slyness, and shook her head.

"What! haven't you seen her lately?" said Dick.

"Seen her!" cried the small servant. "Bless you, I've run away."

Mr. Swiveller immediately laid himself down again quite flat, and so

remained for about five minutes. By slow degrees he resumed his sitting posture after that lapse of time, and inquired—

"And where do you live, Marchioness?"

"Live!" cried the small servant. "Here!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Swiveller.

And with that he fell down flat again as suddenly as if he had been shot. Thus he remained, motionless, and bereft of speech, until she had finished her meal, put everything in its place, and swept the hearth; when he motioned her to bring a chair to the bedside, and, being propped up again, opened a farther conversation.

"And so," said Dick, "you have run away?"

"Yes," said the Marchioness; "and they've been a-tizing of me."

"Been—I beg your pardon," said Dick—"what have they been doing?"

"Been a-tizing of me—tizing, you know, in the newspapers," rejoined the Marchioness.

"Ay, ay," said Dick—"advertising?"

The small servant nodded and winked. Her eyes were so red with waking and crying, that the Tragic Muse might have winked with greater consistency. And so Dick felt.

"Tell me," said he, "how it was that you thought of coming here."

"Why, you see," returned the Marchioness, "when you was gone, I hadn't any friend at all, because the lodger he never come back, and I didn't know where either him or you was to be found, you know. But one morning, when I was——"

"Was near a keyhole," suggested Mr. Swiveller, observing that she faltered.

"Well, then," said the small servant, nodding, "when I was near the office keyhole—as you see me through, you know—I heard somebody saying that she lived here, and was the lady whose house you lodged at; and that you was took very bad; and wouldn't nobody come and take care of you? Mr. Brass he says, 'It's no business of mine,' he says; and Miss Sally she says, 'He's a funny chap; but it's no business of mine.' And the lady went away, and slammed the door to when she went out, I can tell you. So I run away that night, and come here, and told 'em you was my brother; and they believed me; and I've been here ever since."

In the end, Kit is released and returned to his friends. Dick comes into an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and, being very grateful to the Marchioness, his first thought is of her. "Please God," he says, "we'll make a scholar of the poor Marchioness yet! And she shall walk in silk attire, and siller have to spare, or may I never rise from this bed again!"

After casting about for some time for a name which should be worthy of her, he decided in favour of Sophronia Sphynx, as being euphonious and genteel, and, furthermore, indicative of mystery. Under this title, the Marchioness repaired, in tears, to the school of his selection, from which, as she soon distanced all competitors, she was removed before the lapse of many quarters to one of a higher grade. It is but bare justice to Mr. Swiveller to say, that, although the expenses of her education kept him in straitened circumstances for half-a-dozen years, he never slackened in his zeal, and always held himself sufficiently repaid

by the accounts he heard (with great gravity) of her advancement, on his monthly visits to the governess, who looked upon him as a literary gentleman of eccentric habits, and of a most prodigious talent in quotation.

In a word, Mr. Swiveller kept the Marchioness at this establishment until she was, at a moderate guess, full nineteen years of age, good-looking, clever, and good-humoured, when he began to consider seriously what was to be done next. On one of his periodical visits, while he was revolving this question in his mind, the Marchioness came down to him alone, looking more smiling and more fresh than ever. Then it occurred to him, but not for the first time, that, if she would marry him, how comfortable they might be! So Richard asked her. Whatever she said, it wasn't No; and they were married in good earnest that day week, which gave Mr. Swiveller frequent occasion to remark at divers subsequent periods that there had been a young lady saving up for him after all.

(Ch. ii., iii., vii., viii., xiii., xxi., xxiii., xxxiv.–xxxviii., xlviii., l., lvi.–lxvi., lxxiii.)

TRENT, FREDERICK. Brother to Little Nell. (Ch. ii., iii., vii., viii., xxiii., l., lxxiii.) *See* GRANDFATHER (LITTLE NELL'S), SWIVELLER (DICK).

TRENT, LITTLE NELL. A small and delicate child of angelic purity of character and sweetness of disposition, who lives alone with her grandfather, an old man possessed by a mania for gambling; his object being to make her rich and happy. The account of their wanderings, after the old man loses the last of his property, and is turned into the streets a beggar and an imbecile, forms the thread of the story.

"Which way?" said the child.

The old man looked irresolutely and helplessly, first at her, then to the right and left, then at her again, and shook his head. It was plain that she was thenceforth his guide and leader. The child felt it, but had no doubts or misgiving, and, putting her hand in his, led him gently away.

It was the beginning of a day in June, the deep blue sky unsullied by a cloud, and teeming with brilliant light. The streets were as yet nearly free from passengers; the houses and shops were closed; and the healthy air of morning fell like breath from angels on the sleeping town.

The old man and the child passed on through the glad silence, elate with hope and pleasure. They were alone together once again. Every object was bright and fresh: nothing reminded them, otherwise than by contrast, of the monotony and constraint they had left behind. Church towers and steeples, frowning and dark at other times, now shone in the sun; each humble nook and corner rejoiced in light; and the sky, dimmed only by excessive distance, shed its placid smile on everything beneath.

Forth from the city, while it yet slumbered, went the two poor adventurers, wandering they knew not whither.

Nell and her grandfather fall into the company of many strange people during their wanderings, among whom are Messrs.

Codlin and Short, a couple of itinerant showmen, who take it into their heads that the old man has stolen the child, and is endeavouring to elude pursuit, and that there will surely be a reward offered for their apprehension; whereupon they resolve to keep them in their company until the right time comes for surrendering them. Little Nell divines the object of these men; and, fearing that her grandfather, in case they should be handed over to the authorities, may be confined in some asylum, she escapes from the showmen, and shortly afterwards falls in with Mrs. Jarley, the proprietress of "Jarley's Wax Work," who engages her to point out the figures to visitors. While walking, one evening, near the town where Mrs. Jarley is exhibiting her works, Nell and her grandfather are overtaken by a severe storm, and are forced to seek shelter for the night at a roadside inn called The Valiant Soldier. Behind a screen some men are playing at cards, and, with the sight of this, all the slumbering passion of the old man is aroused. Being asked if he desires to join them—

The old man replied by shaking the little purse in his eager hand, and then throwing it down upon the table, and gathering up the cards as a miser would clutch at gold.

"Oh! That indeed!" said Isaac. "If that's what the gentleman meant, I beg the gentleman's pardon. Is this the gentleman's little purse? A very pretty little purse. Rather a light purse," added Isaac, throwing it into the air, and catching it dexterously, "but enough to amuse a gentleman for half an hour or so." . . .

The child, in a perfect agony, drew her grandfather aside, and implored him, even then, to come away.

"Come, and we may be so happy," said the child.

"We *will* be happy," replied the old man hastily. "Let me go, Nell. The means of happiness are on the cards and the dice. We must rise from little winnings to great. There's little to be won here; but great will come in time. I shall but win back my own; and it's all for thee, my darling."

"God help us!" cried the child; "oh, what hard fortune brought us here?"

"Hush!" rejoined the old man, laying his hand upon her mouth. "Fortune will not bear chiding. We must not reproach her or she shuns us; I have found that out."

"Now, mister," said the stout man, "if you're not coming yourself, give us the cards, will you?"

"I am coming," cried the old man. "Sit thee down, Nell; sit thee down, and look on. Be of good heart; it's all for thee—all, every penny. I don't tell them; no, no! or else they wouldn't play, dreading the chance that such a cause must give me. Look at them. See what they are, and what thou art. Who doubts that we must win?"

"The gentleman has thought better of it, and isn't coming," said Isaac, making as though he would rise from the table. "I'm sorry the gentleman's daunted. Nothing venture, nothing have; but the gentleman knows best."

"Why, I am ready. You have all been slow but me," said the old man. "I wonder who is more anxious to begin than I?"

As he spoke, he drew a chair to the table, and, the other three closing round it at the same time, the game commenced.

The child sat by and watched its progress with a troubled mind. Regardless of the run of luck, and mindful only of the desperate passion which had its hold upon her grandfather, losses and gains were to her alike. Exulting in some brief triumph, or cast down by a defeat, there he sat so wild and restless, so feverishly and intensely anxious, so terribly eager, so ravenous for the paltry stakes, that she could have almost better borne to see him dead. And yet she was the innocent cause of all this torture; and he, gambling with such a savage thirst for gain as the most insatiable gambler never felt, had not one selfish thought.

On the contrary, the other three—knaves and gamesters by their trade—while intent upon their game, were yet as cool and quiet as if every virtue had been centred in their breasts. . . .

The storm had raged for full three hours; the lightning had grown fainter and less frequent; the thunder, from seeming to roll and break above their heads, had gradually died away into a deep, hoarse distance, and still the game went on, and still the anxious child was quite forgotten.

The old man plays until their little purse is exhausted, and nothing is left with which to pay for their entertainment. In this strait, Nell, after much hesitation, and fearful that her grandfather will observe her, takes from her dress a small gold piece which she has kept concealed there, in anticipation of some great emergency, and pays the reckoning, hiding the change which she receives, before rejoining her grandfather. Shortly afterwards she retires for the night.

At last, sleep gradually stole upon her—a broken, fitful sleep, troubled by dreams of falling from high towers, and waking with a start and in great terror. A deeper slumber followed this, and then—what! That figure in the room!

A figure was there. Yes; she had drawn up the blind to admit the light when it should be dawn, and there, between the foot of the bed and the dark casement, it crouched and slunk along, groping its way with noiseless hands, and stealing round the bed. She had no voice to cry for help, no power to move, but lay still, watching it.

On it came, on, silently and stealthily, to the bed's head; the breath so near her pillow, that she shrunk back into it, lest those wandering hands should light upon her face. Back again it stole to the window, then turned its head towards her.

The dark form was a mere blot upon the lighter darkness of the room; but she saw the turning of the head, and felt and knew how the eyes looked, and the ears listened. There it remained, motionless as she. At length, still keeping the face towards her, it busied its hands in something, and she heard the chink of money.

Then on it came again, silent and stealthy as before, and, replacing the garments it had taken from the bedside, dropped upon its hands and knees, and crawled away. How slowly it seemed to move now that she could hear, but not see it, creeping along the floor! It reached the door at last, and stood upon its feet. The steps creaked beneath its noiseless tread, and it was gone.

The first impulse of the child was to fly from the terror of being by herself in that room, to have somebody by, not to be alone; and then her power of speech would be restored. With no consciousness of having moved, she gained the door.

There was the dreadful shadow, pausing at the bottom of the steps. She could not pass it; she might have done so, perhaps, in the darkness, without being seized; but her blood curdled at the thought. The figure stood quite still, and so did she; not boldly, but of necessity; for going back into the room was hardly less terrible than going on.

The rain beat fast and furiously without, and ran down in plashing streams from the thatched roof. Some summer insect, with no escape into the air, flew blindly to and fro, beating its body against the walls and ceiling, and filling the silent place with murmurs. The figure moved again. The child involuntarily did the same. Once in her grandfather's room, she would be safe.

It crept along the passage until it came to the very door she longed so ardently to reach. The child, in the agony of being so near, had almost darted forward with the design of bursting into the room, and closing it behind her, when the figure stopped again.

The idea flashed suddenly upon her—what if it entered there, and had a design upon the old man's life! She turned faint and sick. It did. It went in. There was a light inside. The figure was now within the chamber, and she, still dumb—quite dumb, and almost senseless—stood looking on.

The door was partly open. Not knowing what she meant to do, but meaning to preserve him, or to be killed herself, she staggered forward and looked in.

What sight was that which met her view!

The bed had not been laid on, but was smooth and empty; and at a table sat the old man himself, the only living creature there—his white face pinched and sharpened by the greediness which made his eyes unnaturally bright—counting the money of which his hands had robbed her.

Shocked beyond measure by the sight, the child returns to her room; but, during the night, she steals again to her grandfather's side and finds him asleep.

She had no fear as she looked upon his slumbering features; but she had a deep and weighty sorrow, and it found its relief in tears.

"God bless him!" said the child, stooping softly to kiss his placid cheek. "I see too well now, that they would indeed part us if they found us out, and shut him up from the light of the sun and sky. He has only me to help him. God bless us both!"

Lighting her candle, she retreated as silently as she had come, and, gaining her own room once more, sat up during the remainder of that long, long, miserable night.

At last the day turned her waning candle pale, and she fell asleep. She was quickly roused by the girl who had shown her up to bed, and, as soon as she was dressed, prepared to go down to her grandfather. But first she searched her pocket, and found that her money was all gone—not a sixpence remained.

The old man was ready, and in a few seconds they were on their road. The child thought he rather avoided her eye, and appeared to expect that she would tell him of her loss. She felt she must do that, or he might suspect the truth.

"Grandfather," she said, in a tremulous voice, after they had walked about a mile in silence, "do you think they are honest people at the house yonder?"

"Why?" returned the old man, trembling. "Do I think them honest? yes, they played honestly."

"I'll tell you why I ask," rejoined Nell. "I lost some money last night—out of my bedroom, I am sure. Unless it was taken by somebody in jest—only in jest, dear grandfather, which would make me laugh heartily, if I could but know it——"

"Who would take money in jest?" returned the old man, in a hurried manner. "Those who take money, take it to keep. Don't talk of jest."

"Then it was stolen out of my room, dear," said the child, whose last hope was destroyed by the manner of this reply.

By tears and entreaties, Nell succeeds in leading her grandfather away from the old temptation, which has again beset him, and forms fresh hopes of saving him; but these are soon dissipated. Unseen, herself, she discovers him in company with the same gamblers, and witnesses their cunning endeavours to induce him to rob Mrs. Jarley, in order to obtain the means of winning back all he had lost, and perhaps, of securing still greater gains.

She went back to her own room, and tried to prepare herself for bed. But who could sleep—sleep! who could lie passively down—distracted by such terrors? They came upon her more and more strongly yet. Half-undressed, and with her hair in wild disorder, she flew to the old man's bedside, clasped him by the wrist, and roused him from his sleep.

"What's this!" he cried, starting up in bed, and fixing his eyes upon her spectral face.

"I have had a dreadful dream," said the child, with an energy that nothing but such terrors could have inspired, "a dreadful, horrible dream! I have had it once before. It is a dream of gray-haired men like you, in darkened rooms, by night, robbing sleepers of their gold. Up, up!" The old man shook in every joint, and folded his hands like one who prays.

"Not to me," said the child, "not to me; to Heaven, to save us from such deeds! This dream is too real. I cannot sleep; I cannot stay here; I cannot leave you alone under the roof where such dreams come. Up! We must fly."

He looked at her as if she were a spirit—she might have been for all the look of earth she had—and trembled more and more.

"There is no time to lose; I will not lose one minute," said the child. "Up! and away with me."

"To-night?" murmured the old man.

"Yes, to-night," replied the child. "To-morrow night will be too late. The dream will have come again. Nothing but flight can save us. Up!"

The old man rose from his bed, his forehead bedewed with the cold sweat of fear, and bending before the child as if she had been an angel messenger sent to lead him where she would, made ready to follow her. She took him by the hand, and led him on. As they passed the door of the room he had proposed to rob, she shuddered and looked up into his

face. What a white face was that! and with what a look did he meet hers!

She took him to her own chamber, and still holding him by the hand, as if she feared to lose him for an instant, gathered together the little stock she had, and hung her basket on her arm. The old man took his wallet from her hands, and strapped it on his shoulders—his staff, too, she had brought away—and then she led him forth.

They suffer much privation after this, and the old man complains piteously of hunger and fatigue; but the child trudges on, with less and less of hope and strength, indeed, but with an undiminished resolution to lead her sacred charge somewhere—anywhere, indeed—away from guilt and shame. At last they encounter Mr. Marton, a poor but kind-hearted schoolmaster, whom they had met once before. He is travelling on foot to a distant village, where he has been appointed clerk and teacher; and, on learning from Little Nell the full story of her trials and sufferings and wanderings, asks her and her grandfather to accompany him, promising to use his best endeavours to find them some humble occupation by which they can subsist. Little Nell gladly embraces his offer; and they journey on together. Arrived at the village, their kind friend exerts himself successfully in their behalf, procures them a pleasant home and a light employment in connection with the parish church, which brings them money enough to live on. But the quiet and happy life they begin to lead is destined to be of short duration. Long exposure and suffering have been too much for the child's delicate organisation, and her health fails. Slowly, but surely, the end draws on, and at last she dies.

They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sunk to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly; for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once; and that was of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together by the river-side at night. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And even then she never thought or spoke about him, but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she had never murmured or complained, but with a

quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon a summer's evening.

(Ch. i.–vi., ix.–xii., xv.–xix., xxiv.–xxxii., xlii.–xlvi., lii.–lv., lxxi., lxxii.) *See* GRANDFATHER, LITTLE NELL'S.

TROTTERS. *See* HARRIS, MR.

VUFFIN. A showman; proprietor of a giant, and of a little lady without legs or arms. (Ch. xix.)

WACKLES, MISS JANE. Youngest daughter of Mrs. Wackles, and instructor in the art of needlework, marking, and samplery, in the "Ladies' Seminary" presided over by her mother. (Ch. viii.)

WACKLES, MISS MELISSA. Teacher of English grammar, composition, geography, and the use of the dumb-bells, in her mother's seminary for young ladies. She is the eldest daughter, and verges on the autumnal, having seen thirty-five summers, or thereabouts. (Ch. viii.)

WACKLES, MISS SOPHY. A fresh, good-humoured, buxom girl of twenty; Mrs. Wackles's second daughter, and teacher of writing, arithmetic, dancing, and general fascination in the "Ladies' Seminary." Mr. Swiveller at one time supposes himself to be in love with Miss Sophy. (Ch. viii.)

WACKLES, MRS. Proprietor of a very small day-school for young ladies, at Chelsea; an excellent but rather venomous old lady of threescore, who takes special charge of the corporal punishment, fasting, and other tortures and terrors of the establishment. (Ch. viii.)

WEST, DAME. The grandmother of a favourite pupil of Mr. Marton's the schoolmaster. (Ch. xxv.)

WHISKER. A pony belonging to Mr. Garland, obstinate, independent, and freakish, but "a very good fellow if you know how to manage him." (Ch. xiv., xx., xxii., xxxviii., xl., xli., lxi., lxiii., lxv., lxvi., lxxiii.)

WILLIAM, SWEET. *See* SWEET WILLIAM.

WITHERDEN, MR. A notary; short, chubby, fresh-coloured, brisk, and pompous. (Ch. xiv., xx., xxxviii., xl., xli., lxi., lxiii., lxv., lxvi., lxxiii.)

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I. Little Nell enquires the way of Master Humphrey; he goes home with her to the Old Curiosity Shop, and meets her grandfather; return of Kit from his errand; Master Humphrey is surprised to hear that the old man is going out, leaving Little Nell alone.—II. Returning, drawn by curiosity, a few days after, Master Humphrey interrupts an angry controversy between the old man and his grandson; Fred Trent calls in his friend Mr. Swiveller, who gives some pacific advice; Little Nell returns.—III. She is followed by Quilp; the old man keeps his secret close.—IV. Mrs. Quilp and her mother, discussing with some neighbours the character of Mr. Quilp, are interrupted by the entrance of that gentleman; Quilp's kind treatment of his wife.—V. Mr. Quilp goes to his wharf, where he quarrels with his boy; Nell comes to him there with a letter.—VI. Quilp takes Nell to his home on Tower Hill, where he forces Mrs. Quilp to endeavour to find out from the child her grandfather's secret, while he listens behind the door.—VII. Fred Trent, supposing his grandfather to be very rich, conspires with Dick Swiveller to get possession of his property by the marriage of Little Nell to the latter gentleman, involving the probable disappointment of the matrimonial expectations of Miss Sophy Wackles.—VIII. Mr. Swiveller dines his friend at the expense of the cook-shop keeper; Miss Sophy Wackles plays off Mr. Cheggs against Mr. Swiveller, and loses Mr. Swiveller.—IX. Nelly pleads with her grandfather to give up their way of living, and become beggars and be happy; Quilp enters, unperceived, and hears their conversation; Quilp informs the old man that he has discovered the secret of his gambling, and the old man denies that he ever played for his own sake, but always for Nelly's good; Quilp throws the old man's suspicions upon Kit.—X. Kit, after watching the house until midnight, goes home, and is soon followed by Nelly, who informs him of the illness of her grandfather, and that he blames Kit himself as the cause.—XI. Quilp, accompanied by Sampson Brass, takes possession of the old man's property; Kit has a secret interview with Little Nell.—XII. The old man recovers, and is warned by Quilp to leave the house; he and Nell leave secretly, not knowing where they shall go.—XIII. Mr. Quilp, opening the door to his wife, falls into the hands of Mr. Richard Swiveller; Mr. Swiveller's astonishment at what has happened; Kit fights with Quilp's boy for the possession of Nelly's bird, and wins.—XIV. Kit minds the horse of Mr. and Mrs. Garland, while their son, Mr. Abel, is being articled to Mr. Witherden, and gets overpaid for the job.—XV. Nelly and her grandfather escape from London, and are befriended by a cottager's family.—XVI. They encounter Messrs. Codlin and Short, itinerant showmen, in the churchyard.—XVII. Little Nell's interview with the aged widow of a young husband; Codlin and Short invite Nell and her grandfather to go with them to the races; they encounter the stilt-walkers.—XVIII. Arrived at The Jolly Sandboys, they are joined by other showmen, and have supper.—XIX. Codlin makes warm professions of friendship, and both he and Short keep close watch over the fugitives; Nelly and her grandfather escape from their companions.—XX. Kit goes to work out the odd sixpence paid him by

Mr. Garland.—XXI. He is engaged by Mr. Garland for six pounds a year; Quilp and Mr. Swiveller pursue their inquiries for the fugitives at the house of Mrs. Nubbles; the dwarf draws from Mr. Swiveller the details of the scheme he has formed with Fred Trent, and promises his assistance.—XXII. Kit becomes an inmate of Abel Cottage.—XXIII. Mr. Richard Swiveller bemoans his orphan state; Quilp and Fred Trent, for different reasons, unite in the scheme for entrapping Nelly into a marriage with Dick Swiveller.—XXIV. Escaped from the showmen, Nell and her grandfather find their way to a quiet village, where they are kindly received by the schoolmaster.—XXV. Nell spends the morning in the schoolroom; the schoolmaster takes Nell to the sick-room of his favourite pupil, little Harry; Harry's death.—XXVI. After leaving the schoolmaster, Nelly and the old man encounter Mrs. Jarley taking tea outside her caravan; she gives them some supper, and carries them on their way.—XXVII. Mrs. Jarley explains her business to the child, and, finding they are begging their living, offers her employment, which she gladly accepts; the child is terrified at the sight of Quilp, but luckily escapes being seen by him.—XXVIII. Mr. Slum receives an order from Mrs. Jarley; Nell learns the histories of Mrs. Jarley's wax figures.—XXIX. Nell and her grandfather, wandering through the fields, are caught in a storm, and take refuge in The Valiant Soldier; the old man becomes excited at the sight of gambling, secures the child's purse, plays, and loses.—XXX. The old man robs Nell of the little she has left.—XXXI. She tells him of the robbery, in the hope that he will confess it; he bids her keep silent about it; Miss Monflathers receives Nell with dignity; she lectures Miss Edwards for her impropriety in doing Nell a kindness, and refuses her patronage to Mrs. Jarley's exhibition.—XXXII. The old man gambles away all Nelly's earnings; Mrs. Jarley's schemes for making her exhibition more popular.—XXXIII. Sally Brass reproves her brother for taking a clerk; he justifies it as the request of his best client, Mr. Quilp; Quilp introduces Mr. Swiveller, who is installed as Sampson Brass's clerk.—XXXIV. Dick defines his position, and tells how he came in it; he lets the lodgings to the Single Gentleman.—XXXV. The new lodger remains singularly silent for a long time; Sampson Brass refreshes Mr. Swiveller's memory in regard to the statement made by the Single Gentleman, who is at length aroused, and expresses his desires to Mr. Richard Swiveller.—XXXVI. Mr. Swiveller finds favour in the eyes of Sally Brass; he witnesses the feeding of the small servant.—XXXVII. The Single Gentleman shows an extraordinary interest in Punch and Judy shows; he entertains Messrs. Codlin and Short, and makes particular inquiries in regard to Little Nell and her grandfather.—XXXVIII. Kit's progress in his new place; he meets the strange gentleman at Mr. Witherden's, who questions him closely about the old man and the child, and enjoins silence thereupon; Dick Swiveller finds Kit can keep a secret.—XXXIX. How Kit and his mother, and Barbara and her mother, enjoyed their half-holiday.—XL. Kit receives with some surprise the intelligence that the strange gentleman desires to take him into his service, and declines to leave Mr. Garland; the Single Gentleman informs Kit that Nell and the old man have been found; Kit declines his proposal to take him with him to bring them back, on account of the old man's feeling towards him, but recommends his mother instead.—XLI. Kit finds his mother at Little Bethel Chapel, where he is astonished to see Quilp also; the Single Gentleman and Mrs. Nubbles start on their journey.—XLII. Little Nell overhears the gamblers tempting her grand-

father to rob Mrs. Jarley, until he consents; she sets this knowledge before him as a terrible dream she has had, and bids him fly with her from a place where such dreams come.—XLIII. The fugitives are befriended and carried on their way by some rough boatmen.—XLIV. Lost in the busy streets of a manufacturing town, they are taken by a poor workman to a foundry, where they remain through the night, in the warmth of the furnaces.—XLV. They wander on in search of the open country, Nell growing very weak from hunger and fatigue; she is about to beg of a traveller on the road, when she recognises in him their old friend the schoolmaster, and falls senseless at his feet.—XLVI. The schoolmaster carries her to a neighbouring inn, where she is restored; he informs them of his change of fortune, and they accompany him to his new home.—XLVII. The Single Gentleman and Mrs. Nubbles reach Mrs. Jarley's, to find that lady just married to George, and to learn that the child and her grandfather disappeared a week before, and all attempts to find them have failed.—XLVIII. Quilp's appearance at the inn to which the Single Gentleman goes, and how he came to be there.—XLIX. Quilp returns home, and interrupts the arrangements Mr. Sampson Brass and Mrs. Jiniwin are making for the recovery of his body, supposing him to be drowned.—L. Quilp establishes himself as a jolly bachelor in the counting-house on his wharf; he pays a visit to Mr. Swiveller, whom he finds disconsolate at the marriage of Sophy Wackles to his rival, Cheggs; the dwarf learns from Dick that his friend Fred Trent and the Single Gentleman have met, with no good result; Mrs. Quilp importunes her husband to return home, but he drives her away.—LI. Quilp has an interview with Miss Brass's small servant; Quilp informs Sampson and Sally Brass that he wants Kit put out of the way, and they agree to do it.—LII. The schoolmaster arranges that Nell and her grandfather shall have the care of the church, and they take possession of their new home; their kind reception by the clergyman and the bachelor; the bachelor introduces the schoolmaster to his new pupils.—LIII. Nell's talk with the old sexton.—LIV., LV. The sexton's impatience with old David; Nelly's health fails, and her friends grow anxious about her.—LVI. Mr. Swiveller goes into mourning on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Sophy Wackles; Mr. Chuckster complains to Mr. Swiveller that his merits are not appreciated; Sampson Brass calls Kit into his office, and begins to put his plot against him into execution.—LVII. Progress of the plot; Dick Swiveller discovers the small servant eavesdropping; he teaches her to play cribbage, and bestows upon her the title of Marchioness.—LVIII. He learns from her how she is kept by Miss Sally; Mr. Swiveller relieves his melancholy by a little flute-playing; Miss Sally reports to Dick that some small thefts have occurred in the office; she suspects Kit, whom her brother stoutly defends.—LIX. Consummation of the plot, and arrest of Kit for larceny.—LX. Kit begs to be taken to Mr. Witherden's office; on the way they encounter Quilp, who bestows his blessing on the party; astonishment of the Garlands and Mr. Witherden at the charge against Kit.—LXI. Kit in prison is visited by his mother and Barbara's mother; Mr. Swiveller shows his sympathy in a mug of beer.—LXII. Sampson Brass visits Quilp in his den; pleasant behaviour of the facetious dwarf; he demands the discharge of Mr. Swiveller.—LXIII. Trial and conviction of Kit; Mr. Swiveller gets his discharge.—LXIV. Mr. Swiveller awakes from a delirious sickness to find himself in the care of the Marchioness; she informs him how she came there, and gives him the particulars of his sickness; the Marchioness also relates to Dick the details of the plot

against Kit, which she overheard through the keyhole; she goes in search of Mr. Abel Garland.—LXV. She finds him, and brings him to Dick's lodgings, where she repeats the story to him.—LXVI. The Garlands and their friends take Mr. Swiveller and the Marchioness under their protection; they attempt to draw a confession from Sally Brass, but the conference is interrupted by Sampson, who confesses the whole conspiracy; Dick Swiveller inherits a fortune, which is smaller than it might have been.—LXVII. Mrs. Quilp carries to her husband a letter from Sally Brass, informing him of the discovery of their schemes, and warning him of his danger; he drives his wife away, and groping in the darkness to escape the officers, who are already on his track, he falls into the river, and is drowned.—LXVIII. Kit is released, and welcomed home by his friends; Mr. Garland notifies him to prepare for a journey to meet Nell and her grandfather.—LXIX. Kit has an understanding with Barbara; the Single Gentleman, Mr. Garland, and Kit start on their journey; the Single Gentleman relates his story to Mr. Garland.—LXX. They arrive at the village after midnight; the old sexton is disturbed; Kit discovers the old man brooding over the fire.—LXXI. The old man knows neither Kit nor his brother; Nelly is dead.—LXXII. Her burial is kept a secret from her grandfather; the old man is found dead on the child's grave.—LXXIII. Sampson Brass, after serving out his sentence, joins his sister in the wretched neighbourhood of St. Giles's; Mrs. Quilp marries again and lives happily; Mr. Abel Garland becomes the head of a family; Mr. Swiveller bestows upon the small servant the name of Sophronia Sphynx, educates, and finally marries her; sad end of Frederick Trent; the Single Gentleman rewards all who befriended his brother; the family history of Kit and Barbara.

BARNABY RUDGE.

A TALE OF THE RIOTS OF 'EIGHTY.

"BARNABY RUDGE" is an historical novel, based upon the Lord George Gordon, or London Protestant, riots of 1780. It first appeared in 1841, in "Master Humphrey's Clock;" and in 1849 it was published apart from the machinery of that serial miscellany.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

AKERMAN, MR. Head jailer at Newgate. (Ch. lxiv., lxxvii.)

BLACK LION, THE. Landlord of a London inn of the same name; so called because he had instructed the artist who painted his sign to convey into the features of the lordly brute whose effigy it bore, as near a counterpart of his own face as his skill could compass and devise. He is such a swigger of beer, that most of his faculties have been utterly drowned and washed away, except the one great faculty of sleep, which he retains in surprising perfection. (Ch. xxxi.)

CHESTER, MR., afterwards SIR JOHN. An elegant and punctiliously polite, but thoroughly heartless and unprincipled gentleman. Mr. Chester attempts, but unsuccessfully, to break off the match between his son Edward and Miss Emma Haredale, both because the girl is poor, and because he is bent on an alliance which will add to his own wealth and importance. (Ch. x.–xii., xiv., xv., xxiii., xxiv., xxvi.–xxx., xxxii., xl., xliii., liii., lxxv., lxxxi.) *See* HAREDALE (MR. GEOFFREY), HUGH.

CHESTER, EDWARD. His son; in love with and finally married to Miss Emma Haredale. (Ch. i., ii., v., vi., xiv., xv., xix., xxix., xxxii., lxvii., lxxi., lxxii., lxxix., lxxxii.)

COBB, TOM. General chandler and post-office keeper; a crony of old Willet's, and a frequent visitor at The Maypole Inn. (Ch. i., xxx., xxxiii., liv.)

CONWAY, GENERAL. A member of parliament, and an opponent of Lord George Gordon. (Ch. xlix.)

DAISY, SOLOMON. Parish clerk and bell-ringer of Chigwell; a little man, with little round, black, shining eyes like beads, and studded all down his rusty black coat, and his long flapped waistcoat, with queer little buttons, like nothing except his eyes, but so like them that he seems all eyes from head to foot. (Ch. i.–iii., xi., xxx., xxxiii., liv., lvi.)

DENNIS, NED. Ringleader of the Gordon rioters. Having formerly been a hangman, and therefore entertaining a profound respect for the law, he desires that everything should be done in a constitutional way. Yet, as an adept in the art of "working people off," he thinks it the better and neater method to hang everybody who stands in the way of the rioters; and he is frequently disgusted by the refusal of his fellow-insurgents to adopt his suggestions. When the riot is at last suppressed, and Dennis is arrested and condemned to death, he suddenly discovers that the satisfaction which he has experienced for so many years in executing the capital sentence upon his fellow-mortals was, in all probability, not shared by the subjects of his skill; and he shrinks in the most abject fear from his fate.

"No reprieve, no reprieve! Nobody comes near us. There's only the night left now!" moaned Dennis faintly, as he wrung his hands. "Do you think they'll reprieve me in the night, brother? I've known reprieves come in the night, afore now. I've known 'em come as late as five, six, and seven o'clock in the morning. Don't you think there's a good chance yet—don't you? Say you do. Say *you* do, young man," whined the miserable creature, with an imploring gesture towards Barnaby, "or I shall go mad!"

"Better be mad than sane, here," said Hugh. "*Go* mad."

"But tell me what you think. Somebody tell me what he thinks!" cried the wretched object—so mean, and wretched, and despicable, that even Pity's self might have turned away, at sight of such a being in the likeness of a man—"isn't there a chance for me—isn't there a good chance for me? Isn't it likely they may be doing this to frighten me? Don't you think it is? Oh!" he almost shrieked, as he wrung his hands, "won't anybody give me comfort?"

"You ought to be the best, instead of the worst," said Hugh, stopping before him. "Ha, ha, ha! See the hangman, when it comes home to him!"

"You don't know what it is," cried Dennis, actually writhing as

he spoke: "I do. That I should come to be worked off! I! I! That *I* should come!"

"And why not?" said Hugh, as he thrust back his matted hair to get a better view of his late associate. "How often, before I knew your trade, did I hear you talking of this as if it was a treat?"

"I ain't unconsistent," screamed the miserable creature; "I'd talk so again, if I was hangman. Some other man has got my old opinions at this minute. That makes it worse. Somebody's longing to work me off. I know by myself that somebody must be!"

"He'll soon have his longing," said Hugh, resuming his walk. "Think of that, and be quiet."

(Ch. xxxvi.–xl., xliv., xlix., l., lii.–liv., lix., lx., lxiii.–lxv., lxix.–lxxi., lxxiv.–lxxvii.)

GASHFORD, MR. Lord George Gordon's secretary; a tall, bony, high-shouldered, and angular man.

His dress, in imitation of his superior, was demure and staid in the extreme; his manner, formal and constrained. This gentleman had an overhanging brow, great hands and feet and ears, and a pair of eyes that seemed to have made an unnatural retreat into his head, and to have dug themselves a cave to hide in. His manner was smooth and humble, but very sly and slinking. He wore the aspect of a man who was always lying in wait for something that *wouldn't* come to pass; but he looked patient—very patient—and fawned like a spaniel dog.

(Ch. xxxv.–xxxviii., xliii., xliv., xlviii.–l., lii., liii., lxxi., lxxii.)

GILBERT, MARK. One of the "Prentice Knights, or United Bull-Dogs," a secret society formed by the apprentices of London for the purpose of resisting the tyranny of their masters. On the occasion of Mark's admission to this organisation, he is thus described:

"Age, nineteen. Bound to Thomas Curzon, hosier, Golden Fleece, Aldgate. Loves Curzon's daughter. Cannot say that Curzon's daughter loves him. Should think it probable. Curzon pulled his ears last Tuesday week."

(Ch. viii.–xxxix.)

GORDON, COLONEL. Member of parliament, and an opponent of his kinsman Lord George Gordon. (Ch. xlix.)

GORDON, LORD GEORGE. Third son of Cosmo George, third duke of Gordon; born Sept. 19, 1750; noted as the chief instigator of the Protestant or "No Popery" riots, which took place in London in 1780, and were a result of the passage of a bill by parliament relieving Roman Catholics from certain disabilities and penalties. In these riots (which lasted for several days) many Roman Catholic churches were destroyed, as were also Newgate Prison, the residence of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, and numerous other private dwellings. Lord

George was arrested on a charge of high treason, and was committed to the Tower; but, the offence not having been proved, he was acquitted. He died Nov. 1, 1793. (Ch. xxxv.–xxxvii., xliii., xlviii.–l., lvii., lxxiii., lxxxii.)

GREEN, TOM. A soldier. (Ch. lviii.)

GRIP. A raven; the constant companion of Barnaby Rudge; a very knowing bird, supposed to be a hundred and twenty years old, or thereabouts.

The widow tried to make light of Barnaby's remark, and endeavoured to divert his attention to some new subject; too easy a task at all times, as she knew. His supper done, Barnaby, regardless of her entreaties, stretched himself on the mat before the fire; Grip perched upon his leg, and divided his time between dozing in the grateful warmth, and endeavouring (as it presently appeared) to recall a new accomplishment he had been studying all day.

A long and profound silence ensued, broken only by some change of position on the part of Barnaby, whose eyes were still wide open and intently fixed upon the fire; or by an effort of recollection on the part of Grip, who would cry in a low voice from time to time, "Polly put the ket——" and there stop short, forgetting the remainder, and go off in a doze again.

After a long interval, Barnaby's breathing grew more deep and regular, and his eyes were closed. But even then the unquiet spirit of the raven interposed, "Polly put the ket——" cried Grip, and his master was broad awake again.

At length Barnaby slept soundly, and the bird with his bill sunk upon his breast, his breast itself puffed out into a comfortable alderman-like form, and his bright eye growing smaller and smaller, really seemed to be subsiding into a state of repose. Now and then he muttered in a sepulchral voice, "Polly put the ket——" but very drowsily, and more like a drunken man than a reflecting raven.

The widow, scarcely venturing to breathe, rose from her seat. The man glided from the closet, and extinguished the candle.

"—tle on," cried Grip, suddenly struck with an idea and very much excited. "—tle on. Hurrah! Polly put the ket-tle on, we'll all have tea; Polly put the ket-tle on, we'll all have tea. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! I'm a devil, I'm a devil, I'm a ket-tle on, Keep up your spirits, Never say die, Bow, wow, wow, I'm a devil, I'm a ket-tle, I'm a—Polly put the ket-tle on, we'll all have tea."

They stood rooted to the ground, as though it had been a voice from the grave.

But even this failed to awaken the sleeper. He turned over towards the fire, his arm fell to the ground, and his head drooped heavily upon it.

(Ch. v., vi., x., xvii., xxv., xlv.–xlvii., lvii., lviii., lxviii., lxxiii., lxxv.–lxxvii., lxxix., lxxxii.)

GRUEBY, JOHN. Servant to Lord George Gordon; a square-built, strong-made, bull-necked fellow, of the true English breed, self-possessed, hard-headed, and imperturbable. (Ch. xxxv., xxxvii., xxxviii., lvii., lxvi., lxxxii.)

HAREDALE, MR. GEOFFREY. A country gentleman, burly in person, stern in disposition, rough and abrupt in manner, but thoroughly honest and unselfish. He resides at a mansion called "The Warren," on the borders of Epping Forest, and not far from The Maypole Inn. Being a rigid Roman Catholic, he is made a special object of vengeance by the Lord Gordon mob. He kills Sir John Chester in a duel, and thereupon quits England for ever, ending his days in the seclusion of a religious establishment abroad. (Ch. i., x.–xii., xiv., xx., xxv.–xxvii., xxix., xxxiv., xlii., xliii., lvi., lxi., lxvi., lxvii., lxxi., lxxvi., lxxix., lxxxi., lxxxii.)

HAREDALE, MISS EMMA. His niece; daughter of Mr. Reuben Haredale, who is mysteriously murdered. She is finally married to Edward Chester. (Ch. i., iv., xii.–xv., xx., xxv., xxvii.–xxix., xxxii., lix., lxx., lxxi., lxxix., lxxxi.)

HUGH. A wild, athletic, gipsy-like young fellow, with something fierce and sullen in his features. He is at first a hostler at The Maypole Inn, and afterwards a leader in the Gordon riots. He turns out to be a natural son of Sir John Chester, who, when urged to save him from the gallows, treats the appeal with the utmost *sang froid*, and permits him to be executed, without making the least effort in his behalf. (Ch. x.–xii., xx., xxii., xxiii., xxviii., xxix., xxxiv., xxxv., xxxvii.–xl., xliv., xlviii.–l., lii.–liv., lix., lx., lxiii.–lxv., lxvii.–lxix., lxxiv., lxxvi.–lxxviii.)

LANGDALE, MR. A vintner and distiller; a portly, purple-faced, and choleric old gentleman. (Ch. xiii., lxi., lxvi., lxvii., lxxxi.)

MIGGS, MISS. The single domestic servant of Mrs. Varden.

> This Miggs was a tall young lady, very much addicted to pattens in private life; slender and shrewish, of a rather uncomfortable figure, and though not absolutely ill-looking, of a sharp and acid visage. As a general principle and abstract proposition, Miggs held the male sex to be utterly contemptible and unworthy of notice; to be fickle, false, base, sottish, inclined to perjury, and wholly undeserving. When particularly exasperated against them (which, scandal said, was when Sim Tappertit slighted her most) she was accustomed to wish with great emphasis that the whole race of women could but die off, in order that the men might be brought to know the real value of the blessings by which they set so little store; nay, her feeling for her order ran so high, that she sometimes declared, if she could only have good security for a fair, round number—say ten thousand—of young virgins following her example, she would, to spite mankind, hang, drown, stab, or poison herself, with a joy past all expression.

When the Gordon riots break out, she forsakes her old

master and mistress to follow and watch over Mr. Sim Tappertit. After the dispersion of the rioters, Miss Miggs returns to Mr. Varden's house, quite as a matter of course, expecting to be reinstated in her old situation. But Mrs. Varden, who is at first amazed at her audacity, orders her to leave the house instanter; whereupon the young lady relieves her mind after this wise :—

"I'm quite delighted, I'm sure, to find such independency, feeling sorry though, at the same time, mim, that you should have been forced into submissions when you couldn't help yourself—he, he, he! It must be great vexations, 'specially considering how ill you always spoke of Mr. Joe—to have him for a son-in-law at last; and I wonder Miss Dolly can put up with him, either, after being off and on for so many years with a coachmaker. But I *have* heerd say, that the coachmaker thought twice about it—he, he, he!—and that he told a young man as was a frind of his, that he hoped he knowed better than to be drawed into that; though she and all the family *did* pull uncommon strong!"

Here she paused for a reply, and receiving none, went on as before.

"I *have* heerd say, mim, that the illnesses of some ladies was all pretentions, and that they could faint away, stone dead, whenever they had the inclinations so to do. Of course I never see sich cases with my own eyes—ho no! He, he, he! Nor master neither—ho no! He, he, he! I *have* heerd the neighbours make remark as someone as they was acquainted with, was a poor good-natur'd mean-spirited creetur, as went out fishing for a wife one day, and caught a Tartar. Of course I never to my knowledge see the poor person himself. Nor did you neither, mim—no, no. I wonder who it can be—don't you, mim? No doubt you do, mim. Ho yes. He, he, he!"

Cast upon a thankless, undeserving world, and baffled in all her schemes, matrimonial and otherwise, Miss Miggs turns sharper and sourer than ever. It happens, however, that, just at this time, a female turnkey is wanted for the county Bridewell, and a day and hour is appointed for the inspection of candidates. Miss Miggs attends, and is instantly chosen from a hundred and twenty-four competitors, and installed in office, which she holds till her decease, more than thirty years afterwards. (Ch. vii., ix., xiii., xviii., xix., xxii., xxvii., xxxi., xxxvi., xxxix., xli., li., lxiii., lxx., lxxi., lxxz., lxxxii.)

PARKES, PHIL. A ranger who frequents The Maypole Inn; a tall man, very taciturn, and a profound smoker. (Ch. i., xi., xxx., xxxiii., liv.)

PEAK. Sir John Chester's valet. (Ch. xxiii., xxiv., xxxii, lxxv., lxxxii.)

RUDGE, BARNABY. A fantastic youth, half crazed, half idiotic. Wandering listlessly about at the time of the Gordon

riots, he is overtaken by the mob, and eagerly joins them in their work of destruction.

As he stood, at that moment, half shrinking back and half bending forward, both his face and figure were full in the strong glare of the link, and as distinctly revealed as though it had been broad day. He was about three-and-twenty years old, and though rather spare, of a fair height and strong make. His hair, of which he had a great profusion, was red, and hanging in disorder about his face and shoulders, gave to his restless looks an expression quite unearthly—enhanced by the paleness of his complexion, and the glassy lustre of his large protruding eyes. Startling as his aspect was, the features were good, and there was something even plaintive in his wan and haggard aspect. But the absence of the soul is far more terrible in a living man than in a dead one; and in this unfortunate being its noblest powers were wanting.

His dress was of green, clumsily trimmed here and there—apparently by his own hands—with gaudy lace; brightest where the cloth was most worn and soiled, and poorest where it was at the best. A pair of tawdry ruffles dangled at his wrists, while his throat was nearly bare. He had ornamented his hat with a cluster of peacock's feathers, but they were limp and broken, and now trailed negligently down his back. Girt to his side was the steel hilt of an old sword without blade or scabbard; and some parti-coloured ends of ribands and poor glass toys completed the ornamental portion of his attire. The fluttered and confused disposition of all the motley scraps that formed his dress, bespoke, in a scarcely less degree than his eager and unsettled manner, the disorder of his mind, and by a grotesque contrast set off and heightened the more impressive wildness of his face.

His strength and agility make him a valuable auxiliary; and he continues fighting, until he is at last overpowered, arrested, and condemned to death. "Aha, Hugh!" says he to his companion on the eve of their execution, "we shall know what makes the stars shine *now*." A pardon is finally procured for him by Mr. Varden. (Ch. iii.–vi., x.–xii., xvii., xxv., xxvi., xlv.–l., lii., liii., lvii., lviii., lx., lxii., lxv., lxviii., lxix., lxxiii., lxxv.–lxxvii., lxxix., lxxxii.)

RUDGE, MRS. Mother of Barnaby. (Ch. iv.–vi., xvi., xvii., xxv., xxvi., xlii., xlv.–l., lvii., lxii., lxix., lxxiii., lxxvi., lxxix., lxxxii.)

RUDGE, MR. Father of Barnaby, and a former steward of Reuben Haredale's. One morning in the year 1733, Mr. Haredale is found murdered, and the steward is missing. Afterwards a body is discovered, which is supposed to be that of Rudge; but it is so disfigured as not to be recognisable. After the lapse of many years, it is proved that Rudge was the real murderer, and that the body which was taken to be his was really that of another of his victims. He is finally

captured and executed. (Ch. i.–iii., v., vi., xvi.–xviii., xxxiii., xlv., xlvi., lv., lvi., lxi., lxii., lxv., lxviii., lxix., lxxiii., lxxvi.)

STAGG. A blind man; proprietor of a drinking-cellar and skittle-ground. (Ch. viii., xviii., xlv., xlvi., lxii., lxix.)

TAPPERTIT, SIMON. Apprentice to Mr. Gabriel Varden, and a sworn enemy to Joe Willet, who has rivalled him in the affections of his master's daughter Dolly.

> Sim . . . was an old-fashioned, thin-faced, sleek-haired, sharp-nosed, small-eyed little fellow, very little more than five feet high, and thoroughly convinced in his own mind that he was above the middle size; rather tall, in fact, than otherwise. Of his figure, which was well enough formed, though somewhat of the leanest, he entertained the highest admiration; and with his legs, which, in knee-breeches, were perfect curiosities of littleness, he was enraptured to a degree amounting to enthusiasm. . . . Add to this that he was in years just twenty, in his looks much older, and in conceit at least two hundred; that he had no objection to be jested with, touching his admiration of his master's daughter; and had even, when called upon at a certain obscure tavern to pledge the lady whom he honoured with his love, toasted, with many winks and leers, a fair creature whose Christian name, he said, began with a D [Dolly Varden].

Mr. Tappertit is captain of the "'Prentice Knights" (afterwards called the "United Bull-Dogs"), whose objects were vengeance on their tyrant masters (of whose grievous and insupportable oppression no 'prentice could entertain a moment's doubt) and the restoration of their ancient rights and holidays. He takes a leading part in the Lord George Gordon riots, but finally receives a gun-shot wound in his body, and has his precious legs crushed into shapeless ugliness. After being removed from a hospital to a prison, and thence to his place of trial, he is discharged, by proclamation, on two wooden legs. By the advice and aid of his old master, to whom he applies for assistance, he is established in business as a shoe-black, and quickly secures a great run of custom; so that he thinks himself justified in taking to wife the widow of an eminent bone and rag collector. (Ch. iv., vii.–ix., xviii., xix., xxii., xxiv., xxvii., xxxi., xxxvi., xxxix., xlviii.–lii., lix., lx., lxii., lxx., lxxi., lxxxii.)

VARDEN, DOLLY. A bright, fresh, coquettish girl, the very impersonation of good humour and blooming beauty. She is finally married to Joe Willet. (Ch. iv., xiii., xix.–xxii., xxvii., xxxi., lix., lxx., lxxi.)

VARDEN, GABRIEL. A frank, hearty, honest old locksmith, at charity with all mankind; father to Dolly Varden. (Ch. ii.–vii., xiii., xiv., xix., xxi., xxii., xxvi., xxvii., xli., xlii., li., lxiii., lxiv., lxxi., lxxii., lxxiv.–lxxvi., lxxix., lxxx., lxxxii.

VARDEN, MRS. MARTHA. His wife.

Mrs. Varden was a lady of what is commonly called an uncertain temper—a phrase which being interpreted signifies a temper tolerably certain to make everybody more or less uncomfortable. Thus it generally happened, that when other people were merry, Mrs. Varden was dull; and that when other people were dull, Mrs. Varden was disposed to be amazingly cheerful. Indeed the worthy housewife was of such a capricious nature, that she not only attained a higher pitch of genius than Macbeth, in respect of her ability to be wise, amazed, temperate and furious, loyal and neutral in an instant, but would sometimes ring the changes backwards and forwards on all possible moods and flights in one short quarter of an hour; performing, as it were, a kind of triple bob major on the peal of instruments in the female belfry, with a skilfulness and rapidity of execution that astonished all who heard her.

It had been observed in this good lady (who did not want for personal attractions, being plump and buxom to look at, though, like her fair daughter, somewhat short in stature) that this uncertainty of disposition strengthened and increased with her temporal prosperity; and divers wise men and matrons, on friendly terms with the locksmith and his family, even went so far as to assert, that a tumble down some half-dozen rounds in the world's ladder—such as the breaking of the bank in which her husband kept his money, or some little fall of that kind—would be the making of her, and could hardly fail to render her one of the most agreeable companions in existence.

(Ch. iv., vii., xiii., xix., xxi., xxii., xxvii., xxxvi., xli., xlii., li., lxxi., lxxii., lxxx., lxxxii.)

WILLET, JOHN. Landlord of The Maypole Inn at Chigwell; a burly, large-headed man, with a fat face, which betokened profound obstinacy and slowness of apprehension, combined with a very strong reliance upon his own merits.

The Maypole was an old building with more gable-ends than a lazy man would care to count on a sunny day; huge zigzag chimneys, out of which it seemed as if smoke could not choose but come in more than naturally fantastic shapes imparted to it in its tortuous progress; and vast stables, gloomy, ruinous, and empty. The place was said to have been built in the days of Henry the Eighth. . . . Its windows were all diamond-pane lattices; its floors were sunken and uneven; its ceiling blackened by the hand of time, and heavy with massive beams. Over the doorway was an ancient porch quaintly and grotesquely carved; and here, on summer evenings, the more favoured customers smoked and drank—ay, and sung many a good song too, sometimes—reposing on two grim-looking, high-backed settles, which, like the twin dragons of some fairy-tale, guarded the entrance to the mansion. . . . All bars are snug places; but The Maypole's was the very snuggest, cosiest, and completest bar that ever the wit of man devised. Such amazing bottles in old oaken pigeon-holes; . . . such sturdy little Dutch kegs, ranged in rows on shelves; so many lemons, hanging in separate nets, and forming the fragrant grove already mentioned in this chronicle, suggestive, with goodly loaves of snowy sugar stowed away hard by, of punch idealised beyond all mortal knowledge; such closets, such presses, . . . such places for putting

things away in hollow window-seats, all crammed to the throat with eatables, drinkables, or savoury condiments; lastly, and to crown all, as typical of the immense resources of the establishment, and its defiances to all visitors to out and come again, such a stupendous cheese!

(Ch. i.–iii., x.–xiv., xix., xx., xxiv., xxix., xxx., xxxiii.–xxxv., liv.–lvi., lxxii., lxxviii., lxxxii.)

WILLET, JOE. Son of John Willet; a broad-shouldered, strapping young fellow, whom it pleases his father still to consider a little boy, and to treat accordingly. After being bullied, badgered, worried, fretted, and browbeaten, until he can endure it no longer, Joe runs away and joins the army. At the time of the London riots, however, he turns up, and renders good service to his friends, notwithstanding the loss of an arm at the siege of Savannah. The father is only too glad to welcome him back; never speaks of him to a stranger afterwards without saying proudly, "My son's arm was took off at the defence of the—Salwanners—in America, where the war is." Joe finally marries Dolly Varden, whom he has long loved. (Ch. i.–iii., xiii., xiv., xix., xxi., xxii., xxx., xxxi., xli., lviii., lxvii., lxxi., lxxii., lxxviii., lxxx., lxxxii.)

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I. John Willet, landlord of The Maypole, and his guests, discuss the weather; a suspicious-looking stranger asks questions about The Warren, and is answered by Joe Willet; one of the guests sets out to walk to London through the storm; Joe Willet is lectured for his forwardness by his father and his friends; Solomon Daisy relates the story of the murder of Mr. Reuben Haredale twenty-two years before.—II. The suspicious-looking stranger sets out for London, and rides furiously through the darkness; he encounters Gabriel Varden on the road; Gabriel goes back to The Maypole.—III. Joe Willet rebels against his father's authority, and threatens to run away; Gabriel advises him to think better of it; going on to London, Gabriel is attracted by loud outcries, and finds Barnaby Rudge standing over a bloody and apparently lifeless body.—IV. Mr. Varden's home described; Mr. Simon Tappertit is introduced; Mr. Varden gives his daughter an account of his last night's adventure on the road, and also his difficulty in finding Miss Emma Haredale; Dolly's confusion on hearing of Joe Willet; the jealousy of Mr. Tappertit is aroused.—V. Varden goes to Mrs. Rudge's to inquire about Mr. Edward Chester, the young man whom he rescued; he is astonished to find her receiving a call from the ruffian he encountered on the road.—VI. She declines to make any explanation, but begs him to keep silent; Gabriel sees Mr. Edward Chester, who gives him an account of his adventure; and Varden recognises in his assailant the same man he

himself met; Barnaby and his raven.—VII. Gabriel's reception by Mrs. Varden and Miggs on his return home.—VIII. Sim Tappertit secretly leaves the house, and goes to the rendezvous of the "'Prentice Knights," where he is received by Stagg; the "'Prentice Knights" admit a new member; confidence between the captain and the novice.—IX. Miss Miggs witnesses Sim's exit from the house, and receives him on his return.—X. Mr. John Chester visits The Maypole, and sends a note to Mr. Haredale, requesting him to meet him there; Barnaby returns with Mr. Haredale's answer.—XI. Speculations of Mr. Willet's customers in regard to the meeting of Mr. Chester and Mr. Haredale; interview between these gentlemen, in which they discuss the attachment of Mr. Edward Chester and Miss Emma Haredale, and agree, though on different grounds, to oppose it.—XII. Surprise of John Willet at finding Mr. Chester uninjured.—XIII.—Joe Willet sets out for London to pay his father's rent; he goes to The Warren for any message Miss Emma may have for Edward Chester; Joe goes to the Vardens', where the bouquet he had prepared for Dolly meets an inglorious fate; Dolly goes to a party, and Joe goes home disappointed.—XIV. On the road home Joe is joined by Mr. Edward Chester; Edward calls on Miss Haredale, and is dismissed from the house by her uncle; finding his father at The Maypole, Edward avoids meeting him, and returns to town.—XV. Interview between Mr. John Chester and his son, wherein he explains the poverty of their resources and the necessity for his son's forming a wealthy marriage. —XVI. Condition of London streets at the time of the story; appearance among the outcasts of the ruffian who assaulted Mr. Chester; he follows Mrs. Rudge to her home, and gains admittance.—XVII. Terror of the widow lest he should be seen by her idiot son; Barnaby tells his mothe of his search for the robber, who, concealed in a closet, overhears their conversation; the ruffian threatens her with a sure and slow revenge, if she betrays him, and leaves her.—XVIII. After wandering through the streets nearly all night, he sees the departure of Sim Tappertit from the rendezvous of the 'Prentices, and obtains shelter with Stagg.—XIX. Edward Chester calls at Mr. Varden's to request Dolly to be the bearer of a letter to Miss Haredale; Mr. Varden proposes to take his wife and daughter to The Maypole, and how Mrs. Varden receives the proposal; they arrive at The Maypole; Dolly goes to The Warren, carrying Mr. Edward's letter.—XX. Leaving Miss Haredale, on her return with the answer she is met by Mr. Haredale, who questions her in regard to her errand, and proposes to her to become Miss Haredale's companion; returning to The Maypole, Dolly is assaulted by Hugh, and rescued by Joe Willet.—XXI. She discovers the loss of her bracelet and of Miss Haredale's letter; Hugh questions her about the man who assaulted her, secretly warning her not to betray him; the Vardens returning home, Joe accompanies them on the way, and they are soon joined by Hugh. —XXII. Hugh rides back with Joe; Miggs repeats Dolly's adventures to Mr. Tappertit, who denounces Joe.—XXIII. Hugh waits upon Mr. John Chester, and gives him Miss Haredale's letter to his son, telling him how he obtained it; how Mr. Chester received it; and how he cautioned Hugh about robbing on the highway.—XXIV. Mr. Tappertit calls upon Mr. Chester, and complains of the treatment he has received from his son; recommends him to see Mrs. Varden, and prevent Dolly's being a go-between for the lovers; and warns him against the character of Joe.—XXV. Mrs. Rudge and Barnaby go to Chigwell; she has an interview with Mr. Haredale, and rejects the assistance she has received from him since her husband's supposed murder, for reasons which she declines

to give.—XXVI. Mr. Haredale informs Varden of the singular conduct of Mrs. Rudge, and Mr. Varden gives him an account of his adventure with the ruffian, and of Mrs. Rudge's conduct towards him; they go to Mrs. Rudge's house together, and find Mr. John Chester there alone, who informs them of the disappearance of the widow and her son, but cannot tell where they have gone.—XXVII. Mr. Chester leaves them, and calls upon Mrs. Varden; he makes insinuations against the character of his son, and requests Mrs. Varden's influence in breaking off the engagement between Edward and Miss Haredale.—XXVIII. Mr. Chester finds Hugh asleep on the stairway; Hugh gives him a letter from Dolly Varden to Miss Haredale, which Mr. Chester receives with less pleasure than Hugh expects.—XXIX. Mr. Chester goes to Chigwell again, and stops at The Maypole; Hugh shows his activity; Joe Willet upon his "patrole;" Mr. Chester encounters Miss Haredale, and endeavours to poison her mind against Edward; they are interrupted by Mr. Haredale.—XXX. Joe rebels against his father's authority, punishes Tom Cobb for interfering, and escapes from the house.—XXXI. He meets a recruiting-sergeant; Joe seeks an interview with Dolly Varden, who seems indifferent to him, and he enlists.—XXXII. Mr. Chester and his son have an interview, in which Edward gives his father offence, and is dismissed from his roof with his curse.—XXXIII. After an interval of five years, John Willet and his friends are sitting again in the public room of The Maypole, a severe storm raging without; sudden entrance of Solomon Daisy in great fright; he relates what he has just heard and seen at the church.—XXXIV. Mr. Willet resolves to communicate to Mr. Haredale what Daisy has witnessed, and summons Hugh to accompany him to The Warren; Mr. Willet's story has a marked effect on Mr. Haredale.—XXXV. Returning home, Mr. Willet encounters Lord George Gordon and his attendants, who go to The Maypole to spend the night; interview between Lord George Gordon and his secretary; John Grueby expresses his disgust at his lord's proceedings.—XXXVI. Lord George and his secretary in council consider the accessions to their cause in men and means; Gashford sowing seed.—XXXVII. Lord George Gordon's cause and its progress; Lord George and his attendants journey to London; interview between Gashford and Dennis, in which Dennis shows his desire for active work in the No-Popery cause.—XXXVIII. Hugh presents himself, bringing one of the handbills dropped by Gashford, and is enrolled in the Great Protestant Association; Hugh and Dennis take a look at the Houses of Parliament, and then repair to The Boot.—XXXIX. Mr. Tappertit bestows his patronage upon Hugh, and reminds him of former times; Dennis gives his companion some particulars of his trade, without exposing himself.—XL. Hugh makes a call at Sir John Chester's; how Sir John obtained his title; Hugh informs Sir John that he has joined the Protestant Association, and made the acquaintance of Dennis; Sir John's underhand plotting.—XLI. Mr. Varden defends himself for joining the Volunteers; Dolly questions her father about Mr. Haredale's absence from home; Dolly's agitation at her father's mention of Joe Willet.—XLII. Mr. Haredale meets the locksmith, and informs him that he intends to pass the night in watching at Mrs. Rudge's old home; and Mr. Varden leaves him there.—XLIII. How Mr. Haredale kept his watch; Mr. Haredale encounters Sir John Chester and Gashford in Westminster Hall; Lord George Gordon joins them, and Sir John introduces Mr. Haredale as a Papist; Mr. Haredale, assaulted by the crowd, retaliates upon Gashford, and is rescued from the revenge of the mob by John Grueby. XLIV. Gashford joins Dennis and Hugh, and incites them to punish

Haredale.—XLV. Mrs. Rudge and Barnaby, in the quiet village home they had secured, are saluted by a blind wayfarer; he proves to be Stagg, and the agent of the ruffian from whom the widow had fled, in whose name he demands twenty pounds.—XLVI. Stagg excites in Barnaby a desire to see the world; the widow gives Stagg her little hoard, and early in the morning leaves her home with Barnaby, to lose themselves in the crowds of London.—XLVII. Harsh treatment of the widow and her son by a "fine old country gentleman."—XLVIII. The travellers arrive at Westminster Bridge just as the crowd of Lord Gordon's adherents are passing over to the city; Barnaby is enticed to join them by Lord George himself; he is recognised by Hugh, and drawn into the ranks.—XLIX. The crowd of Lord George Gordon's followers meet at the House of Commons; they are confronted by General Conway and Colonel Gordon; the mob are opposed by the military, and Barnaby strikes down a soldier with his flagstaff.—L. Gashford finds Dennis and Hugh at The Boot, and suggests to them greater acts of violence.—LI. Mr. Tappertit returns home, boasting of the part he has taken in the disturbance of the day, gives Mrs. Varden a "protection" from Lord George Gordon, and escapes from Mr. Varden, who attempts to detain him; Gabriel destroys his wife's collection-box and the "protection."—LII. Hugh and Sim Tappertit plan an expedition against Mr. Haredale's house; the rioters despoil churches and dwellings, and make bonfires of the plunder.—LIII. Gashford informs Hugh of the reward offered for the ringleaders of the mob; the rioters set out on their expedition to Chigwell.—LIV. Mr. Willet gives the "evidence of his senses" against the reports of the London riots; his cronies start for London to see for themselves; the mob visit The Maypole, despoil the house, bind old John to his chair, and hasten on to The Warren.—LV. After the departure of the mob, a man comes to the inn, and is questioning Willet, when he is startled by the ringing of the bell at The Warren; the mob destroy Mr. Haredale's house, and disperse.—LVI. The Maypole cronies, on the way to London, meet Mr. Haredale on horseback, who takes Daisy up behind him, and hurries on to Chigwell; they find Mr. Willet bound as the mob left him; he informs Mr. Haredale of the call he has received from "a dead man;" Mr. Haredale hastens on to the ruins of his house, follows a shadowy form up the tower-stairs, and grapples with Rudge, the murderer of his brother.—LVII. Barnaby, on guard at The Boot, is visited by Lord Gordon and his servant; Grueby excites the anger of Lord George by calling Barnaby mad; a company of soldiers surround The Boot, and Barnaby is taken prisoner.—LVIII. Barnaby notices a one-armed man among his guard; Barnaby is committed to Newgate.—LIX. Sim Tappertit, Dennis, and Hugh, having dispersed the rioters, convey Emma Haredale and Dolly Varden in a carriage to London, where they confine them in a miserable cottage, and warn them against any disturbance.—LX. Returning to The Boot, Hugh and his companions find it in possession of the soldiers, and repair to the Fleet Market; a one-armed man brings the news of the arrest of Barnaby.—LXI. Mr. Haredale hastens to London with his prisoner, and applies to the lord mayor for his committal; meeting with no success, he obtains a warrant from Sir John Fielding, and sees the murderer confined in Newgate.—LXII. Stagg visits Rudge in prison, who relates to him the particulars of his crime; Stagg forms a plan for releasing him; the father and son meet in the prison.—LXIII. The rioters, carrying out their designs on Newgate, repair to Gabriel Varden's; he refuses to comply with their demand that he shall pick the prison lock; Sim Tappertit orders Miggs to be

released, and sends her to join Emma and Dolly.—LXIV. Varden refuses the demands of the mob in front of Newgate, and is rescued from their fury by the one-armed man and another, and conveyed away through the crowd; the rioters burn down the jail-door, and gain entrance to the interior.—LXV. Rudge and Barnaby are released by the mob; Dennis visits the criminals condemned to be hung; Hugh releases these criminals against the remonstrances of Dennis.—LXVI. Mr. Haredale seeks his niece without avail; fearing the release of the murderer, he goes to Newgate, but is met by Mr. Langdale, who conveys him, in an exhausted condition, to his home; progress of the riot.—LXVII. The rioters, led by Hugh, attack the house of Mr. Langdale; Langdale and Mr. Haredale, escaping by a secret passage, are met by Edward Chester and Joe Willet, who, disguised as rioters, have found this means of rescuing them; Joe Willet proves to be the one-armed man.—LXVIII. Barnaby and his father escape to Clerkenwell, and find shelter in a poor shed; Barnaby rejoins the rioters on Holborn Hill just as Hugh is struck down by Edward Chester, rescues Hugh, and carries him to the place where Rudge is concealed.—LXIX. Barnaby goes in search of Stagg, with whom he returns; Dennis joins them, and, at a signal from him, a body of soldiers advance, and arrest all but Stagg, who is shot in attempting to escape.—LXX. Dennis goes to the house where Emma and Dolly are imprisoned; Miggs informs him that Miss Haredale is to be removed the next night; and he imparts his scheme for disposing of Dolly.—LXXI. Gashford attempts to induce Emma to trust in him, and go with him, when Mr. Haredale and his friends enter, rescue the captives, and all repair to The Black Lion.—LXXII. Mr. Willet makes up his mind that Joe's arm has "been took off;" interview between Dolly and Joe.—LXXIII. Dispersion of the rioters; interview between Barnaby and his mother in his dungeon; Mrs. Rudge makes a vain attempt to move her husband to repentance.—LXXIV. Dennis's terror of Hugh on being confined in the same cell with him; Hugh tells Dennis of his mother's fate.—LXXV. Gabriel Varden calls upon Sir John Chester, informs him that he believes Hugh to be his son, and begs Sir John to see him, and attempt to rouse in him a sense of his guilt; Sir John's callousness.—LXXVI. The execution of Rudge; agony of Dennis at his approaching fate.—LXXVII. Hugh and Dennis are led out to execution, and Hugh pleads for Barnaby.—LXXVIII. Dolly seeks out Joe Willet, and declares her affection for him.—LXXIX. Mr. Haredale and Edward Chester meet at Mr. Varden's house; Mr. Haredale now approves of Edward's attachment to his niece, and blesses their union; Gabriel is brought home in triumph by the crowd, accompanied by Barnaby, for whom he has obtained a pardon.—LXXX. Happiness of the locksmith and his family; Miggs receives her discharge from Mrs. Varden; Mr. Haredale visits the ruins of The Warren, where he encounters Sir John Chester, with whom he has an altercation, ending in a duel, in which Sir John is killed.—LXXXI. Subsequent career of the principal characters.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

IN PROSE;

BEING A GHOST-STORY OF CHRISTMAS.

THIS work was "printed and published for the author by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, in December, 1843, in one volume, 12mo, with four coloured etchings on steel by John Leech." In the Preface to the edition of the Christmas books published in 1850, Mr. Dickens said of this, as well as of the others, "My purpose was, in a whimsical kind of masque, which the good humour of the season justified, to awaken some loving and forbearing thoughts, never out of season in a Christian land."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BELLE. A comely matron, whom the Ghost of Christmas Past shows to Scrooge, and in whom he recognises an old sweetheart. (Stave ii.)

CAROLINE. Wife of one of Scrooge's debtors, shown to him in a dream by the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come. (Stave iv.)

CRATCHIT, BOB. Clerk to Scrooge. He works in a dismal little cell—a sort of tank leading out of Scrooge's counting-room. (Stave i., iii., iv., v.) *See* SCROOGE.

CRATCHIT, MRS. His wife. (Stave iii., iv.)

CRATCHIT, BELINDA. Their second daughter. (Stave iii., iv.)

CRATCHIT, MARTHA. Their eldest daughter. (Stave iii., iv.)

CRATCHIT, MASTER PETER. One of their sons. (Stave iii., iv.)

CRATCHIT, TIM, called "TINY TIM." Their youngest son, a cripple. (Stave iii.) *See* SCROOGE.

DILBER, MRS. A laundress whom the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come shows to Scrooge. (Stave iv.)

FAN. A little girl, Scrooge's sister (afterwards the mother of Fred, his nephew) whom the Ghost of Christmas Past shows to Scrooge in a dream. (Stave ii.)

FEZZIWIG, MR. A kind-hearted, jolly old merchant, to whom Scrooge was a 'prentice when a young man, and whom the Ghost of Christmas Past brings before him in a vision when he has become an old man and a miser. (Stave ii.)

FEZZIWIG, MRS. His wife, "worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term." At the ball which her husband gave to his workpeople on Christmas Eve, and which the Ghost of Christmas Past shows to old Scrooge, "in came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast, substantial smile." (Stave ii.)

FEZZIWIG, THE THREE MISSES. Their daughters, beaming and lovable, with six young followers, whose hearts they break. (Stave ii.)

FRED. Scrooge's nephew. (Stave i., iii., v.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST. A phantom that shows Scrooge "shadows of things that have been" in his past life. (Stave ii.)

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT. A jolly spirit, glorious to see, of a kind, generous, hearty nature, who invisibly conducts old Scrooge through various scenes on Christmas Eve. (Stave iii.)

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME. An apparition which shows Scrooge "shadows of things that have not happened," but which may happen in the time before him. (Stave iv.)

JOE. A marine-store dealer, and a receiver of stolen goods, shown to old Scrooge by the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come. (Stave iv.)

MARLEY, THE GHOST OF JACOB. A spectre that visits Scrooge on Christmas Eve, and was in life his partner in business. (Stave i.) *See* SCROOGE.

SCROOGE, EBENEZER. The hero of the "Carol;" surviving partner of the firm of Scrooge and Marley.

Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! – a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head and on his eyebrows and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

One Christmas Eve, after having declined in a very surly manner to accept an invitation to dinner the next day from his nephew Fred, and having reluctantly given his clerk, Bob Cratchit, permission to be absent the whole day, Scrooge goes home to his lodgings, where, brooding over a low fire, he is visited by the ghost of old Marley, who has been dead seven years.

Scrooge fell upon his knees and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the ghost, "do you believe in me, or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men and travel far and wide; and, if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness."

Again the spectre raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why."

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you?*"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

* * * * * * *

"Hear me!" cried the ghost. "My time is nearly gone. . . . I am here to-night to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate—a chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee."

"You will be haunted," resumed the ghost, "by three spirits. . . . Expect the first to-morrow, when the bell tolls one."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour; the third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us." . . .

Scrooge became sensible of confused noises in the air, incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret, wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The spectre, after listening a moment, joined in the mournful dirge, and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Being much in need of repose, whether from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigues of the day, or his glimpse of the invisible world, or the lateness of the hour, or from all combined, Scrooge goes straight to bed, without undressing, and falls asleep upon the instant. When he wakes, it is nearly one. The hour soon strikes; and, as the notes die away, the curtains of the bed are drawn aside, and a child stands before him. It is the Ghost of Christmas Past. The spirit bids him follow, and takes him to scenes long past. His childhood comes back to him. His sister Fan is before him. His old master Fezziwig reappears, and Dick Wilkins, the companion of his boyish days. It is Christmas time; and he and Dick and many are made happy by their master's liberality. The scene changes, and Scrooge sees himself in the prime of life. "His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years, but it had begun to wear the signs of avarice;" and a young girl stands beside him, and tells him that another idol, a golden one, has displaced her, and that she releases him. "May you be happy in the life you have chosen!" she says sorrowfully, and disappears. "Spirit!" says Scrooge, "show me no more; conduct me home." But the ghost points again, and the wretched man sees a happy home—husband and wife, and many children; and the matron is she whom he might have called his own. The spirit vanishes, and Scrooge, exhausted and drowsy, throws himself upon the bed, and sinks into a heavy sleep. He awakes as the bell is upon the stroke of one; and the Ghost of Christmas Present is before him. Again he goes forth.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on

Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house.

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap, and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies; while he (not proud, although his collars near choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a great deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well, never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm; Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of fringe, hanging down before him, and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed to look seasonable, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim! he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke, so she came out prematurely from behind the closet-door, and ran into his arms; while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off to the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be plea-

sant for them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk, and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor; and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister, to his stool beside the fire. And while Bob, turning up his cuffs —as if, poor fellow! they were capable of being made more shabby— compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round, and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds—a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and, in truth, it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board; and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried "Hurrah!"

* * * * * * *

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half-a-one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A merry Christmas to us all, my dears! God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

Bob then proposes the health of Mr. Scrooge; and although his wife does not relish the toast, yet, at the solicitation of her husband, she consents to drink it for her husband's sake and the day's.

Again the scene changes, and Scrooge finds himself in the bright gleaming house of his nephew, where a merry company are enjoying themselves, and are laughing at his surly refusal to join in their Christmas festivities.

The third and last Spirit comes at the same hour, and introduces itself as the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come. It shows Scrooge a room in which a dead man is lying. The Spirit points to the head, covered by the thin sheet; but Scrooge has no power to pull it aside, and view the features. As they leave the room, however, he beseeches the Spirit to tell him what man it is who lies there so friendless and uncared for. The ghost does not answer, but conveys him to a churchyard, neglected, overgrown with weeds, "choked up with too much burying, fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!" The Spirit stands among the graves, and points down to one; and Scrooge beholds upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name—"Ebenezer Scrooge."

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried upon his knees.
The finger pointed from the grave to him and back again.
"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!"
The finger still was there.

Scrooge asks if there is no hope; if these sights are the shadows of what *must* or what *may* come to him? The kind hand trembles; and Scrooge sees room for hope.

"I will honour Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!" . . .

Holding up his hands in a last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed, and dwindled down into a bed-post.

Yes! and the bed-post was his own; the bed was his own; the room was his own—best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own to make amends in.

And he does make amends most amply. The lesson of his dream is not forgotten. He instantly sends a prize turkey to the Cratchits, twice the size of Tiny Tim, and gives half-a-crown to the boy who goes and buys it for him. He surprises his nephew by dining with him, and the next day raises Bob Cratchit's salary. In short, "he became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world."

TINY TIM. *See* CRATCHIT, TIM.

TOPPER, MR. One of the guests at Fred's Christmas dinner-party; a bachelor, who thinks himself a wretched outcast because he has no wife, and consequently keeps his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters. (Stave iii.)

WILKINS, DICK. A fellow-'prentice of Scrooge's. (Stave ii.)

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

THIS novel was begun after Mr. Dickens's return from his first visit to America in 1841–42, and was issued in twenty monthly shilling parts, the first part making its appearance in January, 1843. The work was completed and published in one volume in 1844. It was illustrated with twenty etchings on steel by "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne), and was dedicated to Miss Burdett-Coutts.

"My main object in this story," says the author in his preface, "was to exhibit in a variety of aspects the commonest of all the vices; to show how selfishness propagates itself, and to what a grim giant it may grow from small beginnings."

Of the American portion of the book Mr. Dickens says in his preface, that it "is in no other respect a caricature than as it is an exhibition, for the most part, of the ludicrous side of the American character—of that side which is, from its very nature, the most obtrusive, and the most likely to be seen by such travellers as young Martin and Mark Tapley. As I have never, in writing fiction, had any disposition to soften what is ridiculous or wrong at home, I hope (and believe) that the good-humoured people of the United States are not generally disposed to quarrel with me for carrying the same usage abroad." Our author's American readers did, however, quarrel with him very generally and very seriously, as they had previously done for his strictures on their social usages and political institutions in his "American Notes." But, as Emerson says (in his essay on "Behaviour," in "The Conduct of Life"), "the lesson was not quite lost: it held bad manners up, so that the churls could see the deformity." On his second visit to the United States, Mr. Dickens frankly and gracefully, and "as an act of plain justice and honour," bore testimony (in his farewell speech at New York, April 18, 1868) to the astonishing progress which had taken place in the country during the quarter of a century that had elapsed since his first visit. It is "a duty," he said, "with which I henceforth charge myself, not only here, but on every suitable occasion whatsoever

and wheresoever, to express my high and grateful sense of my second reception in America, and to bear my honest testimony to the national generosity and magnanimity; also to declare how astounded I have been by the amazing changes that I have seen around me on every side—changes moral, changes physical, changes in the amount of land subdued and peopled, changes in the rise of vast new cities, changes in the growth of older cities almost out of recognition, changes in the graces and amenities of life, changes in the press, without whose advancement no advancement can be made anywhere. Nor am I, believe me, so arrogant as to suppose, that, in five-and-twenty years, there have been no changes in me, and that I had nothing to learn, and no extreme impressions to correct when I was here first."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BAILEY, JUNIOR. The "boots" at Mrs. Todgers's "Commercial Boarding-house;" a small boy with a large red head, and no nose to speak of. He afterwards becomes "tiger" to Tigg Montague, and finally engages with Mr. Sweedlepipe in the barber business. (Ch. viii., x., xi., xxvi.–xxix., xxxviii., xli., xlii., xlix., lii.)

BEVAN, MR. A sensible, warm-hearted Massachusetts man, whom Martin Chuzzlewit meets at his boarding-house in New York, and who afterwards advances him money to enable him to return to England. (Ch. xvi., xvii., xxi., xxxiii., xxxiv., xliii.)

BIB, JULIUS WASHINGTON MERRYWEATHER. An American gentleman in the lumber line; one of a committee that waits upon the Honourable Elijah Pogram. (Ch. xxxiv.)

BRICK, JEFFERSON. The war correspondent of *The New York Rowdy Journal.* (Ch. xvi.) He is introduced by Colonel Diver, the editor of the newspaper, to Martin Chuzzlewit, who had at first supposed him to be the colonel's son.

> "My war correspondent, sir. Mr. Jefferson Brick!"
>
> Martin could not help starting at this unexpected announcement, and the consciousness of the irretrievable mistake he had nearly made.
>
> Mr. Brick seemed pleased with the sensation he produced upon the stranger, and shook hands with him, with an air of patronage designed to reassure him, and to let him know that there was no occasion to be frightened, for he (Brick) wouldn't hurt him.

"You have heard of Jefferson Brick I see, sir," quoth the colonel, with a smile. "England has heard of Jefferson Brick. Europe has heard of Jefferson Brick. Let me see. When did you leave England, sir?"

"Five weeks ago," said Martin.

"Five weeks ago," repeated the colonel, thoughtfully; as he took his seat upon the table, and swung his legs. "Now let me ask you, sir, which of Mr. Brick's articles had become at that time the most obnoxious to the British Parliament and the Court of Saint James's?"

"Upon my word," said Martin, "I——"

"I have reason to know, sir," interrupted the colonel, "that the aristocratic circles of your country quail before the name of Jefferson Brick. I should like to be informed, sir, from your lips, which of his sentiments has struck the deadliest blow——"

"At the hundred heads of the Hydra of Corruption now grovelling in the dust beneath the lance of Reason, and spouting up to the universal arch above us its sanguinary gore," said Mr. Brick, putting on a little blue cloth cap with a glazed front, and quoting his last article.

"The libation of freedom, Brick," hinted the colonel.

"Must sometimes be quaffed in blood, colonel," cried Brick. And when he said "blood," he gave the great pair of scissors a sharp snap, as if *they* said blood too, and were quite of his opinion.

This done, they both looked at Martin, pausing for a reply.

"Upon my life," said Martin, who had by this time quite recovered his usual coolness, "I can't give you any satisfactory information about it; for the truth is that I——"

"Stop!" cried the colonel, glancing sternly at his war correspondent, and giving his head one shake after every sentence. "That you never heard of Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never read Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never saw *The Rowdy Journal*, sir. That you never knew, sir, of its mighty influence upon the cabinets of Eu—rope. Yes?"

"That's what I was about to observe, certainly," said Martin.

"Keep cool, Jefferson," said the colonel gravely. "Don't bust! oh you Europeans! Arter that, let's have a glass of wine!"

BRICK, MRS. JEFFERSON. His wife, and the mother of "two young Bricks." She is taken by Martin Chuzzlewit for a "little girl;" but he is put right by Colonel Diver, who informs him that she is a "matron." (Ch. xvi., xvii.)

BUFFUM, MR. OSCAR. A member of a committee that waits upon the Honourable Elijah Pogram for the purpose of requesting the honour of his company "at a little le-Vee" in the ladies' ordinary at the National Hotel. (Ch. xxxiv.)

BULLAMY. A porter in the service of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company. (Ch. xxvii., li.)

When he sat upon a seat erected for him in a corner of the office, with his glazed hat hanging on a peg over his head, it was impossible to doubt the respectability of the concern. It went on doubling itself with every square inch of his red waistcoat until, like the problem of

the nails in the horse's shoes, the total became enormous. People had been known to apply to effect an insurance on their lives for a thousand pounds, and looking at him, to beg, before the form of proposal was filled up, that it might be made two. And yet he was not a giant. His coat was rather small than otherwise. The whole charm was in his waistcoat. Respectability, competence, property in Bengal or anywhere else, responsibility to any amount on the part of the company that employed him, were all expressed in that one garment.

CHOKE, GENERAL CYRUS. An American militia general, whose acquaintance Martin Chuzzlewit makes in a railway car. He is a member of the Eden Land Corporation, belongs to the Watertoast Association of United Sympathisers, and, taken all in all, is "one of the most remarkable men in the country." (Ch. xxi.)

CHOLLOP, MAJOR HANNIBAL. A man who calls upon Martin Chuzzlewit at Eden. (Ch. xxxiii., xxxiv.)

He was usually described by his friends, in the South and West, as "a splendid sample of our na-tive raw material, sir," and was much esteemed for his devotion to rational Liberty; for the better propagation whereof he usually carried a brace of revolving pistols in his coat pocket, with seven barrels a-piece. He also carried, amongst other trinkets, a sword-stick, which he called his "Tickler;" and a great knife, which (for he was a man of a pleasant turn of humour) he called "Ripper," in allusion to its usefulness as a means of ventilating the stomach of any adversary in a close contest. He had used these weapons with distinguished effect in several instances, all duly chronicled in the newspapers; and was greatly beloved for the gallant manner in which he had "jobbed out" the eye of one gentleman as he was in the act of knocking at his own street door.

. . . Preferring, with a view to the gratification of his tickling and ripping fancies, to dwell upon the outskirts of society, and in the more remote towns and cities, he was in the habit of emigrating from place to place, and establishing in each some business—usually a newspaper—which he presently sold: for the most part closing the bargain by challenging, stabbing, pistolling, or gouging the new editor, before he had quite taken possession of the property.

He had come to Eden on a speculation of this kind, but had abandoned it, and was about to leave. He always introduced himself to strangers as a worshipper of Freedom; was the consistent advocate of Lynch law, and slavery; and invariably recommended, both in print and speech, the "tarring and feathering" of any unpopular person who differed from himself. He called this "planting the standard of civilisation in the wilder gardens of My country."

The Honourable Elijah Pogram thus eulogises him to Martin:

"Our fellow-countryman is a model of a man, quite fresh from Natur's mould! . . . He is a true-born child of this free hemisphere! Verdant as the mountains of our country; bright and flowing as our mineral Licks; unspiled by withering conventionalities as air our broad and boundless Prerarers! Rough he may be. So air our Barrs.

Wild he may be. So air our Buffalers. But he is a child of Natur', and a child of Freedom; and his boastful answer to the Despot and the Tyrant is, that his bright home is in the Settin' Sun."

CHUFFEY, MR. Clerk to Anthony Chuzzlewit; a little, blear-eyed, weazen-faced old man, looking as if he had been put away and forgotten half a century before, and had just been found in a lumber closet. He hardly understands anyone except his master, but always understands him, and wakes up quite wonderfully when Mr. Chuzzlewit speaks to him. (Ch. xi., xviii., xix., xxv., xxvi., xlvi., xlviii., xlix., li., liv.)

CHUZZLEWIT, ANTHONY. Father of Jonas, and brother of Martin Chuzzlewit the elder; an old man with a face wonderfully sharpened by the wariness and cunning of his life. (Ch. iv., viii., xii., xviii., xix.)

CHUZZLEWIT, GEORGE. A gay bachelor, who claims to be young, but has been younger. He is inclined to corpulency, overfeeds himself, and has such an obvious disposition to pimples, that the bright spots on his cravat, and the rich pattern on his waistcoat, and even his glittering trinkets, seem to have broken out upon him, and not to have come into existence comfortably. (Ch. iv., liv.)

CHUZZLEWIT, JONAS. Son of Anthony, and nephew of old Martin Chuzzlewit; a sly, cunning, ignorant young man, who is in pecuniary matters a miser, and in instinct and disposition a brute. His rule for bargains is, "Do other men; for they would do you." "That's the true business precept," he says. "All others are counterfeit." Tired of the prolonged life of his father, and eager to come into possession of his property, he attempts to poison him, and believes that he has succeeded, as the old man dies shortly afterwards. The truth is, however, that his attempt has been discovered by his intended victim and an old clerk named Chuffey, who privately remove the poison. But the thought of his son's ingratitude and unnatural wickedness breaks old Anthony's heart; and in a few days he dies, having first made Chuffey promise not to reveal the dreadful secret. Jonas now marries Mercy, the younger daughter of Mr. Pecksniff, and treats her very cruelly. Believing that he has murdered his father, and that the secret has in some way become known to Montague Tigg, a swindling director of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company, Jonas is forced, as a condition of his secrecy, not only to come into the company himself, but to pay large sums to Tigg as hush-money. At last, goaded to desperation, he follows Tigg into the country, where he waylays

and murders him. The deed, though very cunningly devised and executed, is soon traced to him, and he is arrested, but poisons himself on his way to prison. (Ch. iv., viii., xi., xviii.–xx., xxiv., xxvi.–xxviii., xxxviii., xl.–xlii., xliv., xlvi.–xlviii., li.)

CHUZZLEWIT, MARTIN, SENIOR. A very rich and eccentric old gentleman; brother of Anthony, and grandfather of young Martin. He is nearly driven mad by the fawning servility and hollow professions of his covetous relatives, and even quarrels with and disinherits his grandson, the only one among them all for whom he has ever cared. Receiving a visit from his cousin, Mr. Pecksniff, under whose assumption of honest independence he instantly detects the selfishness, deceit, and low design of his true character, he takes occasion to say:

"Judge what profit you are like to gain from any repetition of this visit; and leave me. I have so corrupted and changed the nature of all those who have ever attended on me, by breeding avaricious plots and hopes within them; and I have engendered such domestic strife and discord, by tarrying even with members of my own family; I have been such a lighted torch in peaceful homes, kindling up all the inflammable gases and vapours in their moral atmosphere, which, but for me, might have proved harmless to the end; that I have, I may say, fled from all who knew me, and taking refuge in secret places have lived, of late, the life of one who is hunted. The young girl whom you just now saw . . . is an orphan child, whom, with one steady purpose, I have bred and educated, or, if you prefer the word, adopted. For a year or more she has been my constant companion, and she is my only one. I have taken, as she knows, a solemn oath never to leave her sixpence when I die, but while I live, I make her an annual allowance: not extravagant in its amount and yet not stinted. There is a compact between us that no term of affectionate cajolery shall ever be addressed by either to the other, but that she shall call me always by my Christian name; I her, by hers. She is bound to me in life by ties of interest, and losing by my death, and having no expectation disappointed, will mourn it, perhaps; though for that I care little. This is the only kind of friend I have or will have. Judge from such premises what a profitable hour you have spent in coming here, and leave me; to return no more."

Notwithstanding this plain speaking, the old man, for purposes of his own, goes to reside with Mr. Pecksniff, and pretends to be entirely governed by his wishes. When young Martin returns from America, rendered humble and penitent by his hard experience, he sees Pecksniff drive him from the door, and yet does not interpose a word. But the time soon comes, when having thoroughly tested both, and proved his grandson true, and Pecksniff false, he makes ample amends

to the former, and awards the latter his just deserts. (Ch. iii., iv., x., xxiv., xxx., xxxi., xliii., l.–liv.)

CHUZZLEWIT, MARTIN, THE YOUNGER. The hero of the story. He has been brought up by a rich grandfather, who has intended making him his heir. But the young man presumes to fall in love with a young lady (Mary Graham) of whom the old man does not approve, and he is, therefore, disinherited, and thrown upon his own resources. He goes to study with Mr. Pecksniff, with a vague intention of becoming a civil engineer. His grandfather, upon ascertaining this fact, intimates to Mr. Pecksniff (who is his cousin), that he would find it to be for his own advantage, if he should turn young Martin out of the house. This Mr. Pecksniff immediately proceeds to do; and Martin again finds himself without money, or the means of obtaining it. He determines to go to America, and accordingly makes his way to London, where he meets Mark Tapley, who has saved a little from his wages at The Blue Dragon, and who wishes to accompany him. They take passage on the packet-ship *Screw*, going over as steerage passengers, but with sanguine expectations of amassing sudden wealth in the New World. Soon after their arrival at New York, Martin is led into investing the little money remaining to himself and Mark in a lot of fifty acres in the thriving city of Eden, in a distant part of the country; and they set out for it immediately. They find the city—which on paper had looked so fair, with its parks and fountains, its banks, factories, churches, and public buildings of all kinds—a dreary and malarious marsh, with a dozen log-cabins comprising the whole settlement. Worse than all, Martin is seized with fever and ague, and barely escapes with his life; and, before he is fairly convalescent, Mark is also stricken down. When they are at last able to move about a little, they turn their faces toward England, and after some time arrive at home. Martin seeks an interview with his grandfather, but finds that Mr. Pecksniff's influence over him is paramount, and that not even a frank and manly avowal of error, coupled with a request for forgiveness, avails to revive the old love, or to save him from the indignity of being ordered out of the house. Miss Graham, however, has remained faithful to him; and with this one comfort he again turns his face towards London, to make his way in the great world as best he can. In the sequel he finds, much to his surprise, that his grandfather, distracted by suspicions, doubts, and fears, has only been probing Pecksniff, and accumulating proofs of his duplicity, and that, all through their separation,

he himself has remained the old man's favourite. (Ch. v.–vii., xii.–xvii., xxi., xxii., xxxiii.–xxxv., xliii., xlviii.–l., lii.–liv.)

CICERO. A negro truckman in New York, formerly a slave. (Ch. xvii.)

CODGER, MISS. A Western literary celebrity. (Ch. xxxiv.)

CRIMPLE, DAVID. A pawnbroker, afterwards secretary of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company. His name was originally Crimp; but as this was susceptible of an awkward construction, and might be misrepresented, he altered it to Crimple. (Ch. xiii., xxvii., xxviii., xlix., li.)

DIVER, COLONEL. Editor of *The New York Rowdy Journal*; a sallow man, with sunken cheeks, black hair, small twinkling eyes, and an expression compounded of vulgar cunning and conceit. (Ch. xv.)

DUNKLE, DOCTOR GINERY. One of a committee of citizens that waits upon the Honourable Elijah Pogram to request the honour of his company at a little le-Vee at the National Hotel. Although he has the appearance of a mere boy with a very shrill voice, he passes for "a gentleman of great poetical elements." (Ch. xxxiv.)

FIPS, MR. A lawyer, who, as the agent of an unknown person (old Martin Chuzzlewit) employs Tom Pinch as librarian. (Ch. xxxix., xl., liii.)

FLADDOCK, GENERAL. A corpulent American militia officer, starched and punctilious, to whom Martin Chuzzlewit is introduced at the Norris's in New York, as having come over from England in the same vessel with himself. The general does not recognise him; and Martin is obliged to explain, that, for the sake of economy, he had been obliged to take passage in the steerage—a confession which at once stamps him as a fellow of no respectability, who has gained an entrance into good society under false pretences, and whose acquaintance must forthwith be disavowed. (Ch. xv., xvii.)

GAMP, SAIREY. A professional nurse.

She was a fat old woman, this Mrs. Gamp, with a husky voice and a moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of turning up, and only showing the white of it. Having a very little neck, it cost her some trouble to look over herself, if one may say so, at those to whom she talked. She wore a very rusty black gown, rather the worse for snuff, and a shawl and bonnet to correspond. In these dilapidated articles of dress she had, on principle, arrayed herself, time out of

mind, on such occasions as the present; for this at once expressed a decent amount of veneration for the deceased, and invited the next of kin to present her with a fresher suit of weeds: an appeal so frequently successful, that the very fetch and ghost of Mrs. Gamp, bonnet and all, might be seen hanging up, any hour in the day, in at least a dozen of the second-hand clothes shops about Holborn. The face of Mrs. Gamp—the nose in particular—was somewhat red and swollen, and it was difficult to enjoy her society without becoming conscious of a smell of spirits. Like most persons who have attained to great eminence in their profession, she took to hers very kindly; insomuch, that setting aside her natural predilections as a woman, she went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish.

Mrs. Gamp is represented as constantly quoting or referring to a certain Mrs. Harris—a purely imaginary person—as an authority for her own fancies and fabrications. Thus, when Mr. Pecksniff says to her, that he supposes she has become indifferent to the distress of surviving friends around the bed of the dying and of the dead, and that "use is second nature"—

"You may well say second natur, sir," returned that lady. "One's first ways is to find sich things a trial to the feelings, and so is one's lasting custom. If it wasn't for the nerve a little sip of liquor gives me (I never was able to do more than taste it) I never could go through with what I sometimes has to do. 'Mrs. Harris,' I says, at the very last case as ever I acted in, which it was but a young person, 'Mrs. Harris,' I says, 'leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed, and then I will do what I'm engaged to do, according to the best of my ability.' 'Mrs. Gamp,' she says, in answer, 'if ever there was a sober creetur to be got at eighteen pence a day for working people, and three and six for gentlefolks—night watching,'" said Mrs. Gamp, with emphasis, "'being an extra charge—you are that inwallible person.' 'Mrs. Harris,' I says to her, 'don't name the charge, for if I could afford to lay all my feller creeturs out for nothink, I would gladly do it, sich is the love I bears 'em. But what I always says to them as has the management of matters, Mrs. Harris:'" here she kept her eye on Mr. Pecksniff: "'be they gents or be they ladies, is, don't ask me whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed.'"

(Ch. xix., xxv., xxvi., xxix., xl., xlvi., xlix., li., lii.) *See* PRIG, BETSEY.

GANDER, MR. A boarder at Mrs. Todgers's. (Ch. ix.)

GRAHAM, MARY. Companion of old Martin Chuzzlewit, and betrothed to young Martin, whom she finally marries.

She was very young; apparently not more than seventeen; timid and shrinking in her manner, and yet with a greater share of self-possession and control over her emotions than usually belongs to a far

more advanced period of female life. . . . She was short in stature; and her figure was slight, as became her years; but all the charms of youth and maidenhood set it off, and clustered on her gentle brow.

(Ch. iii., v., vi., xxiv., xxx., xxxi., xxxiii., xliii., lii., liii.)

GROPER, COLONEL. One of a committee who wait upon the Honourable Elijah Pogram to request his attendance at a le-Vee at the National Hotel, given to him by the citizens. (Ch. xxxiv.)

HOMINY, MRS. A literary celebrity introduced to Martin Chuzzlewit. She is "one of our chicest spirits, and belongs toe one of our most aristocratic families." (Ch. xxii., xxiii., xxxiv.)

IZZARD, MR. One of the deputation of citizens who beg the attendance of the Honourable Elijah Pogram at a little le-Vee at the National Hotel. (Ch. xxxiv.)

JACK. Driver of a stage-coach plying between London and Salisbury. (Ch. xxxvi.)

JANE. Mr. Pecksniff's female servant. (Ch. xxxi.)

JINKINS, MR. The oldest boarder at Mrs. Todgers's; a gentleman of a fashionable turn, who frequents the parks on Sundays, and knows a great many carriages by sight. (Ch. ix.–xi., liv.)

JOBLING, DOCTOR JOHN. Medical officer of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company. (Ch. xxvii., xxviii., xxxviii., xli.)

JODD, MR. A member of the committee of citizens that waits upon the Honourable Elijah Pogram to solicit the favour of his company at a le-Vee at the National Hotel. (Ch. xxxiv.) *See* POGRAM.

KEDGICK, CAPTAIN. Landlord of the National Hotel, at which Martin Chuzzlewit stays on his way to Eden, and also on his return to New York. (Ch. xxii., xxxiv.)

KETTLE, LAFAYETTE. An inquisitive, bombastic American, whom Martin Chuzzlewit meets while travelling; secretary of the Watertoast Association of United Sympathisers. (Ch. xxi., xxii.)

LEWSOME, MR. A young man bred a surgeon, and employed by a general practitioner in London as an assistant. Being indebted to Jonas Chuzzlewit, he sells him the drugs with which old Anthony Chuzzlewit is poisoned, though he has reason to suspect the use which will be made of them. After the death of the old man, he makes a voluntary con-

fession of his agency in the matter; being impelled to do so by the torture of his mind and the dread of death caused by a severe sickness. (Ch. xxv., xxix., xlviii., li.)

LUPIN, MRS. Landlady of The Blue Dragon Inn at Salisbury; afterwards the wife of Mark Tapley.

The mistress of The Blue Dragon was in outward appearance just what a landlady should be; broad, buxom, comfortable, and good-looking, with a face of clear red and white, which by its jovial aspect at once bore testimony to her hearty participation in the good things of the larder and cellar, and to their thriving and healthful influences. She was a widow, but years ago had passed through her state of weeds, and burst into flower again; and in full bloom she had continued ever since; and in full bloom she was now; with roses on her ample skirts, and roses on her boddice, roses in her cap, roses in her cheeks—ay, and roses, worth the gathering too, on her lips, for that matter. She had still a bright black eye, and jet black hair; was comely, dimpled, plump, and tight as a gooseberry; and though she was not exactly what the world calls young, you may make an affidavit, on trust, before any mayor or magistrate in Christendom, that there are a great many young ladies in the world (blessings on them, one and all!) whom you wouldn't like half as well, or admire half as much, as the beaming hostess of The Blue Dragon.

(Ch. iii., iv., vii., xxxi., xxxvi., xxxvii., xliii., xliv., lii.)

MODDLE, MR. AUGUSTUS. "The youngest gentleman" at Mrs. Todgers's Commercial Boarding House. He falls desperately in love with Miss Mercy Pecksniff, and, becoming very low-spirited after her marriage to Jonas Chuzzlewit, is entrapped into an engagement with her sister Charity, but loses his courage, and breaks his word at the last moment, sending the injured fair one a letter to inform her that he is on his way to Van Diemen's Land, and that it will be useless for her to send in pursuit, as he is determined never to be taken alive. (Ch. ix.–xi., xxxii., xxxvii., xlvi., liv.)

MONTAGUE, TIGG. *See* Tigg, Montague.

MOULD, MR. An undertaker; a little bald elderly man, with a face in which a queer attempt at melancholy was at odds with a smirk of satisfaction. (Ch. xix., xxv., xxix., xxxviii.)

MOULD, MRS. His wife. (Ch. xxv., xxix.)

MOULD, THE TWO MISSES. Their daughters: fair, round, and chubby damsels, with their peachy cheeks distended as though they ought of right to be performing on celestial trumpets. (Ch. xxv.)

MULLIT, PROFESSOR. A very short gentleman, with a red nose, whom Martin Chuzzlewit meets at Mrs. Pawkins's boarding-house in New York. He is a professor "of educa-

tion," a man of "fine moral elements," and author of some powerful pamphlets, written under the signature of Suturb, or Brutus reversed. (Ch. xvi.)

NADGETT, MR. Tom Pinch's landlord, employed by Montague Tigg as a detective.

He was a short, dried-up, withered old man, who seemed to have secreted his very blood; for nobody would have given him credit for the possession of six ounces of it in his whole body. How he lived was a secret; where he lived was a secret; and even what he was, was a secret. In his musty old pocket-book he carried contradictory cards, in some of which he called himself a coal-merchant, in others a wine-merchant, in others a commission-agent, in others a collector, in others an accountant: as if he really didn't know the secret himself. He was always keeping appointments in the City, and the other man never seemed to come.

(Ch. xxvii., xxviii., xxxviii., xl., xli., xlvii., li.)

NORRIS, MR. A New York gentleman, wealthy, aristocratic, and fashionable; a sentimental abolitionist, and "a very good fellow in his way," but inclined "to set up on false pretences," and ridiculously afraid of being disgraced by moneyless acquaintances. (Ch. xvii.)

NORRIS, MRS. His wife; much older and more faded than she ought to have looked. (Ch. xvii.)

NORRIS, THE TWO MISSES. Their daughters; one eighteen, the other twenty, both very slender, and very pretty. (Ch. xvii.)

PAWKINS, MAJOR. A New York politician; a bold speculator (or swindler), an orator and a man of the people, and a general loafer. (Ch. xvi.)

PAWKINS, MRS. His wife; keeper of a boarding-house. (Ch. xvi.)

PECKSNIFF, SETH. A resident of Salisbury; ostensibly an architect and land surveyor, though he had never designed or built anything, and his surveying was limited to the extensive prospect from the windows of his house.

Mr. Pecksniff was a moral man. . . . Perhaps there never was a more moral man than Mr. Pecksniff: especially in his conversation and correspondence. It was once said of him by a homely admirer, that he had a Fortunatus's purse of good sentiments in his inside. In this particular he was like the girl in the fairy tale, except that if they were not actual diamonds which fell from his lips, they were the very brightest paste, and shone prodigiously. He was a most exemplary man: fuller of virtuous precept than a copy-book. Some people likened him to a direction-post, which is always telling the way to a place, and never goes there: but these were his enemies; the shadows cast by his brightness; that was all. His very throat was mor'. You saw a

good deal of it. You looked over a very low fence of white cravat (whereof no man had ever beheld the tie, for he fastened it behind), and there it lay, a valley between two jutting heights of collar, serene and whiskerless before you. It seemed to say, on the part of Mr. Pecksniff, "There is no deception, ladies and gentlemen, all is peace, a holy calm pervades me." So did his hair, just grizzled with an iron-gray, which was all brushed off his forehead, and stood bolt upright, or slightly drooped in kindred action with his heavy eyelids. So did his person, which was sleek though free from corpulency. So did his manner, which was soft and oily. In a word, even his plain black suit, and state of widower, and dangling double eyeglass, all tended to the same purpose, and cried aloud, "Behold the moral Pecksniff!" . . . .

Mr. Pecksniff's professional engagements, indeed, were almost, if not entirely, confined to the reception of pupils; for the collection of rents, with which pursuit he occasionally varied and relieved his graver toils, can hardly be said to be a strictly architectural employment. His genius lay in ensnaring parents and guardians, and pocketing premiums. A young gentleman's premium being paid, and the young gentleman come to Mr. Pecksniff's house, Mr. Pecksniff borrowed his case of mathematical instruments (if silver-mounted or otherwise valuable); entreated him, from that moment, to consider himself one of the family; complimented him highly on his parents or guardians, as the case might be; and turned him loose in a spacious room on the two-pair front; where, in the company of certain drawing-boards, parallel rulers, very stiff-legged compasses, and two, or perhaps three, other young gentlemen, he improved himself, for three or five years, according to his articles, in making elevations of Salisbury Cathedral from every possible point of sight; and in constructing in the air a vast quantity of Castles, Houses of Parliament, and other Public Buildings.

Mr. Pecksniff is a cousin of old Martin Chuzzlewit, and when the old man is lying ill at The Dragon, a general council and conference of his relatives is held at Mr. Pecksniff's house in order to devise means of inducing him to listen to the promptings of nature in the disposal of his large property. The meeting is far from being harmonious; and Mr. Pecksniff is compelled to listen to some very plain truths, Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit telling him bluntly not to be a hypocrite.

"A what, my good sir?" demanded Mr. Pecksniff.

"A hypocrite."

"Charity, my dear," said Mr. Pecksniff, "when I take my chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit; who has done me an injustice."

Meeting Mr. Chuzzlewit in a stage-coach, some time afterwards, Mr. Pecksniff takes occasion to remark, incidentally, but cuttingly, "I may be a hypocrite; but I am not a brute."

"Pooh, pooh!" said the old man. "What signifies that word, Pecksniff? Hypocrite! why, we are all hypocrites. We were all hypocrites t'other day. I am sure I felt that to be agreed upon among us, or I shouldn't have called you one. We should not have been there at all, if we had not been hypocrites. The only difference between you and

the rest was—shall I tell you the difference between you and the rest now, Pecksniff?"

"If you please, my good sir; if you please."

"Why, the annoying quality in *you*, is," said the old man, "that you never have a confederate or partner in *your* juggling; you would deceive everybody, even those who practise the same art; and have a way with you, as if you—he, he, he!—as if you really believed yourself. I'd lay a handsome wager now," said the old man, "if I laid wagers, which I don't and never did, that you keep up appearances by a tacit understanding, even before your own daughters here."

During the journey, Pecksniff imbibes copious refreshment from a brandy bottle, and is thereafter moved to give utterance to various moral precepts and weighty sentiments.

"What are we?" said Mr. Pecksniff, "but coaches? Some of us are slow coaches——"

"Goodness, Pa!" cried Charity.

"Some of us, I say," resumed her parent with increased emphasis, "are slow coaches; some of us are fast coaches. Our passions are the horses; and rampant animals too!——"

"Really, Pa!" cried both the daughters at once. "How very unpleasant."

"And rampant animals too!" repeated Mr. Pecksniff, with so much determination, that he may be said to have exhibited, at the moment, a sort of moral rampancy himself: "and Virtue is the drag. We start from The Mother's Arms, and we run to The Dust Shovel."

When he had said this, Mr. Pecksniff, being exhausted, took some further refreshment. When he had done that, he corked the bottle tight, with the air of a man who had effectually corked the subject also; and went to sleep for three stages.

Mr. Pecksniff receives young Martin Chuzzlewit into his family as a student, and manifests a very strong interest in him; but, on a hint from the elder Mr. Chuzzlewit, he contumeliously turns him out of his house, and renounces him for ever. This he does because Martin's grandfather has expressed his desire for a better understanding between himself and Mr. Pecksniff than has hitherto existed, and has declared his intention to attach him to himself by ties of interest and expectation. Systematic self-server that he is, in order to secure the old man's great wealth, Mr. Pecksniff sedulously studies his likings and dislikings, falls in with all his prejudices, lies, fawns, and worms himself (as he thinks) into his favour, through concessions and crooked deeds innumerable, through meannesses and vile endurance, and through all manner of dirty ways; but in the end he finds that, after all, his labour has been for nought, that his duplicity has been fathomed to the bottom, and his servile character thoroughly unmasked. Yet he remains the same canting hypocrite even in shame and discovery, and in the

drunkenness and beggary in which he ends his days. (Ch. ii.–vi., viii.–xii., xviii.–xx., xxiv., xxx., xxxi., xxxv., xliii., xliv., xlvii., lii., liv.)

PECKSNIFF, CHARITY, called "CHERRY." Mr. Pecksniff's elder daughter, betrothed to Mr. Augustus Moddle, but deserted by him on the very day appointed for the wedding. (Ch. ii., iv.–vi., viii.–xi., xviii., xx., xxiv., xxx., xxxii., xxxvii., xliv., xlvi., liv.) *See* MODDLE, MR. AUGUSTUS.

PECKSNIFF, MERCY, called "MERRY." His younger daughter; a giddy, vain, and heartless girl, and a hypocrite like her father.

> Her simplicity and innocence . . . were very great: very great. . . . She was all girlishness, and playfulness, and wildness, and kittenish buoyancy. She was the most arch and at the same time the most artless creature, was the youngest Miss Pecksniff, that you can possibly imagine. It was her great charm. She was too fresh and guileless, and too full of child-like vivacity, was the youngest Miss Pecksniff, to wear combs in her hair, or to turn it up, or to frizzle it, or braid it. She wore it in a crop, a loosely flowing crop, which had so many rows of curls in it, that the top row was only one curl.

Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, a thoroughly sordid and despicable villain, after making love to her sister, abruptly proposes to herself. She accepts and marries him—partly to spite her sister, and partly because he has money. She soon finds out that he is a brute as well as a rascal, and she suffers much from his cruelty. (Ch. ii., iv.–vi., viii., x., xi., xx., xxii., xxiv., xxvi., xxviii., xxxvi., xl., xlvi., xlvii., li., liv.)

PINCH, RUTH. Governess in a wealthy brass and copper founder's family at Camberwell; sister to Tom Pinch; afterwards the wife of John Westlock. (Ch. ix., xxxvi., xxxvii., xxxix., xl., xlvi., xlviii., l., lii.–liv.)

PINCH, TOM. An ungainly, awkward-looking man, extremely short-sighted, and prematurely bald. He is an assistant to Mr. Pecksniff, for whom he has an unbounded respect, and in whose pretensions he has a wonderful faith; his nature being such, that he is timid and distrustful of himself, and trustful of all other men—even the least deserving.

> He was far from handsome certainly; and was drest in a snuff-coloured suit, of an uncouth make at the best, which, being shrunk with long wear, was twisted and tortured into all kinds of odd shapes; but notwithstanding his attire, and his clumsy figure, which a great stoop in his shoulders, and a ludicrous habit he had of thrusting his head forward, by no means redeemed, one would not have been disposed (unless Mr. Pecksniff said so) to consider him a bad fellow by any means. He was perhaps about thirty, but he might have been almost

any age between sixteen and sixty: being one of those strange creatures who never decline into an ancient appearance, but look their oldest when they are very young, and get it over at once.

Tom's faith in his master remains unshaken for a long time; but his eyes are opened at last, and he sees him to be a consummate hypocrite and villain. Pecksniff, knowing himself to have been found out, discharges Tom, who goes to London to try his fortune, and is befriended by old Martin Chuzzlewit, secretly at first, but afterwards openly. (Ch. ii., v.–vii., ix., xii., xiv., xx., xxiv., xxx., xxxi., xxxvi.–xl., xlv., xlvi., xlviii., l., lii.–liv.)

PIP, MR. A theatrical character, and a "capital man to know;" a friend of Montague Tigg. (Ch. xxxviii.)

PIPER, PROFESSOR. One of a deputation chosen to wait upon the Honourable Elijah Pogram, to request the honour of his company at a little le-Vee, at the National Hotel. (Ch. xxxiv.)

POGRAM, THE HONOURABLE ELIJAH. A member of Congress, and "one of the master minds of our country," whose acquaintance Martin Chuzzlewit makes on his return from Eden to New York. He is especially noted as the author of the "Pogram Defiance," "which rose so much contest and preju-dice in Europe." Mr. Pogram is waited on at the National Hotel by a committee of the citizens, and tendered a public reception, or "levee," the same evening.

Each man took one slide forward as he was named; butted at the Honourable Elijah Pogram with his head; shook hands, and slid back again. The introductions being completed, the spokesman resumed.

"Sir!"

"Mr. Pogram!" cried the shrill boy.

"Perhaps," said the spokesman, with a hopeless look, "you will be so good, Dr. Ginery Dunkle, as to charge yourself with the execution of our little office, sir?"

As there was nothing the shrill boy desired more, he immediately stepped forward.

"Mr. Pogram! Sir! A handful Of your fellow citizens, sir, hearing Of your arrival at the National Hotel, and feeling the patriotic character Of your public services, wish, sir, to have the gratification Of beholding you, and mixing with you, sir; and unbending with you, sir, in those moments which——"

"Air," suggested Buffum.

"Which air so peculiarly the lot, sir, Of our great and happy country."

"Hear!" cried Colonel Groper, in a loud voice. "Good! Hear him! Good!"

"And therefore, sir," pursued the Doctor, "they request, as A mark Of their respect, the honour of your company at a little le-Vee, sir, in the ladies' ordinary, at eight o'clock."

Mr. Pogram bowed, and said:

"Fellow countrymen!"

"Good!" cried the Colonel. "Hear him! Good!"

Mr. Pogram bowed to the Colonel individually, and then resumed:

"Your approbation of My labours in the common cause, goes to My heart. At all times and in all places; in the ladies' ordinary, My friends, and in the Battle Field——"

"Good, very good! Hear him! Hear him!" said the Colonel.

"The name Of Pogram will be proud to jine you. And may it, My friends, be written on My tomb, 'He was a member of the Congress of our common country, and was ac-Tive in his trust.'"

"The Com-mittee, sir," said the shrill boy, "will wait upon you at five minutes afore eight. I take My leave, sir!"

Mr. Pogram shook hands with him, and everybody else, once more; and when they came back again at five minutes before eight, they said, one by one, in a melancholy voice, "How do you do, sir?" and shook hands with Mr. Pogram all over again, as if he had been abroad for a twelvemonth in the meantime, and they met, now, at a funeral.

But, by this time, Mr. Pogram had freshened himself up, and had composed his hair and features after the Pogram statue, so that any one with half an eye might cry out, "There he is! as he delivered the Defiance!" The Committee were embellished also; and when they entered the ladies' ordinary in a body, there was much clapping of hands from ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by cries of "Pogram! Pogram!" and some standing up on chairs to see him.

The object of the popular caress looked round the room as he walked up it, and smiled: at the same time observing to the shrill boy, that he knew something of the beauty of the daughters of their common country, but had never seen it in such lustre and perfection as at that moment. Which the shrill boy put in the paper next day; to Elijah Pogram's great surprise.

"We will re-quest you, sir, if you please," said Buffum, laying hands on Mr. Pogram as if he were taking his measure for a coat, "to stand up with your back agin the wall right in the furthest corner, that there may be more room for our fellow cit-izens. If you could set your back right slap agin that curtain-peg, sir, keeping your left leg everlastingly behind the stove, we should be fixed quite slick."

Mr. Pogram did as he was told, and wedged himself into such a little corner, that the Pogram statue wouldn't have known him.

The entertainments of the evening then began. Gentlemen brought ladies up, and brought themselves up, and brought each other up; and asked Elijah Pogram what he thought of this political question, and what he thought of that; and looked at him, and looked at one another, and seemed very unhappy indeed. The ladies on the chairs looked at Elijah Pogram through their glasses, and said audibly, "I wish he'd speak. Why don't he speak? Oh, do ask him to speak!" And Elijah Pogram looked sometimes at the ladies and sometimes elsewhere, delivering senatorial opinions, as he was asked for them. But the great end and object of the meeting seemed to be, not to let Elijah Pogram out of the corner on any account; so there they kept him, hard and fast.

PRIG, BETSEY. A nurse; a bosom-friend of Mrs. Gamp.

Mrs. Prig was of the Gamp build, but not so fat; and her voice was deeper, and more like a man's. She had also a beard.

These two ladies often "nuss together, turn and turn about, one off, one on." They are both engaged by John Westlock to take care of an acquaintance of his who lies dangerously ill at a public-house in London; and, when Mrs. Gamp relieves Mrs. Prig, the following conversation occurs:

"Anythin' to tell afore you goes, my dear?" asked Mrs. Gamp, setting her bundle down inside the door, and looking affectionately at her partner.

"The pickled salmon," Mrs. Prig replied, "is quite delicious. I can partick'ler recommend it. Don't have nothink to say to the cold meat, for it tastes of the stable. The drinks is all good."

Mrs. Gamp expressed herself much gratified.

"The physic and them things is on the drawers and mankleshelf," said Mrs. Prig, cursorily. "He took his last slime draught at seven. The easy-chair ain't soft enough. You'll want his piller."

Mrs. Gamp thanked her for these hints, and giving her a friendly good-night, held the door open until she had disappeared at the other end of the gallery.

The patient at last recovers sufficiently to admit of his being removed to the country; and Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Prig superintend the arrangements for the journey.

He was so wasted, that it seemed as if his bones would rattle when they moved him. His cheeks were sunken, and his eyes unnaturally large. He lay back in the easy-chair like one more dead than living: and rolled his languid eyes towards the door when Mrs. Gamp appeared, as painfully as if their weight alone were burdensome to move.

"And how are we by this time?" Mrs. Gamp observed. "We looks charming."

"We looks a deal charminger than we are, then," returned Mrs. Prig, a little chafed in her temper. "We got out of bed back'ards, I think, for we're as cross as two sticks. I never see sich a man. He wouldn't have been washed, if he'd had his own way."

"She put the soap in my mouth," said the unfortunate patient, feebly.

"Could'nt you keep it shut then?" retorted Mrs. Prig. "Who do you think's to wash one feater, and miss another, and wear one's eyes out with all manner of fine work of that description, for half-a-crown a day! If you wants to be tittivated, you must pay accordin."

"Oh dear me!" cried the patient, "oh dear, dear!"

"There!" said Mrs. Prig, "that's the way he's been a conducting of himself, Sairah, ever since I got him out of bed, if you'll believe it."

"Instead of being grateful," Mrs. Gamp observed, "for all our little ways. Oh, fie for shame, sir, fie for shame!"

Here Mrs. Prig seized the patient by the chin, and began to rasp his unhappy head with a hair-brush.

"I suppose you don't like that, neither!" she observed, stopping to look at him.

It was just possible that he didn't, for the brush was a specimen of the hardest kind of instrument producible by modern art; and his very eye-lids were red with the friction. Mrs. Prig was gratified to observe the correctness of her supposition, and said triumphantly, "she know'd as much."

When his hair was smoothed down comfortably into his eyes, Mrs. Prig and Mrs. Gamp put on his neckerchief: adjusting his shirt-collar with great nicety, so that the starched points should also invade those organs, and afflict them with an artificial ophthalmia. His waistcoat and coat were next arranged: and as every button was wrenched into a wrong button-hole, and the order of his boots was reversed, he presented on the whole rather a melancholy appearance.

"I don't think it's right," said the poor weak invalid. "I feel as if I was in somebody else's clothes. I'm all on one side; and you've made one of my legs shorter than the other. There's a bottle in my pocket too. What do you make me sit upon a bottle for?"

"Deuce take the man!" cried Mrs. Gamp, drawing it forth. "If he ain't been and got my night-bottle here. I made a little cupboard of his coat when it hung behind the door, and quite forgot it, Betsey. You'll find a ingun or two, and a little tea and sugar in his t'other pocket, my dear, if you'll just be good enough to take 'em out."

Betsey produced the property in question, together with some other articles of general chandlery; and Mrs. Gamp transferred them to her own pocket, which was a species of nankeen pannier. Refreshment then arrived in the form of chops and strong ale, for the ladies, and a basin of beef-tea for the patient: which refection was barely at an end when John Westlock appeared.

The arrangements are finally completed; and, as Mrs. Gamp is to accompany the invalid, she bids farewell to Mrs. Prig.

"Wishin' you lots of sickness, my darling creetur," Mrs. Gamp observed, "and good places. It won't be long, I hope, afore we works together, off and on, again, Betsey; and may our next meetin' be at a large family's, where they all takes it reg'lar, one from another, turn and turn about, and has it business-like."

"I don't care how soon it is," said Mrs. Prig; "nor how many weeks it lasts."

The two friends have a falling-out at last, however. Mrs. Prig has been invited to take tea with Mrs. Gamp, on which occasion the latter informs her of another prospective job of nursing in partnership.

"Now, Sairah," said Mrs. Prig, "joining business with pleasure, wot is this case in which you wants me?"

Mrs. Gamp betraying in her face some intention of returning an evasive answer, Betsey added;

"*Is* it Mrs. Harris?"

"No, Betsey Prig, it ain't," was Mrs. Gamp's reply.

"Well!" said Mrs. Prig, with a short laugh, "I'm glad of that, at any rate."

"Why should you be glad of that, Betsey?" Mrs. Gamp retorted, warmly, "She is unbeknown to you except by hearsay, why should you be glad? If you have anythink to say contrairy to the character of Mrs. Harris, which well I knows behind her back, afore her face, or anywheres, is not to be impeaged, out with it, Betsey. I have know'd that sweetest and best of women," said Mrs. Gamp, shaking her head, and shedding tears, "ever since afore her First, which Mr. Harris who was dreadful timid went and stopped his ears in a empty dog-kennel, and never took his hands away or come out once till he was showed the baby, wen bein' took with fits, the doctor collared him and laid him on his back upon the airy stones, and she was told to ease her mind, his owls was organs. And I have know'd her, Betsey Prig, when he has hurt her feelin' art by sayin' of his Ninth that it was one too many, if not two, while that dear innocent was cooin' in his face, which thrive it did though bandy, but I have never know'd as you had occagion to be glad, Betsey, on accounts of Mrs. Harris not requiring you. Require she never will, depend upon it, for her constant words in sickness is, and will be, 'Send for Sairey!'"

During this touching address, Mrs. Prig adroitly feigning to be the victim of that absence of mind which has its origin in excessive attention to one topic, helped herself from the tea-pot without appearing to observe it. Mrs. Gamp observed it, however, and came to a premature close in consequence.

"Well it ain't her, it seems," said Mrs. Prig, coldly: "who is it then?"

"You have heerd me mention, Betsey," Mrs. Gamp replied, after glancing in an expressive and marked manner at the tea-pot, "a person as I took care on at the time as you and me was pardners off and on, in that there fever at The Bull?"

"Old Snuffey," Mrs. Prig observed.

Sarah Gamp looked at her with an eye of fire, for she saw in this mistake of Mrs. Prig, another wilful and malignant stab at that same weakness or custom of hers, an ungenerous allusion to which, on the part of Betsey, had first disturbed their harmony that evening. And she saw it still more clearly, when, politely but firmly correcting that lady by the distinct enunciation of the word "Chuffey," Mrs. Prig received the correction with a diabolical laugh. . . . Her countenance became about this time derisive and defiant, and . . . she sat with her arms folded, and one eye shut up, in a somewhat offensive, because obtrusively intelligent, manner.

Mrs. Gamp observing this, felt it the more necessary that Mrs. Prig should know her place, and be made sensible of her exact station in society, as well as of her obligations to herself. She therefore assumed an air of greater patronage and importance, as she went on to answer Mrs. Prig a little more in detail.

"Mr. Chuffey, Betsey," said Mrs. Gamp, "is weak in his mind. Excuge me if I makes remark, that he may neither be so weak as people thinks, nor people may not think he is so weak as they pretends, and what I knows, I knows; and what you don't you don't; so do not ask me, Betsey. But Mr. Chuffey's friends has made propojals for his bein' took care on, and has said to me, 'Mrs. Gamp, *will* you undertake it? We couldn't think,' they says, 'of trusting him to nobody but you, for,

Sairey, you are gold as has passed the furnage. Will you undertake it, at your own price, day and night, and by your own self?' 'No,' I says, 'I will not. Do not reckon on it. There is,' I says, 'but one creetur in the world as I would undertake on sech terms, and her name is Harris. But,' I says, 'I am acquainted with a friend, whose name is Betsey Prig, that I can recommend, and will assist me. Betsey,' I says, 'is always to be trusted, under me, and will be guided as I could desire.'"

Here Mrs. Prig, without any abatement of her offensive manner, again counterfeited abstraction of mind, and stretched out her hand to the tea pot. It was more than Mrs. Gamp could bear. She stopped the hand of Mrs. Prig with her own, and said, with great feeling:

"No, Betsey! Drink fair, wotever you do!"

Mrs. Prig, thus baffled, threw herself back in the chair, and closing the same eye more emphatically, and folding her arms tighter, suffered her head to roll slowly from side to side, while she surveyed her friend with a contemptuous smile.

Mrs. Gamp resumed:

"Mrs. Harris, Betsey—"

"Bother Mrs. Harris!" said Betsey Prig.

Mrs. Gamp looked at her with amazement, incredulity, and indignation; when Mrs. Prig, shutting her eye still closer, and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words:

"I don't believe there's no sich a person!"

After the utterance of which expressions, she leaned forward, and snapped her fingers once, twice, thrice; each time nearer to the face of Mrs. Gamp, and then rose to put on her bonnet, as one who felt that there was now a gulf between them, which nothing could ever bridge across.

The shock of this blow was so violent and sudden, that Mrs. Gamp sat staring at nothing with uplifted eyes, and her mouth open as if she were gasping for breath, until Betsey Prig had put on her bonnet and her shawl, and was gathering the latter about her throat. Then Mrs. Gamp rose—morally and physically rose—and denounced her.

"What!" said Mrs. Gamp, "you bage creetur, have I know'd Mrs. Harris five-and-thirty year, to be told at last that there ain't no sech a person livin'! Have I stood her friend in all her troubles, great and small, for it to come at last to sech a end as this, which her own sweet picter hanging up afore you all the time, to shame your Bragian words! But well you mayn't believe there's no sech a creetur, for she wouldn't demean herself to look at you, and often has she said, when I have made mention of your name, which, to my sinful sorrow, I have done, 'What, Sairey Gamp! debage yourself to *her!*' Go along with you!"

"I'm a goin', ma'am, ain't I?" said Mrs. Prig, stopping as she said it.

"You had better, ma'am," said Mrs. Gamp.

"Do you know who you're talking to, ma'am?" inquired her visitor.

"Aperiently," said Mrs. Gamp, surveying her with scorn from head to foot, "to Betsey Prig. Aperiently so. *I* know her. No one better. Go along with you!"

"And *you* was a going to take me under you!" cried Mrs. Prig, surveying Mrs. Gamp from head to foot in her turn. "*You* was, was you? Oh, how kind! Why, deuce take your imperence," said Mrs. Prig, with a rapid change from banter to ferocity, "what do you mean?"

"Go along with you!" said Mrs. Gamp. "I blush for you."

"You had better blush a little for yourself, while you *are* about it!" said Mrs. Prig. "You and your Chuffeys! What, the poor old creetur isn't mad enough, isn't he? Aha!"

"He'd very soon be mad enough, if you had anything to do with him," said Mrs. Gamp.

"And that's what I was wanted for, is it?" cried Mrs. Prig, triumphantly. "Yes. But you'll find yourself deceived. I won't go near him. We shall see how you get on without me. I won't have nothink to do with him."

"You never spoke a truer word than that!" said Mrs. Gamp. "Go along with you!"

(Ch. xxv., xxix., xlix.)

SCADDER, ZEPHANIAH. Agent of the Eden Land Corporation. He dupes Martin Chuzzlewit into buying, for the ridiculously small sum of a hundred and fifty dollars, a little lot of fifty acres in the city from which the company takes its name, and which looks wonderfully thriving on paper, but proves to consist of a few log-houses in the midst of a hideous and pestilential morass.

He was a gaunt man in a huge straw hat, and a coat of green stuff. The weather being hot, he had no cravat, and wore his shirt collar wide open; so that every time he spoke something was seen to twitch and jerk up in his throat, like the little hammers of the harpsichord when the notes are struck. Perhaps it was the Truth feebly endeavouring to leap to his lips. If so, it never reached them.

Two gray eyes lurked deep within this agent's head, but one of them had no sight in it, and stood stock still. With that side of his face he seemed to listen to what the other side was doing. Thus each profile had a distinct expression; and when the movable side was most in action, the rigid one was in its coldest state of watchfulness. It was like turning the man inside out, to pass to that view of his features in his liveliest mood, and see how calculating and intent they were.

Each long black hair upon his head hung down as straight as any plummet line; but rumpled tufts were on the arches of his eyes, as if the crow whose foot was deeply printed in the corners, had pecked and torn them in a savage recognition of his kindred nature as a bird of prey.

SIMMONS, WILLIAM. Driver of a van, who carries Martin Chuzzlewit from near Salisbury to Hounslow after his dismissal by Mr. Pecksniff. (Ch. xiii.)

SLYME, CHEVY. A very poor and shiftless relative of old Martin Chuzzlewit, and anxious to come into a share of his property. He is a friend of Montague Tigg, who thus describes his character to Mr. Pecksniff:

"Every man of true genius has his peculiarity. Sir, the peculiarity of my friend Slyme is, that he is always waiting round the corner. He is perpetually round the corner, sir. He is round the corner at this instant. Now," said the gentleman, shaking his forefinger before his nose, and planting his legs wider apart as he looked attentively in Mr. Pecksniff's face, "that is a remarkably curious and interesting trait in Mr. Slyme's character; and whenever Slyme's life comes to

be written, that trait must be thoroughly worked out by his biographer, or society will not be satisfied. Observe me, society will not be satisfied!"

* * * * * * *

With this announcement he hurried away to the outer door of The Blue Dragon, and almost immediately returned with a companion shorter than himself, who was wrapped in an old blue camlet cloak with a lining of faded scarlet. His sharp features being much pinched and nipped by long waiting in the cold, and his straggling red whiskers and frowzy hair being more than usually dishevelled from the same cause, he certainly looked rather unwholesome and uncomfortable than Shakspearian or Miltonic.

"Now," said Mr. Tigg, clapping one hand on the shoulder of his prepossessing friend, and calling Mr. Pecksniff's attention to him with the other, "you two are related; and relations never did agree, and never will: which is a wise dispensation and an inevitable thing, or there would be none but family parties, and everybody in the world would bore everybody else to death. If you were on good terms, I should consider you a most confoundedly unnatural pair; but standing towards each other as you do, I look upon you as a couple of devilish deep-thoughted fellows, who may be reasoned with to any extent."

(Ch. iv., vii., li.)

SMIF, PUTNAM. A young and ardent clerk in a dry-goods store, who "aspirates" for fame, and applies to Martin Chuzzlewit for assistance. (Ch. xxii.)

SOPHIA. A pupil of Ruth Pinch's, called by Mrs. Todgers "a syrup" (meaning a seraph or a sylph); a premature little woman of thirteen years old, who had already arrived at such a pitch of whalebone and education, that she had nothing girlish about her. (Ch. ix., xxxvi.)

SPOTTLETOE, MR. A relative of old Martin Chuzzlewit, with testamentary designs upon his property. He is so bald, and has such big whiskers, that he seems "to have stopped his hair, by the sudden application of some powerful remedy, in the very act of falling off his head, and to have fastened it irrevocably on his face." (Ch. iv., liv.)

SPOTTLETOE, MRS. His wife; a woman "much too slim for her years, and of a poetical constitution." (Ch. iv., liv.)

SWEEDLEPIPE, PAUL, called "POLL." A bird-fancier, who is an easy shaver and a fashionable hair-dresser also; Mrs. Gamp's landlord.

He was a little elderly man, with a clammy cold right hand, from which even rabbits and birds could not remove the smell of shaving-soap. Poll had something of the bird in his nature; not of the hawk or eagle, but of the sparrow, that builds in chimney-stacks, and inclines to human company. He was not quarrelsome, though, like the sparrow; but peaceful, like the dove. In his walk he strutted; and, in this respect, he bore a faint resemblance to the pigeon, as well as

in a certain prosiness of speech, which might, in its monotony, be likened to the cooing of that bird. He was very inquisitive; and when he stood at his shop-door in the evening-tide, watching the neighbours, with his head on one side, and his eye cocked knowingly, there was a dash of the raven in him. Yet, there was no more wickedness in Poll than in a robin. Happily, too, when any of his ornithological properties were on the verge of going too far, they were quenched, dissolved, melted down, and neutralised in the barber; just as his bald head—otherwise, as the head of a shaved magpie—lost itself in a wig of curly black ringlets, parted on one side, and cut away almost to the crown, to indicate immense capacity of intellect.

(Ch. xix., xxvi., xxix., xlix., lii.)

TACKER. Foreman and chief mourner of Mr. Mould the undertaker. (Ch. xix., xxv.)

An obese person, with his waistcoat in closer connection with his legs than is quite reconcilable with the established ideas of grace; with that cast of feature which is figuratively called a bottle-nose; and with a face covered all over with pimples. He had been a tender plant once upon a time, but from constant blowing in the fat atmosphere of funerals, had run to seed.

TAMAROO. An old woman in the service of Mrs. Todgers; successor to Bailey. (Ch. xxxii., liv.)

It appeared in the fulness of time that the jocular boarders had appropriated the word from an English ballad, in which it is supposed to express the bold and fiery nature of a certain hackney-coachman; and that it was bestowed upon Mr. Bailey's successor by reason of her having nothing fiery about her, except an occasional attack of that fire which is called St. Anthony's. This ancient female had been engaged, in fulfilment of a vow, registered by Mrs. Todgers, that no more boys should darken the commercial doors; and she was chiefly remarkable for a total absence of all comprehension upon every subject whatever. She was a perfect Tomb for messages and small parcels; and when despatched to the Post-office with letters, had been frequently seen endeavouring to insinuate them into casual chinks in private doors, under the delusion that any door with a hole in it would answer the purpose. She was a very little old woman, and always wore a very coarse apron with a bib before and a loop behind, together with bandages on her wrists, which appeared to be afflicted with an everlasting sprain. She was on all occasions chary of opening the street-door, and ardent to shut it again; and she waited at table in a bonnet.

TAPLEY, MARK. Hostler at The Blue Dragon Inn, kept by Mrs. Lupin; a young fellow of some five or six and twenty, with a whimsical face and very merry pair of blue eyes, and usually dressed in a remarkably free and fly-away fashion. He believes that there never "was a man as could come out so strong under circumstances that would make other men miserable" as himself, if he could "only get a chance." But that he finds it difficult to do. He takes the situation at The

Dragon in consequence of having made up his mind that it is the dullest little out-of-the-way corner in England, and that there would be some credit in being jolly in such a place. But he leaves it because there is no dulness there whatever; skittles, cricket, quoits, ninepins, comic songs, choruses, company round the chimney-corner every winter evening, making the little inn as merry as merry can be. Going to London, he meets Martin Chuzzlewit, and finding him moneyless, and resolved to go to America, he begs permission to accompany him as his man-servant. After some opposition, Martin consents; and they take passage in the steerage of the packet ship *Screw*.

It is due to Mark Tapley to state, that he suffered at least as much from sea-sickness as any man, woman, or child, on board; and that he had a peculiar faculty of knocking himself about on the smallest provocation, and losing his legs at every lurch of the ship. But resolved, in his usual phrase, to "come out strong" under disadvantageous circumstances, he was the life and soul of the steerage, and made no more of stopping in the middle of a facetious conversation to go away and be excessively ill by himself, and afterwards come back in the very best and gayest of tempers to resume it, than if such a course of proceeding had been the commonest in the world.

It cannot be said that as his illness wore off, his cheerfulness and good nature increased, because they would hardly admit of augmentation; but his usefulness among the weaker members of the party was much enlarged; and at all times and seasons there he was exerting it. If a gleam of sun shone out of the dark sky, down Mark tumbled into the cabin, and presently up he came again with a woman in his arms, or half-a-dozen children, or a man, or a bed, or a saucepan, or a basket, or something animate or inanimate, that he thought would be the better for the air. If an hour or two of fine weather in the middle of the day, tempted those who seldom or never came on deck at other times, to crawl into the long-boat, or lie down upon the spare spars, and try to eat, there, in the centre of the group, was Mr. Tapley, handing about salt beef and biscuit, or dispensing tastes of grog, or cutting up the children's provisions with his pocket-knife, for their greater ease and comfort, or reading aloud from a venerable newspaper, or singing some roaring old song to a select party, or writing the beginnings of letters to their friends at home for people who couldn't write, or cracking jokes with the crew, or nearly getting blown over the side, or emerging half-drowned from a shower of spray, or lending a hand somewhere or other: but always doing something for the general entertainment. At night, when the cooking-fire was lighted on the deck, and the driving sparks that flew among the rigging, and the cloud of sails, seemed to menace the ship with certain annihilation by fire, in case the elements of air and water failed to compass her destruction; there again was Mr. Tapley, with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves turned up to his elbows, doing all kinds of culinary offices; compounding the strangest dishes; recognised by everyone as an established authority; and helping all parties to achieve something which, left to themselves, they never could have done, and never would have dreamed of. In short, there never was a more popular character than Mark Tapley became on board that

noble and fast-sailing line of packet ship, the *Screw*; and he attained at last to such a pitch of universal admiration, that he began to have grave doubts within himself whether a man might reasonably claim any credit for being jolly under such exciting circumstances.

Arrived at New York, Martin invests all his own means, and Mark's, in the purchase of a fifty-acre lot in the distant "city" of Eden, which is represented to them as a flourishing town, with banks, churches, markets, wharfs, and the like. It is Martin's intention to establish himself here as an architect; and he takes Mark into partnership, in consideration of his having furnished much the larger share of their joint stock. On reaching the place, however, after a long and fatiguing journey of many days, they find it to be a hideous swamp, exhaling deadly miasms, and containing only a few scattered log-cabins. Martin is terribly disheartened on discovering the outrageous swindle that has been practised upon him, and soon sinks under an attack of the fever that prevails throughout the settlement.

"Now, Mr. Tapley," said Mark, giving himself a tremendous blow in the chest by way of reviver, "just you attend to what I've got to say. Things is looking about as bad as they *can* look, young man. You'll not have such another opportunity for showing your jolly disposition, my fine fellow, as long as you live. And therefore, Tapley, Now's your time to come out strong; or Never!"

Martin no sooner recovers than Mark is prostrated. For many weary days and nights he lies burnt up with fever; but, as long as he can speak, he assures Martin that he is still "jolly," and when, at last, he is too far gone to speak, he feebly writes "jolly" on a slate. After a long and lingering illness, he slowly recovers; and, when able to get about once more, they both set their faces towards Old England, where they arrive in due time. Mark turns his steps towards The Blue Dragon, and finds his old friend Mrs. Lupin alone in the bar. Wrapped up as he is in a great-coat, she does not know him at first, but soon utters a glad cry of recognition, and he catches her in his arms.

"Yes, I will!" cried Mark, "another—one more—twenty more! You didn't know me in that hat and coat? I thought you would have known me anywheres! Ten more!"

"So I should have known you, if I could have seen you; but I couldn't, and you spoke so gruff. I didn't think you could speak gruff to me, Mark, at first coming back."

"Fifteen more!" said Mr. Tapley. "How handsome and how young you look! Six more! The last half-dozen warn't a fair one, and must be done over again. Lord bless you, what a treat it is to see you! One more! Well, I never was so jolly. Just a few more, on account of there not being any credit in it!"

When Mr. Tapley stopped in these calculations in simple addition,

he did it, not because he was at all tired of the exercise, but because he was out of breath. The pause reminded him of other duties.

"Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit's outside," he said. "I left him under the cart-shed, while I came on to see if there was anybody here. We want to keep quiet to-night, till we know the news from you, and what it's best for us to do."

"There's not a soul in the house, except the kitchen company," returned the hostess. "If they were to know you had come back, Mark, they'd have a bonfire in the street, late as it is."

"But they mustn't know it to-night, my precious soul," said Mark: "so have the house shut, and the kitchen fire made up; and when it's all ready, put a light in the winder, and we'll come in. Once more! I long to hear about old friends. You'll tell me all about 'em, won't you? Mr. Pinch, and the butcher's dog down the street, and the terrier over the way, and the wheelwright's, and every one of 'em. When I first caught sight of the church to-night, I thought the steeple would have choked me, I did. One more! Won't you? Not a very little one to finish off with?"

"You have had plenty, I am sure," said the hostess. "Go along with your foreign manners!"

"That ain't foreign, bless you!" cried Mark. "Native as oysters, that is! One more, because it's native! As a mark of respect for the land we live in! This don't count as between you and me, you understand," said Mr. Tapley. "I ain't a kissing you now, you'll observe. I have been among the patriots: I'm a kissin' my country."

This love-passage ends in the marriage of Mark to the fair widow, and the conversion of The Blue Dragon into The Jolly Tapley. "A sign of my own invention," said Mark; "wery new, conwivial, and expressive." (Ch. v., vii., xiii.–xv., xvii., xxi.–xxiii., xxxiii.–xxxv., xliii., xlviii., li.–liii.)

TIGG, MONTAGUE, alias TIGG MONTAGUE. A needy sharper, and a friend of Chevy Slyme.

The gentleman was of that order of appearance, which is currently termed shabby-genteel, though in respect of his dress he can hardly be said to have been in any extremities, as his fingers were a long way out of his gloves, and the soles of his feet were at an inconvenient distance from the upper leather of his boots. His nether garments were of a bluish gray—violent in its colours once, but sobered now by age and dinginess—and were so stretched and strained in a tough conflict between his braces and his straps, that they appeared every moment in danger of flying asunder at the knees. His coat, in colour blue and of a military cut, was buttoned and frogged up to his chin. His cravat was, in hue and pattern, like one of those mantles which hair-dressers are accustomed to wrap about their clients during the progress of the professional mysteries. His hat had arrived at such a pass that it would have been hard to determine whether it was originally white or black. But he wore a moustache —a shaggy moustache too: nothing in the meek and merciful way, but quite in the fierce and scornful style; the regular Satanic sort of thing—and he wore, besides, a vast quantity of unbrushed hair. He was very dirty and very jaunty; very bold and very mean; very swaggering and very slinking; very much like a man who might

have been something better, and unspeakably like a man who deserved to be something worse.

At a later period, having come into the possession of a few pounds, he unites with David Crimple, a pawnbroker who has saved a few pounds (*see* CRIMPLE, DAVID), and reversing his name, and making it Tigg Montague, Esquire, organises a swindling concern called the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company, and, peculating on a grander scale than formerly, becomes a grander man altogether.

He had a world of jet-black shining hair upon his head, upon his cheeks, upon his chin, upon his upper lip. His clothes, symmetrically made, were of the newest fashion and the costliest kind. Flowers of gold and blue, and green and blushing red, were on his waistcoat; precious chains and jewels sparkled on his breast; his fingers, clogged with brilliant rings, were as unwieldy as summer flies but newly rescued from a honey-pot. The daylight mantled in his gleaming hat and boots as in a polished glass. And yet, though changed his name, and changed his outward surface, it was Tigg. Though turned and twisted upside down and inside out, as great men have been sometimes known to be; though no longer Montague Tigg, but Tigg Montague; still it was Tigg; the same Satanic, gallant, military Tigg. The brass was burnished, lacquered, newly-stamped; yet it was the true Tigg metal notwithstanding.

Obtaining private information of Jonas Chuzzlewit's attempt to poison his father, Tigg makes use of his knowledge of the fact to compel him not only to invest largely in the stock of the Anglo-Bengalee out of his own wealth, but to persuade his father-in-law, Mr. Pecksniff, to do so likewise. Jonas finding his secret known, and himself baffled, hunted, and beset, watches his opportunity, and murders Tigg; but his crime is discovered, and he is arrested, and put into a coach to be carried to prison, but poisons himself on the way. (Ch. iv., vii., xii., xiii., xxii., xxviii., xxxviii., xl.–xlii., xliv., xlvii.)

TODGERS, MRS. M. Keeper of a commercial boarding-house in London; a bony and hard-featured lady, with a row of curls in front of her head, shaped like little barrels of beer.

"Presiding over an establishment like this, makes sad havoc with the features, my dear Miss Pecksniffs," said Mrs. Todgers. "The gravy alone is enough to add twenty years to one's age, I do assure you."

"Lor!" cried the two Miss Pecksniffs.

"The anxiety of that one item, my dears," said Mrs. Todgers, "keeps the mind continually upon the stretch. There is no such passion in human nature, as the passion for gravy among commercial gentlemen. It's nothing to say a joint won't yield—a whole animal wouldn't yield—the amount of gravy they expect each day at dinner. And what I have undergone in consequence," cried Mrs. Todgers, raising her eyes and shaking her head, "no one would believe!"

Though not a handsome woman, Mrs. Todgers is a very kind-hearted one; and when Mrs. Jonas Chuzzlewit (Mercy Pecksniff), heartbroken and destitute, applies to her for sympathy and assistance, she extends both ready hand and heart.

Commercial gentlemen and gravy had tried Mrs. Todgers's temper; the main chance—it was such a very small one in her case, that she might have been excused for looking sharp after it, lest it should entirely vanish from her sight—had taken a firm hold on Mrs. Todgers's attention. But in some odd nook in Mrs. Todgers's breast, up a great many steps, and in a corner easy to be overlooked, there was a secret door, with "Woman" written on the spring, which, at a touch from Mercy's hand, had flown wide open, and admitted her for shelter.

When boarding-house accounts are balanced with all other ledgers, and the books of the Recording Angel are made up for ever, perhaps there may be seen an entry to thy credit, lean Mrs. Todgers, which shall make thee beautiful!

(Ch. viii.–xi., xxxii., xxxvii., xlvi., liv.)

TOPPIT, MISS. A literary lady whom Mrs. Hominy introduces to the Honourable Elijah Pogram. (Ch. xxxiv.)

WESTLOCK, JOHN. A young man who has been a pupil of Pecksniff, but has a difference with him, and leaves him. He is a warm friend of Tom Pinch, whose sister Ruth he finally marries. (Ch. ii., xii., xxv., xxix., xxxvi., xxxvii., xxxix., xl., xlv., xlviii., xlix., li.–liii.)

WOLF, MR. A friend and confederate of Montague Tigg; introduced to Jonas Chuzzlewit as a literary character connected with a remarkably clever weekly paper. (Ch. xxviii.)

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I. Concerning the pedigree of the Chuzzlewit family.—II. Mr. Pecksniff, about to enter his house, is unceremoniously overturned down the steps by the wind slamming the door in his face; his daughters discover him, and bear him into the house; Mr. Pecksniff's business, and his method of obtaining pupils, described; Pecksniff moralises, and announces to his daughters the engagement of a new pupil; Tom Pinch tries to intercede for John Westlock, but Mr. Pecksniff will listen to no advances from Tom, or from John himself, who leaves in disgust; John tries to open Tom's eyes to the true character of Pecksniff, but without effect; John Westlock's departure for London.—III. Martin Chuzzlewit, senior, and Mary Graham, arrive at The Blue Dragon; Martin is very ill, and the landlady sends for Mr. Pecksniff; Mrs. Lupin mistakes the relation existing between Mr. Chuzzlewit and Mary; Mr. Chuzzlewit destroys a paper he had with great difficulty written in bed; Mr.

Pecksniff arrives at The Blue Dragon, and is greatly scandalised by the landlady's story of her lodgers; his surprise at finding in the invalid his cousin Mr. Chuzzlewit; Martin acquaints Mr. Pecksniff with the facts of his wealth, and his distrust of all who court his favour.—IV. Mr. Pecksniff comes in violent contact with Mr. Montague Tigg at the door of Mr. Chuzzlewit's chamber; Mr. Tigg eulogises his friend, Mr. Chevy Slyme, and informs Mr. Pecksniff of the arrival of Mr. Chuzzlewit's relations; a meeting of these relatives is held at Mr. Pecksniff's house; the meeting proves anything but harmonious, each person accusing every other of designs on the property of Mr. Chuzzlewit, and Pecksniff is called some very hard names by his friends; the meeting breaks up on the announcement that Mr. Chuzzlewit has gone no one knows where. —V. Tom Pinch drives to Salisbury to meet the new pupil, taking up Mark Tapley on the way; Mark informs Tom of his intention to leave The Dragon, and seek a new situation where he can get some credit for being jolly; meeting of Tom Pinch and the new pupil, and their first impressions of each other; Tom relates to young Martin the circumstances of his playing the organ in the church, and of the frequent appearance there of a beautiful young lady; Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters affect surprise at the early arrival of Martin; Mr. Pecksniff shows his house to Martin, and, after supper (on a scale that surprises Tom Pinch) shows him to his bedroom, and takes an opportunity to give him a hint of Tom's position.—VI. Mr. Pecksniff announces his intention of going to London, and taking his daughters with him, and gives Martin some suggestions as to his employment during his absence; Tom and Martin, left alone together, become confidential, and Tom learns of Martin's attachment to Mary Graham, and consequent misunderstanding with his grandfather; he also finds that his beautiful visitor in the church was Mary.—VII. Tom and Martin are surprised by the appearance of Mr. Montague Tigg, who explains that he and Chevy Slyme are detained at The Dragon in default of payment of their bills, and Martin and Tom assume the obligation; Mr. Slyme shows his independent nature; Mr. Tigg improves a favourable opportunity, and begs the loan of a half-sovereign from Tom Pinch; Mark Tapley takes leave of The Blue Dragon.—VIII. Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters, journeying to London by the stage-coach, are joined by Anthony Chuzzlewit and his son Jonas, and Mr. Jonas becomes attentive to the young ladies; Mr. Pecksniff arrives with his daughters at Mrs. Todgers's Commercial Boarding-house, and that lady makes arrangements for their accommodation; situation of Todgers's described.—IX. Mr. Pecksniff returns a favourable answer to Mr. Jinkins's round-robin; Pecksniff and his daughters call on Tom Pinch's sister; they patronise Miss Pinch, and offend the gentleman of the house; Bailey gives sundry dark hints in regard to the bill of fare for the approaching feast; the gentlemen boarders are presented to the young ladies; the successful dinner, graced by the presence of the young ladies, where Mr. Jinkins is triumphant, and Mr. Moddle becomes despondent and jealous; Mr. Pecksniff, under the influence of wine, becomes a little particular in his attentions to Mrs. Todgers; Mr. Pecksniff is put to bed under difficulties. —X. Old Martin Chuzzlewit calls on Mr. Pecksniff, apologises for his former rudeness, and asks an introduction to that gentleman's daughters; Mr. Chuzzlewit instructs Pecksniff to dismiss young Martin from his employ, and asks him and the young ladies to befriend Mary, who, he is careful to tell them, has no expectations from him; Mr. Chuzzlewit warns Pecksniff that the world will accuse him of mercenary motives in carrying out this

plan, and takes his leave; Mrs. Todgers's youngest boarder is incensed against Mr. Jinkins; Mr. Pecksniff reproves Mrs. Todgers for dissimulation.—XI. Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit invites the young ladies to view the sights of London; after a look at all the free spectacles, Jonas takes them to his home; they are introduced to old Chuffey; Chuffey's dependence upon Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit; Miss Charity makes the tea, and receives particular attention from Jonas; Jonas entertains the sisters through the evening, and then accompanies them home; the young gentlemen of Mrs. Todgers's serenade the young ladies on the eve of their departure from London; Mr. Bailey receives a gratuity and makes himself useful; Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit and Jonas call to take leave, and the Pecksniffs start for home.—XII. Young Martin patronises Tom Pinch, and tells him what he shall do for him when he himself is successful; John Westlock invites Tom and Martin to dine with him at Salisbury; and they walk to Salisbury to keep the appointment; John and Martin discuss the amiability of Tom Pinch and the hypocrisy of Pecksniff; Tom defends Pecksniff against John's prejudices; John returns Tom the money he had lent Tigg, and cautions him against trusting that gentleman any further; John Westlock, watching Tom and Martin as they set out for home, is impressed with a sense of Martin's selfish misappreciation of Tom's character; Martin and Tom turn out to meet Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters on their return, and Martin is astonished to receive no recognition from them; Martin demands an explanation, and is dismissed by Pecksniff; he determines to go to America; Tom Pinch gives him his last half-sovereign.—XIII. Martin meets a friendly carter who helps him on his way, and gives him an account of his friend who went to the United States; Martin encounters Mr. Montague Tigg at a pawnbroker's, and makes ineffectual attempts to find employment in London; he receives a twenty-pound note from an unknown hand; Mark Tapley introduces himself to Martin, and asks to be taken into his service, and allowed to go to America with him; Martin relates his history to Mark; Mark installs himself in Martin's service, and secures a meeting between his master and Mary.—XIV. Martin and Mary meet in the Park; he informs her of his intention to go to America, and consigns her to the care of Tom Pinch; Mark escorts Mary home after her farewell to Martin, and she sends by him her diamond ring to her lover. —XV. Mr. Mark Tapley, on board the ship *Screw*, bound for America, has an opportunity to be "jolly," and makes himself useful to his poor fellow-passengers; Martin avoids the cabin-passengers; the travellers land in New York.—XVI. They encounter Colonel Diver, who eulogises his country; colloquy between the captain of the *Screw* and Colonel Diver; Martin accompanies the colonel to the office of *The Rowdy Journal*, and is introduced to Mr. Jefferson Brick; Mr. Brick gives a toast; they all go to the boarding-house of Mrs. Pawkins, where Martin is astonished at the voracity of the boarders, and makes the acquaintance of some of "the most remarkable men of the country;" Mr. Bevan accosts Martin, and explains some of the characteristics of the colonel.—XVII. Mr. Bevan surprises Martin by his criticisms of America; they find Mark Tapley at the office of *The Rowdy Journal*, in company with a former slave, whose story he repeats to them; Mr. Bevan introduces Martin to the family of Mr. Norris; Martin is much pleased with them, until the entrance of General Fladdock, who was a cabin-passenger in the *Screw*. Martin is now obliged to acknowledge that he himself came in the steerage from poverty, and finds a sudden coldness on the part of his hosts; Mrs. Jefferson Brick describes her attendance

on certain lectures; Mark Tapley revives Martin's spirits by administering a sherry-cobbler.—XVIII. Jonas Chuzzlewit, surreptitiously examining his father's will, is startled by the appearance of Mr. Pecksniff; Anthony informs Pecksniff that Jonas will be his heir, and advises him to bind him to one of his daughters while he is in the mood; sudden death of Anthony Chuzzlewit.—XIX. Mr. Pecksniff goes in quest of Mrs. Gamp; Mr. Mould, the undertaker, commends the affectionate regrets of Mr. Jonas, who has ordered no limitation of expense in the funeral arrangements; Chuffey's grief at the death of his old master; sensitiveness of Jonas under his affliction; how old Anthony was buried, and no expense spared; Jonas is alarmed lest Chuffey should "talk some precious nonsense."—XX. Jonas questions Mr. Pecksniff in regard to the dowry he will give his daughter in case she should secure such a husband as himself; how Jonas treated Pecksniff, and how Pecksniff paid the bill; Pecksniff, recalling the memory of old Anthony, is warned by Jonas never to revive the subject; Mr. Pecksniff takes Jonas home with him, and they surprise Cherry in the performance of her household duties; Jonas proposes to Mercy in the presence of her sister, much to the disappointment of the elder sister's hopes; Tom Pinch announces the approach of old Martin Chuzzlewit and Mary Graham.—XXI. Young Martin and Mark Tapley, on the way to Eden, discuss the attractions of that locality; Mr. La Fayette Kettle and General Choke give Martin some information, new to him, in regard to his own country; the general advises the travellers in regard to settling in Eden; Martin takes Mark into partnership; they consult the agent of the Eden Land Corporation, witness the flourishing condition (upon paper) of that city, and purchase an eligible site; they attend a great meeting of the Watertoast Sympathisers, and witness the end of that association.—XXII. Martin is lionised by the citizens, and invited to deliver a lecture; on declining he is forced to hold a "le-Vee;" Mrs. Hominy is introduced; Captain Kedgick gives Mark the secret of Martin's popularity.—XXIII. The travellers proceed on their journey to Eden, leaving Mrs. Hominy at New Thermopylæ; arrived at Eden, they find it to consist of a few log-houses in a swamp, and Martin, giving way, is taken ill with fever and ague.—XXIV. Pecksniff receives Old Martin and Mary with assumed surprise; he prepares Mr. Chuzzlewit's mind for a meeting with Jonas, whom he eulogises as a model and dutiful son; Tom Pinch lights Mr. Chuzzlewit and Mary home to The Blue Dragon; returning, he encounters Jonas, who assaults him, and gets the worst of it; Jonas ascribes his injury to accident, but Charity suspects Tom to be the cause of it, and thanks him for it; old Martin tries to arouse Mercy to a sense of her future unhappiness if she marries Jonas; Jonas asks Mercy to fix the day.—XXV. Mrs. Gamp calls upon the Moulds, and discourses on the changes of life; she obtains Mr. Mould's permission to night-watch a gentleman in connection with taking care of Mr. Chuffey, who has been left in her charge in the absence of Jonas; John Westlock calls at The Bull to inquire about Mrs. Gamp's new patient; Betsey Prig introduces Mrs. Gamp to her new patient, whose mind is wandering.—XXVI. Mr. Bailey calls upon Poll Sweedlepipe, and hears of the marriage of Jonas; going with Poll to Jonas's house to fetch Mrs. Gamp, she is surprised to learn that Jonas has married "the merry one;" the bride's welcome home.—XXVII. Mr. Montague Tigg appears as Tigg Montague, Esq., chairman of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company, of which David Crimple is secretary; meeting of the board of the Anglo-Bengalee; Dr. Jobling introduces

Jonas Chuzzlewit, who has an interview with Tigg, in which the latter makes himself known to Jonas, and invites him to join the company; Montague instructs Nadgett to bring him all the information he can obtain in regard to Jonas Chuzzlewit.—XXVIII. Jonas dines with Mr. Tigg and a few friends at that gentleman's house; he is carried home drunk by Mr. Bailey; Jonas curses his wife, and strikes her.—XXIX. Mr. Bailey has an easy shave at the hands of Poll Sweedlepipe; Mrs. Gamp's opinion of Mr. Lewsome's sickness; Mrs. Gamp and Betsey Prig prepare their patient for a journey; Lewsome tells John Westlock he has a secret weighing on his mind.—XXX. Mr. Pecksniff reproves his eldest daughter for her jealousy of her sister; and, at her request, consents to place her at Mrs. Todgers's in the city; Pecksniff informs Martin of Charity's proposed departure, and invites him to come and stay with him for the sake of Mary; Mr. Pecksniff meets Mary, and forces her to listen to an offer of marriage, which she spurns, and he threatens to use his influence with Mr. Chuzzlewit against his grandson unless she submits; Cherry informs Tom Pinch of her intended departure. —XXXI. Pecksniff witnesses in the church an interview between Tom Pinch and Mary, in which she opens Tom's eyes to the true character of his employer; Pecksniff complains to Mr. Chuzzlewit that he has been cruelly deceived by Thomas Pinch; he accuses Tom, in the presence of Mr. Chuzzlewit, of addressing proposals of love to Mary in the church; Tom makes no reply, but returns to Pecksniff his double eyeglass which he had found in the church, and leaves the house; Tom declines Mrs. Lupin's invitation to stay at The Dragon, and goes to Salisbury.—XXXII. Miss Pecksniff arrives at Mrs. Todgers's, and receives a pathetic account of the state of Mr. Augustus Moddle; Charity becomes attentive to Mr. Moddle, and draws him on to a proposal of marriage, which, of course, she accepts.—XXXIII. Mr. Mark Tapley finds that his fellow-passengers on the *Screw* are his next-door neighbours in Eden; Mr. Hannibal Chollop calls upon the new settlers; Mark's free speaking does not please him, and he warns him to restrain it; Martin recovers, after many weeks, and Mark is then taken ill: by these experiences Martin learns the lesson of self-sacrifice, and, upon Mark's recovery, consults him in regard to returning home; Martin writes to Mr. Bevan for assistance, on receipt of which they start homeward.—XXXIV. Martin is introduced to the Honourable Elijah Pogram; Mr. Pogram glorifies the institutions of the country, and attributes Martin's dissent to British prejudice; Captain Kedgick is surprised to see the travellers return; Mr. Pogram holds a le-Vee by request of a committee of the citizens; meeting of Mrs. Hominy and Elijah Pogram; Martin and Mark arrive in New York, find Mr. Bevan, and learn that the *Screw* is in port, and ready to sail for England the next day; Mark ships as cook, and so pays their passage, enabling them to do without the assistance of Mr. Bevan.—XXXV. Arriving in England, they witness the laying of the corner-stone of a new building, at which Mr. Pecksniff, as architect, plays a prominent part; Martin recognises the plan of the building as his own, which he designed when studying with Pecksniff.—XXXVI. Tom Pinch starts for London to seek his fortune; he takes leave of Mrs. Lupin; arrived in London, he calls upon John Westlock at Furnival's Inn, who is delighted to see him, and insists upon his staying with him; Tom goes to see his sister, and, finding her subjected to the incivility of servants and the unjust censure of her employers, he expresses his indignation, and takes her away with him; Tom and Ruth find lodgings at Islington.—XXXVII. Tom encounters Miss Charity Pecksniff in the street, and goes with her

to Mrs. Todgers's, where he meets her sister; Mercy gives Tom a message for old Mr. Chuzzlewit; Charity introduces Tom to Mr. Moddle; Tom tells John Westlock his story, and returns to Ruth.—XXXVIII. Mr. Nadgett prosecutes his inquiries as ordered by Mr. Montague; he reports the result of his investigations in writing to his employer; Jonas calls upon Mr. Montague, who keeps Nadgett present at their interview, in which he proposes that Jonas should go deeper into their scheme, and draw in his father-in-law also, and gives Jonas, in a whisper, good reason for complying.—XXXIX. Tom Pinch and Ruth commence their housekeeping; how Ruth makes a beefsteak pudding, and how John Westlock happens to witness the operation; John narrates the circumstances of a call he had received from a gentleman who offered Tom, through him, a situation as secretary and librarian, with a yearly salary of one hundred pounds; John and Tom call on Mr. Fips, the agent of Tom's employer; Mr. Fips shows Tom the place where his work is to be, but declines to give his employer's name; John dines with Tom and his sister, and hears Tom's account of his leaving Pecksniff, and of the changes in Pecksniff's family.—XL. Tom enters upon his duties and makes considerable progress, but the mystery of his employer is still unsolved; Tom and Ruth, taking a morning walk near the steamboat wharf, encounter Mrs. Gamp, anxiously seeking for "The Ankworks Package;" Mrs. Gamp discovers the persons of whom she is in search, and points them out to Tom; Tom is amazed to see Nadgett at his elbow, making inquiries for the same parties; at Nadgett's request Tom carries the man a letter, and is astonished to recognise Jonas Chuzzlewit; effect of the letter upon Jonas, who drags his wife from the steamer, meets Montague upon the wharf, and drives off with him.—XLI. Montague threatens Jonas with a disclosure of the secret he possesses, unless he accedes to his demands; Montague proposes that Jonas should entice Pecksniff to invest with them, and, at Jonas's request, consents to go with him to Pecksniff's; Jonas lunches with Jobling, and questions him in a careless way about the use of his lancets; the doctor narrates the particulars of a remarkable murder.—XLII. Journey of the two friends to Salisbury during a violent storm; the carriage is overturned, the horses thrown down, and Jonas attempts to force them upon Montague, who is lying senseless in the road, but is stopped by the driver; Bailey, who accompanies them, receives severe injuries from the accident; Montague resolves to travel home alone.—XLIII. Mrs. Lupin, sitting alone in her bar, is accosted by a traveller who inquires for Mark Tapley; the traveller proves to be Mark himself, who, accompanied by Martin, has just arrived; they learn from Mrs. Lupin the changes in Pecksniff's family, and the influence Pecksniff has acquired over old Mr. Chuzzlewit; Martin determines to call upon his grandfather, and sends Mark with a letter requesting leave to wait upon him, which Pecksniff receives at the door, and destroys; Martin, accompanied by Mark, gains admission to Pecksniff's house, and appeals to his grandfather, who allows Pecksniff to answer for him; Martin has an interview with Mary, and hears of Pecksniff's suit for her hand; leaving Pecksniff's house, they meet Jonas going there.—XLIV. Mr. Pecksniff receives his son-in-law with tender inquiries for his daughters; Jonas informs Pecksniff of his business, introduces him to Montague, and secures the investment of his capital in their concern; Jonas leaves Montague to complete the arrangements with Pecksniff, and returns to London.—XLV. Ruth Pinch, waiting for Tom in Fountain Court, is joined by John Westlock, who takes Tom and his sister home to his rooms to dine.—XLVI. Tom

relates the occurrences of the morning on the wharf, and John suspects foul play; Tom and Ruth, going to call on Mrs. Jonas Chuzzlewit, meet Miss Pecksniff and Mr. Moddle, who accompany them; Mrs. Gamp makes tea for the company, and admonishes Mr. Chuffey; Jonas returns home, is incensed to find Tom there, and forces him to leave the house; Jonas retires to a private room, giving orders that he shall not be disturbed, and under cover of the darkness, and in disguise, escapes from the house by an unfrequented way.—XLVII. Jonas returns to Wiltshire, concealed by his disguise, lies in wait for Montague, waylays him as he is passing through a wood, murders him, and returns by night to London; in the morning Jonas is called by his wife, who informs him that Nadgett had called very early to see him.—XLVIII. Tom and Ruth are surprised by a call from Martin and Mark; Martin gives Tom an account of his circumstances, and by his advice they go to consult John Westlock, who receives them with some embarrassment on account of having a visitor; Tom and Mark leave Martin with John, and as they walk along Mark informs Tom of the settlement he proposes to make in life; John introduces Martin to his visitor, Mr. Lewsome, who narrates his instrumentality in the death of Anthony Chuzzlewit, and fixes the responsibility upon Jonas, whom he accuses of his father's murder; Martin and John determine what course to pursue.—XLIX. Mrs. Gamp entertains Betsey Prig at her apartment in Kingsgate Street, but that lady showing some unpleasant feeling, and venturing to express a doubt of the existence of Mrs. Harris, the friends quarrel and part; John and Martin arrive just at this moment, and learn from Mrs. Gamp some particulars in regard to Chuffey.—L. Martin accuses Tom Pinch of unfairness, greatly to Tom's surprise; Ruth tells Tom she has discovered his secret love for Mary; Tom's employer at last appears.—LI. Jonas Chuzzlewit thinks to carry out his plan for silencing Mr. Chuffey; Mrs. Gamp arrives, and is soon followed by old Martin and John Westlock, who are followed by Lewsome and Mark Tapley; Lewsome states all the circumstances relating to Jonas's murder of his father, which Chuffey contradicts, by relating how his old master and himself had discovered Jonas's designs, and that Anthony had died from a broken heart, and not from poison; Jonas, thinking himself cleared by this testimony, orders them from the room, when Nadgett enters with officers, and arrests him for the murder of Montague; Jonas attempts to bribe Slyme, who is one of the officers, to allow him to kill himself, but failing in this, he commits suicide by taking poison as they are carrying him to jail.—LII. Mark Tapley waits upon old Martin Chuzzlewit by his request; he admits, in turn, Mr. John Westlock, Tom Pinch and his sister, young Martin, and Miss Graham and Mrs. Lupin; lastly Mr. Pecksniff enters, and reproaches them all for taking advantage of the old man, when the old man strikes him down with his staff; Martin compels Pecksniff to listen to his exposure of his meanness, and to witness his reconciliation with young Martin; Mr. Pecksniff takes his departure; Mrs. Gamp, Mr. Poll Sweedlepipe, and the revived Mr. Bailey, appear and disappear for the last time.—LIII. John Westlock declares his love to Ruth, and finds it reciprocated; happiness of old Martin in the joy of the lovers; he entertains them all at dinner; Miss Pecksniff makes arrangements for her wedding.—LIV. Mr. Chuzzlewit calls upon Mercy at Mrs. Todgers's, and invites her to place herself under his care; Mark Tapley welcomes home his old neighbours in Eden; how Mr. Augustus Moddle deserted his bride, and Miss Pecksniff was not married; what Tom Pinch saw as time passed on.

THE CHIMES.

A GOBLIN STORY OF SOME BELLS THAT RANG AN OLD YEAR OUT, AND A NEW YEAR IN.

This, the second of the Christmas books, was brought out in 1844 by Bradbury and Evans. It was illustrated with a frontispiece and title on steel by Daniel Maclise, and with woodcuts from drawings by John Leech, Richard Doyle, and Clarkson Stanfield.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BOWLEY, LADY. Wife to Sir Joseph Bowley; a very stately lady. (2nd quarter.)

BOWLEY, MASTER. Her son, a little gentleman aged twelve. (3rd quarter.)

BOWLEY, SIR JOSEPH. An old and very stately gentleman, who is a member of parliament, and who prides himself upon being the "poor man's friend and father." The poor man in his district he considers his business. "I endeavour," he says, "to educate his mind by inculcating on all occasions the one great moral lesson which that class requires; that is, entire dependence on myself. (2nd, 3rd quarter.)

CHICKENSTALKER, MRS. ANNE. A stout old lady, keeper of a shop "in the general line," who, Toby Veck dreams, is married to Tugby, Sir Joseph Bowley's porter. (2nd, 4th quarter.)

CUTE, ALDERMAN. A plain man and a practical man; an easy, affable, joking, knowing fellow, up to everything, and

not to be imposed on; one who understands the common people, and has not the least difficulty in dealing with them. Being a justice, he thinks he can "put down" anything among "this sort of people," and so sets about putting down the nonsense that is talked about want, and the cant in vogue about starvation; and declares his intention of putting down distressed wives, boys without shoes and stockings, wandering mothers, and indeed all young mothers of all sorts and kinds, all sick persons and young children; and, if there is one thing on which he can be said to have made up his mind more than on another, it is to put suicide down. (1st, 3rd quarter.)

FERN, LILIAN. An orphan; niece to Will Fern. (2nd–4th quarter.)

FERN, WILL. A poor but honest man, who only wants "to live like one of the Almighty's creeturs," but has a bad name, and can't. (2nd–4th quarter.)

FILER, MR. A low-spirited gentleman of middle age, of a meagre habit and a disconsolate face, full of facts and figures, and ready to prove anything by tables; a friend of Alderman Cute. (1st, 3rd quarter.)

FISH, MR. Confidential secretary to Sir Joseph Bowley. (2nd, 3rd quarter.)

LILIAN. *See* FERN, LILIAN.

RICHARD. A handsome, well-made, powerful young smith, engaged to Meg Veck. (1st, 3rd, 4th quarter.)

TUGBY. Porter to Sir Joseph Bowley; afterwards married, as Toby Veck dreams, to Mrs. Chickenstalker. (2nd, 4th quarter.)

VECK, MARGARET or MEG. Toby Veck's daughter. (1st–4th quarter.)

VECK, TOBY, called "TROTTY" from his pace, "which meant speed, if it didn't make it." A ticket-porter.

A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to believe—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eighteen-penny message or small parcel in hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he trotted on, he would call out to fast Postmen ahead of him, to get out of the way; devoutly believing that in the natural course of things he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift.

Toby has a great liking for the bells in the church near his station.

Being but a simple man, he invested them with a strange and solemn character. They were so mysterious, often heard and never seen; so high up, so far off, so full of such a deep strong melody, that he regarded them with a species of awe; and sometimes when he looked up at the dark arched windows in the tower, he half expected to be beckoned to by something which was not a Bell, and yet was what he had heard so often sounding in the Chimes. For all this, Toby scouted with indignation a certain flying rumour that the Chimes were haunted, as implying the possibility of their being connected with any Evil thing. In short, they were very often in his ears, and very often in his thoughts, but always in his good opinion; and he very often got such a crick in his neck by staring with his mouth wide open, at the steeple where they hung, that he was fain to take an extra trot or two afterwards to cure it.

On Christmas Eve, Toby falls asleep by the fireside, while reading a newspaper, and dreams that he is called by the chimes, and so goes up into the church tower, which he finds peopled by dwarf phantoms, spirits, elfin creatures of the bells, of all aspects, shapes, characters, and occupations. As he gazes, the spectres disappear, and he sees in every bell a bearded figure, mysterious and awful, of the bulk and stature of the bell—at once a figure and the bell itself. The Great Bell, or the Goblin of the Great Bell, after arraigning him for sundry instances of wrong-doing, puts him in charge of the Spirit of the Chimes, a little child, who shows him various sorrowful scenes of the future, the actors in which he knows, and some of whom are very near and dear to him. But all these scenes point the same moral—"that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves, nor the good in one another." And when Toby breaks the spell that binds him, and wakes up suddenly with a leap that brings him upon his feet, he is beside himself with joy to find that the chimes are merrily ringing in the New Year, and that all the sin and shame and suffering and desperation which he has witnessed is but the baseless fabric of a vision. The lesson is not forgotten, however, and the New Year is made all the happier by his troubled dream.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

A FAIRY TALE OF HOME.

PUBLISHED in 1845, inscribed to Lord Jeffrey, and illustrated with a frontispiece and title-page by Maclise, and woodcuts from drawings by Doyle, Leech, Clarkson Stanfield, and Landseer.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BOXER. John Peerybingle's dog. (Chirps 1st–3rd.)

DOT. *See* PEERYBINGLE, MRS. MARY.

FIELDING, MAY. A friend of Mrs. Peerybingle. She is over-persuaded into consenting to bestow her hand upon Tackleton, a surly, sordid, grinding old man; but, on the morning of the day appointed for the wedding, she marries Edward Plummer, a former lover, who suddenly returns after a long absence, and whom she has believed to be dead. (Chirps 2nd, 3rd.)

FIELDING, MRS. Her mother; a little, querulous chip of an old lady, with a peevish face, who is considered to have a most transcendent figure, in right of having preserved a waist like a bedpost. She is very genteel and patronising, in consequence of having once been better off, or of labouring under an impression that she might have been, if something had happened (in the indigo trade) which never did happen, and seemed to have never been particularly likely to happen. (Chirp 2nd, 3rd.)

PEERYBINGLE, JOHN. A large, sturdy man, much older

than his wife, but "the best, the most considerate, the most affectionate of husbands" to her. (Chirps 1st–3rd.)

He was often near to something or other very clever, by his own account: this lumbering, slow, honest John; this John so heavy, but so light of spirit; so rough upon the surface, but so gentle at the core; so dull without, so quick within; so stolid, but so good! Oh Mother Nature, give thy children the true poetry of heart that hid itself in this poor Carrier's breast—he was but a Carrier by the way—and we can bear to have them talking prose, and leading lives of prose; and bear to bless thee for their company!

PEERYBINGLE, MRS. MARY, called "DOT" from her small size. John's wife, a blooming young woman, with a very doll of a baby. (Chirps 1st–3rd.)

PLUMMER, CALEB. A poor toymaker in the employ of Tackleton; a spare, dejected, thoughtful, gray-haired old man, wholly devoted to his blind daughter. (Chirps 1st–3rd.)

PLUMMER, BERTHA. His daughter, a blind girl. With her father, she lives in "a little cracked nutshell of a wooden house, . . . stuck to the premises of Gruff and Tackleton like a barnacle to a ship's keel."

I have said that Caleb and his poor Blind Daughter lived here. I should have said that Caleb lived here, and his poor Blind Daughter somewhere else—in an enchanted home of Caleb's furnishing, where scarcity and shabbiness were not, and trouble never entered. Caleb was no sorcerer, but in the only magic art that still remains to us, the magic of devoted, deathless love, Nature had been the mistress of his study; and from her teaching, all the wonder came.

The Blind Girl never knew that ceilings were discoloured, walls blotched and bare of plaster here and there, high crevices unstopped and widening every day, beams mouldering and tending downward. The Blind Girl never knew that iron was rusting, wood rotting, paper peeling off; the size, and shape, and true proportion of the dwelling, withering away. The Blind Girl never knew that ugly shapes of delf and earthenware were on the board; that sorrow and faintheartedness were in the house; that Caleb's scanty hairs were turning greyer and more grey, before her sightless face. The Blind Girl never knew they had a master, cold, exacting, and uninterested—never knew that Tackleton was Tackleton, in short; but lived in the belief of an eccentric humourist who loved to have his jest with them, and who, while he was the Guardian Angel of their lives, disdained to hear one word of thankfulness.

And all was Caleb's doing; all the doing of her simple father!

The consequence of this well-meant but ill-judged deception is, that Bertha comes secretly to love Tackleton with unspeakable affection and gratitude, and is nearly heartbroken on finding that he means to marry May Fielding. This compels her father to tell her the truth; to confess that he has altered objects, changed the characters of people, invented many

things that never have been, to make her happier. The shock to her sensitive nature is great; but instead of losing her confidence in him she clings to him all the more closely, and cherishes him all the more devotedly for his innocent deceit, springing from motives so pure and unselfish. (Chirps 2nd, 3rd.)

PLUMMER, EDWARD. Son to Caleb, and brother to Bertha Plummer. After a long absence in the "Golden South Americas," he returns to claim the hand of May Fielding, to whom he had been engaged before leaving home. Hearing, when twenty miles away, that she has proved false to him, and is about to marry old Tackleton, he disguises himself as an old man, for the sake of observing and judging for himself, in order to get at the real and exact truth. He makes himself known to Mrs. Peerybingle ("Dot"), who advises him to keep his secret close, and not even to let Mr. Peerybingle know it, he being much too open in his nature, and too inexperienced in all artifice to keep it for him. She also offers to sound his sweetheart, and to bring them together, which she does, and has the pleasure of seeing them married, and of expressing a hope that Tackleton may die a bachelor. Her mediation, however, becomes known, in part, to her husband, who misconstrues her actions, and suspects her of being untrue to himself. But in the end everything is satisfactorily explained, and everybody is made happy; while even the kettle hums for joy, and the cricket joins the music with its "Chirp, chirp, chirp." (Chirps 1st–3rd.)

SLOWBOY, TILLY. Mrs. Peerybingle's nurserymaid; a great, clumsy girl, who is very apt to hold the baby topsy-turvy, and who has a habit of mechanically reproducing, for its entertainment, scraps of current conversation, with all the sense struck out of them, and all the nouns changed into the plural number, as when she asks, "Was it Gruffs and Tackletons the toymakers, then?" and "Would it call at pastrycooks for wedding cakes?" and "Did its mothers know the boxes when its fathers brought them home?" and so on. (Chirps 1st–3rd.)

TACKLETON, called "GRUFF AND TACKLETON." A toy merchant, stern, ill-natured, and sarcastic, with one eye always wide open, and one eye nearly shut.

Cramped and chafing in the peaceable pursuit of toy-making, he was a domestic Ogre, who had been living on children all his life, and was their implacable enemy. He despised all toys; wouldn't have bought one for the world; delighted, in his malice, to insinuate grim expressions into the faces of brown-paper farmers who drove pigs to

market, bellmen who advertised lost lawyers' consciences, movable old ladies who darned stockings or carved pies; and other like samples of his stock in trade. In appalling masks; hideous, hairy, red-eyed Jacks in Boxes; Vampire Kites; demoniacal Tumblers who wouldn't lie down, and were perpetually flying forward, to stare infants out of countenance; his soul perfectly revelled. They were his only relief, and safety-valve.

After the marriage of his betrothed, May Fielding, to Edward Plummer (see above), he turns his disappointment to good account by resolving thenceforth to be, and by actually becoming, a pleasant, hearty, kind, and happy man. (Chirps 1st–3rd.)

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

A LOVE STORY.

PUBLISHED in 1846, with a frontispiece and title-page engraved on wood from drawings by Maclise, and with woodcuts inserted in the text, from designs by Doyle, Leech, and Stanfield.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BRITAIN, BENJAMIN, called "LITTLE BRITAIN." A small man with an uncommonly sour and discontented face; servant to Doctor Jeddler, afterwards husband of Clemency Newcome, and landlord of The Nutmeg Grater Inn. He gives this summary of his general condition: "I don't know anything; I don't care for anything; I don't make out anything; I don't believe anything; and I don't want anything." (Parts I.–III.)

CRAGGS, MR. THOMAS. Attorney-at-law and partner of Jonathan Snitchey. He seems to be represented by Snitchey, and to be conscious of little or no separate existence or personal individuality. (Parts I., II.)

CRAGGS, MRS. His wife. (Part II.)

HEATHFIELD, ALFRED. A young medical student; a ward of Doctor Jeddler, and engaged to his younger daughter Marion. On coming of age, he starts on a three years' tour among the foreign schools of medicine. In the very hour of his return, Marion flees from home, eloping, as it is supposed, with a young spendthrift named Michael Warden. After a time, her elder sister Grace becomes Alfred's wife; and it finally transpires that Marion, though deeply loving him, discovers that Grace also loves him, and, deeming herself to be

less worthy of such a husband, sacrifices her own happiness to insure her sister's. But, instead of eloping with young Warden, she retires to an aunt's, who lives at a distance, where she remains secluded until after her sister's marriage has taken place. (Parts I.–III.)

JEDDLER, DOCTOR ANTHONY. A great philosopher, the heart and mystery of whose philosophy is to look upon the world as a gigantic practical joke, or as something too absurd to be considered seriously by any practical man. But the loss of his favourite daughter, "the absence of one little unit in the great absurd account," strikes him to the ground, and shows him how serious the world is, "in which some love, deep-anchored, is the portion of all human creatures." (Parts I.–III.)

JEDDLER, GRACE. His elder daughter; married to Alfred Heathfield. (Parts I.–III.) *See* HEATHFIELD, ALFRED.

JEDDLER, MARION. His younger daughter. (Parts I.–III.) *See* HEATHFIELD (ALFRED), WARDEN (MICHAEL).

MARTHA, AUNT. Sister to Doctor Jeddler. (Part III.)

NEWCOME, CLEMENCY. Servant to Doctor Jeddler; afterwards married to Benjamin Britain. (Parts I.–III.)

She was about thirty years old, and had a sufficiently plump and cheerful face, though it was twisted up into an odd expression of tightness that made it comical. But the extraordinary homeliness of her gait and manner, would have superseded any face in the world. To say that she had two left legs, and somebody else's arms, and that all four limbs seemed to be out of joint, and to start from perfectly wrong places when they were set in motion, is to offer the mildest outline of the reality. To say that she was perfectly content and satisfied with these arrangements, and regarded them as being no business of hers, and that she took her arms and legs as they came, and allowed them to dispose of themselves just as it happened, is to render faint justice to her equanimity. Her dress was a prodigious pair of self-willed shoes, that never wanted to go where her feet went; blue stockings; a printed gown of many colours, and the most hideous pattern procurable for money; and a white apron. She always wore short sleeves, and always had, by some accident, grazed elbows, in which she took so lively an interest, that she was continually trying to turn them round and get impossible views of them. In general, a little cap placed somewhere on her head, though it was rarely to be met with in the place usually occupied in other subjects by that article of dress; but from head to foot she was scrupulously clean, and maintained a kind of dislocated tidiness. Indeed, her laudable anxiety to be tidy and compact in her own conscience as well as in the public eye, gave rise to one of her most startling evolutions, which was to grasp herself sometimes by a sort of wooden handle (part of her clothing, and familiarly called a busk), and wrestle as it were with her garments, until they fell into a symmetrical arrangement.

SNITCHEY, JONATHAN. Attorney-at-law and partner of Thomas Craggs. (Parts I.–III.)

SNITCHEY, MRS. His wife. (Part II.)

WARDEN, MICHAEL. A client of Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs; a man of thirty, who has sown a good many wild oats, and finds his affairs to be in a bad way in consequence. He repents, however, and reforms, and finally marries Marion Jeddler, whom he has long loved. (Parts II., III.)

DOMBEY AND SON.

On the first of October, 1846, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans issued the first number of a new serial novel under the title of "Dealings with the Firm of Dombey and Son, Wholesale, Retail, and for Exportation." Each part was illustrated with two engravings on steel by Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"). The publication of the work extended over twenty months; and on its completion, in 1848, it was brought out in a single octavo volume, and was "Dedicated with great esteem to the Marchioness of Normanby."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

ANNE. A housemaid at Mr. Dombey's, beloved by Towlinson, the footman. (Ch. xviii., xxxi., xxxv., lix.)

BAGSTOCK, MAJOR JOSEPH. A retired army officer, wooden-featured and blue-faced, with his eyes starting out of his head. He is a near neighbour of Miss Tox, between whom and himself an occasional interchange of newspapers and pamphlets, and the like Platonic dalliance, is effected through the medium of a dark servant of the major's, whom Miss Tox is content to designate as a "native," without connecting him with any geographical idea whatever.

Although Major Bagstock had arrived at what is called in polite literature the grand meridian of life, and was proceeding on his journey down-hill with hardly any throat, and a very rigid pair of jaw-bones, and long-flapped elephantine ears, and his eyes and complexion in the state of artificial excitement already mentioned, he was mightily proud of awakening an interest in Miss Tox, and tickled his vanity with the fiction that she was a splendid woman, who had her eye on him. This he had several times hinted at the club: in connection with little jocularities, of which old Joe Bagstock, old Joey Bagstock, old J. Bagstock, old Josh Bagstock, or so forth, was the perpetual theme: it being, as it were, the Major's stronghold and donjon keep of light humour, to be on the most familiar terms with his own name.

"Joey B., sir," the Major would say, with a flourish of his walking-stick, "is worth a dozen of you. If you had a few more of the Bagstock breed among you, sir, you'd be none the worse for it. Old Joe, sir, needn't look far for a wife even now, if he was on the look-out; but he's hard-hearted, sir, is Joe—he's tough, sir, tough, and de-vilish sly!" After such a declaration wheezing sounds would be heard; and the Major's blue would deepen into purple, while his eyes strained and started convulsively.

Notwithstanding his very liberal laudation of himself, however, the Major was selfish. It may be doubted whether there ever was a more entirely selfish person at heart, or at stomach is perhaps a better expression, seeing that he was more decidedly endowed with that latter organ than with the former. He had no idea of being overlooked or slighted by anybody; least of all, had he the remotest comprehension of being overlooked and slighted by Miss Tox.

And yet, Miss Tox, as it appeared, forgot him—gradually forgot him. She began to forget him soon after her discovery of the Toodle family. She continued to forget him up to the time of the christening. She went on forgetting him with compound interest after that. Something or somebody had superseded him as a source of interest.

"Good morning, ma'am," said the Major, meeting Miss Tox in Princess's Place, some weeks after the changes chronicled in the last chapter.

"Good morning, sir," said Miss Tox, very coldly.

"Joe Bagstock, ma'am," observed the Major, with his usual gallantry, "has not had the happiness of bowing to you at your window, for a considerable period. Joe has been hardly used, ma'am. His sun has been behind a cloud."

Miss Tox inclined her head; but very coldly indeed.

"Joe's luminary has been out of town, ma'am, perhaps," inquired the Major.

"I? out of town? oh no, I have not been out of town," said Miss Tox. "I have been much engaged lately. My time is nearly all devoted to some very intimate friends. I am afraid I have none to spare, even now. Good morning, sir!"

As Miss Tox, with her most fascinating step and carriage, disappeared from Princess's Place, the Major stood looking after her with a bluer face than ever: muttering and growling some not at all complimentary remarks.

"Why, damme, sir," said the Major, rolling his lobster eyes round and round Princess's Place, and apostrophising its fragrant air, "six months ago, the woman loved the ground Josh Bagstock walked on. What's the meaning of it?"

The Major decided, after some consideration, that it meant man-traps; that it meant plotting and snaring; that Miss Tox was digging pitfalls. "But you won't catch Joe, ma'am," said the Major. "He's tough, ma'am, tough, is J. B. Tough, and de-vilish sly!" over which reflection he chuckled for the rest of the day.

The Major becomes a friend and companion of Mr. Dombey, introduces him to Edith Granger and Mrs. Skewton, and plays the agreeable to the mother, while Mr. Dombey makes love to the daughter. (Ch. vii., x., xx., xxi., xxvi., xxvii., xxxi., xxxvi., xl., li., lix., lx.)

BAPS, MR. Dancing-master at Doctor Blimber's; a very grave gentleman with a slow and measured manner of speaking. (Ch. xiv.)

BAPS, MRS. His wife. (Ch. xiv.)

BERINTHIA, called "BERRY." Niece and drudge to Mrs. Pipchin, whom she regards as one of the most meritorious persons in the world. She is a good-natured spinster of middle age, but possessing a gaunt and iron-bound aspect, and much afflicted with boils on her nose. (Ch. viii., xi.)

BILER. *See* TOODLE, ROBIN.

BITHERSTON, MASTER. A child boarding at Mrs. Pipchin's; a boy of mysterious and terrible experiences. (Ch. viii., x., xli., lx.)

BLIMBER, DOCTOR. Proprietor of an expensive private boarding-school for boys, at Brighton, to which Paul Dombey is sent to be educated.

The Doctor was a portly gentleman in a suit of black, with strings at his knees and stockings below them. He had a bald head, highly polished; a deep voice; and a chin so very double, that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. He had likewise a pair of little eyes that were always half shut up, and a mouth that was always half expanded into a grin, as if he had, that moment, posed a boy, and were waiting to convict him from his own lips. . . . The Doctor's walk was stately, and calculated to impress the juvenile mind with solemn feelings. It was a sort of march; but when the Doctor put out his right foot, he gravely turned upon his axis, with a semicircular sweep towards the left; and when he put out his left foot, he turned in the same manner towards the right. So that he seemed, at every stride he took, to look about him as though he were saying, "Can anybody have the goodness to indicate any subject, in any direction, on which I am uninformed? I rather think not."

* * * * * *

Whenever a young gentleman was taken in hand by Doctor Blimber, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The doctor only undertook the charge of ten young gentlemen, but he had, always ready, a supply of learning for a hundred, on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge the unhappy ten with it.

In fact, Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green-peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Mathematical gooseberries (very sour ones too) were common at untimely seasons, and from mere sprouts of bushes, under Dr. Blimber's cultivation. Every description of Greek and Latin vegetable was got off the driest twigs of boys, under the frostiest circumstances. Nature was of no consequence at all. No matter what a young gentleman was intended to bear, Dr. Blimber made him bear to pattern, somehow or other.

(Ch. xi., xii., xix., xxiv., xli., lx.)

BLIMBER, MRS. His wife.

> Mrs. Blimber . . . was not learned herself, but she pretended to be, and that did quite as well. She said at evening parties, that if she could have known Cicero, she thought she could have died contented. It was the steady joy of her life to see the Doctor's young gentlemen go out walking, unlike all other young gentlemen, in the largest possible shirt-collars, and the stiffest possible cravats. It was so classical, she said.

(Ch. xi., xii., xix., xxiv., xli., lx.)

BLIMBER, MISS CORNELIA. The daughter; a slim and graceful maid. (Ch. xi., xii., xiv., xli., lx.)

> There was no light nonsense about Miss Blimber. She kept her hair short and crisp, and wore spectacles. She was dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages. None of your live languages for Miss Blimber. They must be dead—stone dead—and then Miss Blimber dug them up like a Ghoul.

BLOCKITT, MRS. Mrs. Dombey's nurse; a simpering piece of faded gentility. (Ch. i.)

BOKUM, MRS. A friend of Mrs. MacStinger's, and her bridesmaid on the occasion of her marriage to Jack Bunsby. (Ch. lx.)

BRIGGS. A pupil of Doctor Blimber's, and the room-mate of Paul Dombey. (Ch. xii., xiv., xli., lx.)

BROGLEY, MR. A sworn broker and appraiser, and second-hand furniture dealer; a friend of Sol Gills. (Ch. ix.)

BROWN, ALICE, alias ALICE MARWOOD. A handsome woman of about thirty years of age; a former mistress of James Carker. After suffering transportation for crime, she comes back to England filled with scorn, hate, defiance, and recklessness. (Ch. xxxiii., xxxiv., xl., xlvi., lii., liii., lviii.)

BROWN, MRS., called (by herself) "GOOD MRS. BROWN." Her mother; a very ugly old woman, with red rims round her eyes, and a mouth that mumbled and chattered of itself when she was not speaking. (Ch. vi., xxvii., xxxiv., xl., xlvi., lii., lviii.)

BUNSBY, CAPTAIN JACK. Master of a vessel called the *Cautious Clara*, and a warm friend of Captain Cuttle, who looks up to him as an oracle. Fearing that the vessel on which her friend Walter Gay has taken passage is lost, Florence Dombey, accompanied by her maid, Susan Nipper, goes to Captain Cuttle for advice. Walter's uncle, Sol Gills, is also very much distressed about his nephew; and the captain, being a friend of all parties, tries to reassure them.

Not being quite equal to the occasion, however, he fortunately bethinks himself of Jack Bunsby.

"With regard to old Sol Gills," here the Captain became solemn, "who I'll stand by, and not desert until death doe us part, and when the stormy winds do blow, do blow, do blow—overhaul the Catechism," said the Captain parenthetically, "and there you'll find them expressions—if it would console Sol Gills to have the opinion of a seafaring man as has got a mind equal to any undertaking that he puts it alongside of, and as was all but smashed in his 'prenticeship, and of which the name is Bunsby, that 'ere man shall give him such an opinion in his own parlour as 'll stun him. Ah!" said Captain Cuttle, vauntingly, 'as much as if he'd gone and knocked his head again a door!"

They accordingly go to see Captain Bunsby, and, under the pilotage of Captain Cuttle, board the *Cautious Clara*.

Immediately there appeared, coming slowly up above the bulk-head of the cabin, another bulk-head—human, and very large—with one stationary eye in the mahogany face, and one revolving one, on the principle of some lighthouses. This head was decorated with shaggy hair, like oakum, which had no governing inclination towards the north, east, west, or south, but inclined to all four quarters of the compass, and to every point upon it. The head was followed by a perfect desert of chin, and by a shirt-collar and neckerchief, and by a dreadnought pilot-coat, and by a pair of dreadnought pilot-trousers, whereof the waistband was so very broad and high, that it became a succedaneum for a waistcoat: being ornamented near the wearer's breast-bone with some massive wooden buttons, like backgammon men. As the lower portions of these pantaloons became revealed, Bunsby stood confessed; his hands in their pockets, which were of vast size; and his gaze directed, not to Captain Cuttle or the ladies, but the mast-head.

. . . Whispering to Florence that Bunsby had never in his life expressed surprise, and was considered not to know what it meant, the Captain watched him as he eyed his mast-head, and afterwards swept the horizon; and when the revolving eye seemed to be coming round in his direction, said:

"Bunsby, my lad, how fares it?"

A deep, gruff, husky utterance, which seemed to have no connection with Bunsby, and certainly had not the least effect upon his face, replied, "Aye, aye, shipmet, how goes it?" At the same time Bunsby's right hand and arm, emerging from a pocket, shook the Captain's, and went back again.

"Bunsby," said the Captain, striking home at once, "here you are; a man of mind, and a man as can give an opinion. Here's a young lady as wants to take that opinion, in regard of my friend Wal'r; likewise my t'other friend, Sol Gills, which is a character for you to come within hail of, being a man of science, which is the mother of inwention, and knows no law. Bunsby, will you wear, to oblige me, and come along with us?"

The great commander, who seemed by the expression of his visage to be always on the look-out for something in the extremest distance, and to have no ocular knowledge of anything within ten miles, made no reply whatever.

He finally consents to go with them, however, and at last delivers the following "opinion:"

"My name's Jack Bunsby!"

"He was christened John," cried the delighted Captain Cuttle. "Hear him!"

"And what I says," pursued the voice, after some deliberation, "I stands to."

The Captain, with Florence on his arm, nodded at the auditory, and seemed to say, "Now he's coming out. This is what I meant when I brought him."

"Whereby," proceeded the voice, "why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast then!"

When it had pursued its train of argument to this point, the voice stopped, and rested. It then proceeded very slowly, thus:

"Do I believe that this here *Son and Heir*'s gone down, my lads? Mayhap. Do I say so? Which? If a skipper stands out by Sou' George's Channel, making for the Downs, what's right ahead of him? The Goodwins. He isn't forced to run upon the Goodwins, but he may. The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. That a'nt no part of my duty. Awast then, keep a bright look-out for'ard, and good luck to you!"

The voice here went out of the back parlour and into the street, taking the Commander of the *Cautious Clara* with it, and accompanying him on board again with all convenient expedition, where he immediately turned in, and refreshed his mind with a nap.

Notwithstanding his sagacity and independence, Captain Bunsby is finally captured and married, perforce, by his landlady, Mrs. MacStinger. (Ch. xxviii., xxxix., lx.)

CARKER, HARRIET. Sister of John and James Carker; afterwards the wife of Mr. Morfin. (Ch. xxii., xxxiii., xxxiv., liii., lxii.)

CARKER, JAMES. Mr. Dombey's head clerk or manager.

Mr. Carker was a gentleman thirty-eight or forty years old, of a florid complexion, and with two unbroken rows of glistening teeth, whose regularity and whiteness were quite distressing. It was impossible to escape the observation of them, for he showed them whenever he spoke; and bore so wide a smile upon his countenance (a smile, however, very rarely, indeed, extending beyond his mouth), that there was something in it like the snarl of a cat. He affected a stiff white cravat, after the example of his principal, and was always closely buttoned up and tightly dressed. His manner towards Mr. Dombey was deeply conceived and perfectly expressed. He was familiar with him, in the very extremity of his sense of the distance between them. "Mr. Dombey, to a man in your position from a man in mine, there is no show of subservience compatible with the transaction of business between us, that I should think sufficient. I frankly tell you, sir, I give it up altogether. I feel that I could not satisfy my own mind; and Heaven knows, Mr. Dombey, you can afford to dispense with the endeavour." If he had carried these words about

with him, printed on a placard, and had constantly offered it to Mr. Dombey's perusal on the breast of his coat, he could not have been more explicit than he was.

Enjoying the confidence of his employer, Mr. Carker speculates on his own account, and amasses a fortune. When Mr. Dombey marries a second time, Carker observes that there is no love or sympathy in the case, and that both parties are of a proud and unyielding disposition; and he secretly takes advantage of the confidence reposed in him by Mr. Dombey to increase the constantly widening breach between husband and wife. Goaded to desperation by the conduct of Mr. Dombey in making his manager the medium of communicating his directions to her, but equally despising both man and master, Mrs. Dombey revenges herself on her husband by eloping with Carker, and on Carker by taunting him with his supposed victory, and leaving him, in the very hour of his anticipated triumph, to the vengeance of her husband, who has pursued them. In trying to avoid Mr. Dombey, whom he accidentally encounters at a railway-station, he staggers, slips on to the line, and is killed by a passing train. (Ch. xiii., xvii., xxii., xxiv., xxvi., xxvii., xxxi., xxxiii., xxxvi., xxxvii., xl., xlii., xlv.–xlvii., lii.–lv.)

CARKER, MR. JOHN. Brother of James and Harriet Carker, and a junior clerk at Dombey and Son's. When a young man, he had been led astray by evil companions, and had robbed his employers, who had reposed great confidence in him. His guilt was soon discovered; but the house was merciful, and, instead of dismissing him, retained him in a subordinate capacity, in which he made expiation for his crime by long years of patient, faithful service. After the elopement of his brother James with Edith Dombey, he is discharged; but, by the sudden death of his brother, he comes into possession of a fortune, the interest of which, when Mr. Dombey becomes a bankrupt, he secretly makes over to him year by year as if it were the repayment of an old lost debt. (Ch. vi., xix., xxii., xxxiii., xxxiv., liii., lviii., lxii.)

CHICK, MR. JOHN. Brother-in-law to Mr. Dombey; a stout, bald gentleman with a very large face, and his hands continually in his pockets, and with a tendency to whistle and hum tunes on every sort of occasion. (Ch. ii., v., xxix., xxxvi.)

CHICK, MRS. LOUISA. His wife; sister to Mr. Dombey; a weak, good-natured, self-satisfied woman, very proud of her family and of having always tried, as she puts it, to "make an effort." (Ch. i., ii., v.–viii., x., xviii., xxix., xxxvi., li., lix.)

CHICKEN, THE GAME. *See* GAME CHICKEN, THE.

CHOWLEY. *See* MACSTINGER, CHARLES.

CLARK, MR. A clerk of Mr. Dombey's. (Ch. vi.)

CLEOPATRA. *See* SKEWTON, MRS.

CUTTLE, CAPTAIN EDWARD. Protector of Florence Dombey, friend of Walter Gay, and friend and afterwards partner of Walter's uncle, Sol Gills. His first advent in the story is at the house of the latter at dinner-time.

An addition to the little party now made its appearance, in the shape of a gentleman in a wide suit of blue, with a hook instead of a hand attached to his right wrist; very bushy black eyebrows; and a thick stick in his left hand, covered all over (like his nose) with knobs. He wore a loose black silk handkerchief round his neck, and such a very large coarse shirt collar, that it looked like a small sail. He was evidently the person for whom the spare wine-glass was intended, and evidently knew it; for having taken off his rough outer coat, and hung up, on a particular peg behind the door, such a hard glazed hat as a sympathetic person's head might ache at the sight of, and which left a red rim round his own forehead as if he had been wearing a tight basin, he brought a chair to where the clean glass was, and sat himself down behind it. He was usually addressed as Captain, this visitor; and had been a pilot, or a skipper, or a privateers-man, or all three perhaps; and was a very salt-looking man indeed.

His face, remarkable for a brown solidity, brightened as he shook hands with uncle and nephew; but he seemed to be of a laconic disposition, and merely said:

"How goes it?"

"All well," said Mr. Gills, pushing the bottle towards him.

He took it up, and having surveyed and smelt it, said with extraordinary expression:

"*The?*"

"*The*," returned the Instrument-maker.

Upon that he whistled as he filled his glass, and seemed to think they were making holiday indeed.

"Wal'r!" he said, arranging his hair (which was thin) with his hook, and then pointing it at the Instrument-maker, "Look at him! Love! Honour! And Obey! Overhaul your catechism till you find that passage, and when found turn the leaf down. Success, my boy!"

He was so perfectly satisfied both with this quotation and his reference to it, that he could not help repeating the words again in a low voice, and saying he had forgotten 'em these forty year.

"But I never wanted two or three words in my life that I didn't know where to lay my hand upon 'em, Gills," he observed. "It comes of not wasting language as some do."

The reflection perhaps reminded him that he had better, like young Norval's father, "increase his store." At any rate he became silent.

Walter having been selected by his employer to fill a junior situation in the counting-house at Barbadoes, a meeting of a

few friends takes place at his uncle's at which Captain Cuttle is present.

"Wal'r," said the Captain, when they took their seats at table, "if your uncle's the man I think him, he'll bring out the last bottle of *the* Madeira on the present occasion."

"No, no, Ned," returned the old man. "No! That shall be opened when Walter comes home again."

"Well said!" cried the Captain. "Hear him!"

"There it lies," said Sol Gills, "down in the little cellar, covered with dirt and cobwebs. There may be dirt and cobwebs over you and me perhaps, Ned, before it sees the light."

"Hear him!" cried the Captain, "Good morality! Wal'r, my lad. Train up a fig-tree in the way it should go, and when you are old sit under the shade on it. Overhaul the — Well," said the Captain on second thoughts, "I an't quite certain where that's to be found, but when found, make a note of. Sol Gills, heave a-head again!"

Old Sol and the Captain accompany the lad on board the ship to see him off, the former with moist eyes, the latter with a very grave face.

The Captain immediately drew Walter into a corner, and with a great effort, that made his face very red, pulled up the silver watch, which was so big, and so tight in his pocket, that it came out like a bung.

"Wal'r," said the Captain, handing it over, and shaking him heartily by the hand, "a parting gift, my lad. Put it back half an hour every morning, and about another quarter towards the afternoon, and it's a watch that'll do you credit."

(Ch. iv., ix., x., xv., xvii., xix., xxiii., xxv., xxxii., xxxix., xlviii.–l., lvi., lvii., lx., lxii.) *See* MacStinger, Mrs.

DAWS, MARY. A young kitchenmaid in Mr. Dombey's service. (Ch. lix.)

DIOGENES. A dog given by Mr. Toots to Florence Dombey, "as a sort of keepsake," he having been a favourite with her brother, little Paul. (Ch. xiv., xviii., xxii., xxiii., xxviii., xxx., xxxi., xxxv., xli., xliv., xlviii.–l., lvi., lxii.)

Though Diogenes was as ridiculous a dog as one would meet with on a summer's day; a blundering, ill-favoured, clumsy, bullet-headed dog, continually acting on a wrong idea that there was an enemy in the neighbourhood, whom it was meritorious to bark at; and though he was far from good-tempered, and certainly was not clever, and had hair all over his eyes, and a comic nose, and an inconsistent tail, and a gruff voice; he was dearer to Florence . . . than the most valuable and beautiful of his kind.

DOMBEY, MRS. EDITH. Mr. Dombey's second wife; daughter of Mrs. Skewton, and widow of Colonel Granger. She is a woman under thirty, very handsome, very haughty, and very wilful; pure at heart, but defiant of criticism.

Though she feels neither love nor esteem for Mr. Dombey, and does not tempt him to seek her hand, yet she suffers him to marry her, content to be made rich so long as the transaction is understood to be a mere matter of traffic, in which beauty, grace, and varied accomplishments are exchanged for wealth and social position. As might be expected, the alliance proves to be a very unfortunate one. No friendship, no fitness for each other, no mutual forbearance, springs up between the unhappy pair; but indifference gives place to aversion and contempt; arrogance is repaid in kind; opposition arouses opposition. At last, Edith elopes with Mr. Carker, a confidential clerk of Mr. Dombey's; and this she does with the double motive of revenging herself on her husband, and of befooling and punishing the clerk, who has pursued her from her wedding-day with humiliating solicitations and the meanest stratagems. But she leaves him in the very hour of their meeting, and he is killed by a passing train in trying to escape pursuit. (Ch. xxi., xxvi.–xxviii., xxx., xxxi., xxxv.–xxxvii., xl.–xliii., xlv., xlvii., liv., lxi.) *See* SKEWTON, MRS.

DOMBEY, MRS. FANNY. Mr. Dombey's first wife; mother of Florence and of little Paul. (Ch. i.) *See* DOMBEY, LITTLE PAUL.

DOMBEY, FLORENCE. Daughter of Mr. Dombey, and sister of little Paul. She is a loving and lovable child, but, not having had the good fortune to be born a boy, is of no account in her father's eyes. At first she is merely an object of indifference to him, but by degrees he comes to conceive a positive dislike for her, and at last drives her from his house. She finally marries Walter Gay. (Ch. i., iii., v., vi., viii.–xii., xiv., xvi., xviii., xix., xxii.–xxiv., xxviii., xxx., xxxv.–xxxvii., xl., xli., xliii.–xlv., xlvii.–l., lvi., lvii., lix., lxi., lxii.) *See* DOMBEY (MR.), and DOMBEY (LITTLE PAUL).

DOMBEY, LITTLE PAUL. Mr. Dombey's son and heir. His advent into the world is thus described:

> Dombey sat in the corner of the darkened room in the great arm-chair by the bedside, and Son lay tucked up warm in a little basket bedstead, carefully disposed on a low settee immediately in front of the fire and close to it, as if his constitution were analogous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to toast him brown while he was very new.
>
> Dombey was about eight-and-forty years of age. Son about eight-and-forty minutes. Dombey was rather bald, rather red, and though a handsome well-made man, too stern and pompous in appearance to be prepossessing. Son was very bald and very red, and though (of course) an undeniably fine infant, somewhat crushed and spotty in his general effect, as yet. . . .

Dombey, exulting in the long-looked-for event, jingled and jingled the heavy gold watch-chain that depended from below his trim blue coat, whereof the buttons sparkled phosphorescently in the feeble rays of the distant fire. . . .

"The house will once again, Mrs. Dombey," said Mr. Dombey, "be not only in name but in fact Dombey and Son; Dom-bey and Son! . . . He will be christened Paul, my—Mrs. Dombey—of course. . . . His father's name, Mrs. Dombey, and his grandfather's! I wish his grandfather were alive this day!" And again he said "Dom-bey and Son," in exactly the same tone as before. . . .

Those three words conveyed the one idea of Mr. Dombey's life. The earth was made for Dombey and Son to trade in, and the sun and moon were made to give them light. . . . Common abbreviations took new meanings in his eyes, and had sole reference to them: A. D. had no concern with anno Domini, but stood for anno Dombei—and Son. . . .

They had been married ten years, and until this present day on which Mr. Dombey sat jingling and jingling his heavy gold watch-chain in the great arm-chair by the side of the bed, had had no issue.

—To speak of; none worth mentioning. There had been a girl some six years before, and the child, who had stolen into the chamber unobserved, was now crouching timidly, in a corner whence she could see her mother's face. But what was a girl to Dombey and Son! . . .

Mr. Dombey's cup of satisfaction was so full at this moment, however, that he felt he could afford a drop or two of its contents, even to sprinkle on the dust in the by-path of his little daughter.

So he said, "Florence, you may go and look at your pretty brother, if you like. I dare say. Don't touch him!"

Little Paul's mother dies in giving him birth, and he himself is but a weakling.

In his steeple-chase towards manhood . . . he still found it very rough riding, and was grievously beset by all the obstacles in his course. Every tooth was a break-neck fence, and every pimple in the measles a stone wall to him. He was down in every fit of the whooping-cough, and rolled upon and crushed by a whole field of small diseases, that came trooping on each other's heels to prevent his getting up again. Some bird of prey got into his throat instead of the thrush; and the very chickens turning ferocious—if they have anything to do with that infant malady to which they lend their name—worried him like tiger-cats. . . .

Thus Paul grew to be nearly five years old. He was a pretty little fellow, though there was something wan and wistful in his small face, that gave occasion to many significant shakes of Mrs. Wickam's head. . . .

He was childish and sportive enough at times, and not of a sullen disposition; but he had a strange, old-fashioned, thoughtful way, at other times, of sitting brooding in his miniature arm-chair, when he looked (and talked) like one of those terrible little Beings in the Fairy tales, who, at a hundred and fifty or two hundred years of age, fantastically represent the children for whom they have been substituted.

Mr. Dombey becomes uneasy about this odd boy, and sends him to Brighton to board with an old lady named Pipchin, who has acquired an immense reputation as a manager of children. But little Paul grows more old-fashioned than ever, without

growing any stronger; and his father, bent on his learning everything, and being brought forward rapidly, resolves to make a change, and accordingly enrols him as a student in Dr. Blimber's educational establishment, which is conducted on the hothouse or forcing principle. His health continues to fail, however, and at last he is taken home to die.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it, and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall, like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen, into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look reflecting the hosts of stars—and, more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare, that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-coloured ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on resistless he cried out. But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and, when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church-towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever) and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door; and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better—I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so."

By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts and people passing and repassing, and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think."

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him, and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow and take some rest.

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch *you* now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him: bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble downstairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centred in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

The people round him changed as unaccountably as on that first night at Dr. Blimber's—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps, was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipchin, dozing in an easy-chair, often changed to Miss Tox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand returned so often and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly, if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there, with fear.

"Floy!" he said, "what *is* that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There! At the bottom of the bed."

"There's nothing there, except papa."

The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said: "My own boy! Don't you know me?"

Paul looked in the face, and thought, was this his father? But the face so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

"Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa! Indeed I am quite happy!"

His father coming and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed I am quite happy!" This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark, dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him; Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and of her picture in the drawing-room downstairs, and thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying—for even he, her brother, who had such

dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling, why?"

"Did I ever see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

He asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

"Oh yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's. Often."

"And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

"Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please."

"She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy."

Paul closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro; then he said: "Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?"

Someone seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him, when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no grey mist before them as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them everyone and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind, good face," said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here."

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

"Who was that, who said 'Walter?'" he said, looking round. Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much."

Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, "Call him back, then; let him come up." After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought

into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes had always made him a favourite with Paul; and when Paul saw him he stretched out his hand and said "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my child!" said Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-bye?"

For an instant, Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, Yes," he said placidly, "good-bye! Walter dear, good-bye!"—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face. "Remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air as if it cried "Good-bye!" to Walter once again.

"Now lay me down," he said, "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!——

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

Oh thank GOD, all who see it, for that older fashion yet of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

(Ch. i.–iii., v.–viii., x.–xii., xiv., xvi.)

DOMBEY, MR. PAUL. A London merchant, very wealthy, very starched and pompous, intensely obstinate, and possessed by a conviction that the house of Dombey and Son is the central fact of the universe. He has a daughter Florence, who is of no consequence in his eyes; and a son Paul, on whom all his hopes and affections centre, but who dies in childhood. He marries for his second wife a woman whose pride is equal to his own, and who not only has no love to give him, but refuses to render him the deference and

submission which he exacts as his due. Goaded to desperation, at last, by his arrogance, and by the slights and affronts he puts upon her, she elopes, upon the anniversary of her marriage, with Mr. Carker, Mr. Dombey's manager, whom he had chosen as an instrument of her humiliation, content to wear the appearance of an adulteress (though not such in reality), if she can only avenge herself upon her husband. But Mr. Dombey, though keenly sensitive to the disgrace she has inflicted upon him, and haunted by the dread of public ridicule, abates no jot of his pride or obstinacy. He drives his daughter from his house, believing her to be an accomplice of his wife, forbids the name of either to be mentioned in his presence, and preserves the same calm, cold, impenetrable exterior as ever. His trouble preys upon his mind, however; his prudence in matters of business deserts him; and the great house of which he is the head, soon goes down in utter bankruptcy. But this crowning retribution proves a blessing after all; for it undermines his pride, melts his obstinacy, and sets his injustice plainly before him. His daughter seeks him out, and in her home he passes the evening of his days, a wiser and a better man. (Ch. i.–iii., v., vi., viii., x., xi., xiii., xvi., xviii., xx., xxi., xxvi.–xxviii., xxx., xxxi., xxxv., xxxvi., xl.–xliv., xlvii., li., lii., lv., lviii., lix., lxi., lxii.) *See* DOMBEY, LITTLE PAUL.

FEEDER, REVEREND ALFRED, M.A. A brother of Mr. Feeder, B.A. (Ch. lx.)

FEEDER, MR., B.A. An assistant in the establishment of Blimber; afterwards his son-in-law and successor. (Ch. xi., xii., xiv., xli., lx.)

FEENIX, COUSIN. A superannuated nobleman, nephew to the Honourable Mrs. Skewton, and cousin to Edith Dombey. (Ch. xxxi., xxxvi., xli., li., lxi.)

> Cousin Feenix was a man about town, forty years ago; but he is still so juvenile in figure and in manner, and so well got up, that strangers are amazed when they discover latent wrinkles in his lordship's face, and crowsfeet in his eyes; and first observe him, not exactly certain when he walks across a room, of going quite straight to where he wants to go. But Cousin Feenix, getting up at half-past seven o'clock or so, is quite another thing from Cousin Feenix got up; and very dim, indeed, he looks, while being shaved at Long's Hotel, in Bond Street.

FLOWERS. Mrs. Skewton's maid. (Ch. xxvii., xxx., xxxv.–xxxvii., xl.)

GAME CHICKEN, THE. A professional boxer and prize-fighter, with very short hair, a broken nose, and a considerable

tract of bare and sterile country behind each ear. He is a friend of Mr. Toots, whom he knocks about the head three times a week for the small consideration of ten and six per visit. (Ch. xxii., xxviii., xxxii., xli., xliv., lvi.)

GAY, WALTER. A young man in the employ of Mr. Dombey; nephew to Sol Gills. He makes the acquaintance of Florence Dombey, and falls in love with her, but is soon afterward sent to Barbadoes to fill a junior situation in the counting-house there. The ship in which he sails is lost at sea, and it is long thought that he went down with her; but he finally returns and marries Florence. (Ch. iv., vi., ix., x., xiii., xv.–xvii., xix., xlix., l., lvi., lvii., lxi., lxii.) *See* CUTTLE, CAPTAIN EDWARD.

GILLS, SOLOMON. A nautical instrument maker; uncle to Walter Gay. When he hears of the loss of the ship in which his nephew has sailed, he goes abroad in quest of him, leaving his shop in the hands of Captain Cuttle. (Ch. iv., vi., ix., x., xv., xvii., xix., xxii., xxiii., xxv., lvi., lvii., lxii.)

> To say nothing of his Welsh wig, which was as plain and stubborn a Welsh wig as ever was worn, and in which he looked like anything but a Rover, he was a slow, quiet-spoken, thoughtful old fellow, with eyes as red as if they had been small suns looking at you through a fog; and a newly-awakened manner, such as he might have acquired by having stared for three or four days successively through every optical instrument in his shop, and suddenly came back to the world again, to find it green.

GLUBB, OLD. An old man employed to draw little Paul Dombey's couch. (Ch. xii.)

GRANGER, MRS. EDITH. *See* DOMBEY, MRS. EDITH.

HOWLER, THE REVEREND MELCHISEDECH. A minister "of the ranting persuasion," who predicts the speedy destruction of the world. He was formerly employed in the West India Docks, but was "discharged on suspicion of screwing gimlets into puncheons, and applying his lips to the orifice." (Ch. xv., lx.)

JEMIMA. Mrs. Toodle's unmarried sister, who lives with her and helps her take care of the children. (Ch. ii., vi.)

JOE. A labourer. (Ch. vi.)

JOHN. A poor man with no regular employment; father of Martha, a deformed and sickly girl. (Ch. xxiv.) *See* MARTHA.

JOHNSON. A pupil of Doctor Blimber's. (Ch. xii., xiv.)

KATE. An orphan child, visiting Sir Barnet and Lady Skettles, at Fulham, with her aunt, during Florence Dombey's stay there. (Ch. xxv.)

MACSTINGER, ALEXANDER. Son of Mrs. MacStinger, aged two years and three months. His mother never enters upon any action of importance without previously inverting him to bring him within range of a brisk battery of slaps, and then setting him down on the street pavement; a cool paving-stone being usually found to act as a powerful restorative. (Ch. xxiii., xxv., xxix., lx.)

MACSTINGER, CHARLES, called "CHOWLEY" by his playmates. Another son of Mrs. MacStinger. (Ch. xxxix., lx.)

MACSTINGER, JULIANA. Mrs. MacStinger's daughter; the very picture of her mother. "Another year or two, the captain" [Captain Cuttle] "thought, and to lodge where that child was would be destruction." (Ch. xxv., xxix., lx.)

MACSTINGER, MRS. Captain Cuttle's landlady; a vixenish widow, living at No. 9, Brig Place, near the India Docks. She exhibits a disposition to retain her lodgers by physical force, if necessary. The captain stands in mortal fear of her; though, as he says, he "never owed her a penny," and has "done her a world of good turns too." Circumstances, however, occur, that make it absolutely necessary for him to remove to another part of the city; and, as he dare not acquaint her with the fact, he resorts to stratagem to effect his purpose.

In the silence of night, the Captain packed up his heavier property in a chest, which he locked, intending to leave it there, in all probability for ever, but on the forlorn chance of one day finding a man sufficiently bold and desperate to come and ask for it. Of his lighter necessaries, the Captain made a bundle; and disposed his plate about his person, ready for flight. At the hour of midnight, when Brig Place was buried in slumber, and Mrs. MacStinger was lulled in sweet oblivion, with her infants around her, the guilty Captain, stealing down on tiptoe, in the dark, opened the door, closed it softly after him, and took to his heels.

Pursued by the image of Mrs. MacStinger springing out of bed, and, regardless of costume, following and bringing him back; pursued also by a consciousness of his enormous crime; Captain Cuttle held on at a great pace, and allowed no grass to grow under his feet, between Brig Place and the Instrument-maker's door. It opened when he knocked—for Rob was on the watch—and when it was bolted and locked behind him, Captain Cuttle felt comparatively safe.

"Whew!" cried the Captain, looking round him, "It's a breather!"

"Nothing the matter, is there, Captain?" cried the gaping Rob.

"No, no!" said Captain Cuttle, after changing colour, and listening to a passing footstep in the street. "But mind ye, my lad; if any lady, except either of them two as you see t'other day, ever comes and asks for Cap'en Cuttle, be sure to report no person of that name known, nor never heard of here; observe them orders, will you?"

"I'll take care, Captain," returned Rob.

"You might say—if you liked," hesitated the Captain, "that you'd

read in the paper that a Cap'en of that name was gone to Australia, emigrating, along with a whole ship's complement of people as had all swore never to come back no more."

The brave old salt takes great precautions against discovery and recapture; but Mrs. MacStinger finds him out at last, and descends upon him while he is engaged in a consultation with his friend Jack Bunsby. The captain tries to effect his escape, but in vain; for he is stopped by the little MacStingers, who cling to his legs with loud screams of recognition.

"Oh, Cap'en Cuttle, Cap'en Cuttle!" said Mrs. MacStinger, making her chin rigid, and shaking it in unison with what, but for the weakness of her sex, might be described as her fist. "Oh, Cap'en Cuttle, Cap'en Cuttle, do you dare to look me in the face, and not be struck down in the herth!"

The Captain, who looked anything but daring, feebly muttered "Stand by!"

"Oh I was a weak and trusting Fool when I took you under *my* roof, Cap'en Cuttle, I was!" cried Mrs. MacStinger. "To think of the benefits I've showered on that man, and the way in which I brought my children up to love and *honour* him as if he was a father to 'em, when there an't a 'ousekeeper, no nor a lodger in our street, don't know that I lost money by that man, and by his guzzlings and his muzzlings"—Mrs. MacStinger used the last word for the joint sake of alliteration and aggravation, rather than for the expression of any idea—"and when they cried out one and all, shame upon him for putting upon an industrious woman, up early and late for the good of her young family, and keeping her poor place so clean that a individual might have ate his dinner, yes, and his tea too, if he was so disposed, off any one of the floors or stairs, in spite of all his guzzlings *and* his muzzlings, such was the care and pains bestowed upon him!"

Mrs. MacStinger stopped to fetch her breath; and her face flushed with triumph in this second happy introduction of Captain Cuttle's muzzlings.

"And he runs awa-a-a-ay!" cried Mrs. MacStinger, with a lengthening out of the last syllable that made the unfortunate Captain regard himself as the meanest of men; "and keeps away a twelvemonth! From a woman! Sitch is his conscience! He hasn't the courage to meet her hi-i-i-igh;" long syllable again; "but steals away, like a felion. . . . A pretty sort of a man is Cap'en Cuttle," said Mrs. MacStinger, with a sharp stress on the first syllable of the Captain's name, "to take on for—and to lose sleep for—and to faint along of—and to think dead forsooth—and to go up and down the blessed town like a mad woman, asking questions after! Oh, a pretty sort of a man! Ha, ha, ha, ha! He's worth all that trouble and distress of mind, and much more. *That's* nothing, bless you! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Cap'en Cuttle," said Mrs. MacStinger, with a severe reaction in her voice and manner, "I wish to know if you're a-coming home."

The frightened Captain looked into his hat, as if he saw nothing for it but to put it on, and give himself up.

"Cap'en Cuttle," repeated Mrs. MacStinger, in the same determined manner, "I wish to know if you're a-coming home, sir."

The Captain seemed quite ready to go, but faintly suggested something to the effect of "not making so much noise about it."

The gallant captain is relieved, however, by Bunsby, who diverts the widow's attention from his friend, and soothes and softens her by a little delicate flattery, and by offering to "convoy" her home, which he does, returning, after some hours, with the captain's chest, which is held to imply a relinquishment of any further claims upon the owner by his late landlady. Mrs. MacStinger subsequently marries Captain Bunsby. (Ch. ix., xvii., xxiii., xxv., xxxix., lvi., lx.)

MARTHA. The daughter of a poor labouring man, who finds it very difficult to get work to do. She is ugly, misshapen, peevish, ill-conditioned, ragged, and dirty, but dearly loved by her father, who makes his own life miserable to add to her comfort. (Ch. xxiv.) *See* JOHN.

MARWOOD, ALICE. *See* BROWN, ALICE.

'MELIA. A servant-girl at Doctor Blimber's. (Ch. xii., xiv., xli.)

MIFF, MRS. A wheezy little pew-opener; a mighty dry old lady, with a vinegary face, an air of mystery, and a thirsty soul for sixpences and shillings. (Ch. xxxi., lvii.)

MORFIN, MR. Head clerk to Dombey and Son; a cheerful-looking, hazel-eyed, elderly bachelor, who befriends John Carker, and eventually marries his sister Harriet. (Ch. xiii., xxxiii., liii., lviii., lxii.)

NATIVE, THE. A dark servant of Major Bagstock's, so called by Miss Tox, though without connecting him with any geographical idea whatever. He has no particular name, but answers to any vituperative epithet. (Ch. vii., x., xx., xxi. xxvi., xxvii., xxix., lviii., lix.)

NIPPER, SUSAN. Florence Dombey's maid; a short, brown, womanly girl, with a little snub nose and black eyes like jet beads. Notwithstanding a peculiarly sharp and biting manner, she is, in the main, a good-natured little body, and is wholly devoted to her mistress. She has the audacity to tell Mr. Dombey what she thinks of his treatment of his daughter, and is immediately discharged from that gentleman's service. She afterwards marries Mr. Toots, who considers her "a most extraordinary woman." (Ch. iii., v., vi., xiii., xv., xvi., xviii., xix., xxii., xxiii., xxviii., xxxii., xliii., xliv., lvi., lvii., lx.–lxii.) *See* TOOTS, MR. P.

PANKEY, MISS. A boarder at Mrs. Pipchin's "select infantine boarding-house," worth "a good eighty pounds a year" to her. (Ch. viii., xi.)

PAUL, LITTLE. *See* DOMBEY, LITTLE PAUL.

PEPS, DOCTOR PARKER. One of the court physicians, and a man of immense reputation for assisting at the increase of great families, on which account his services are secured by Mr. Dombey when little Paul is born. (Ch. i., xvi.)

PERCH, MR. Messenger in Mr. Dombey's office, living (when at home) at Balls Pond. (Ch. xiii., xvii., xxii., xxiv., xxxi., xlvi., li., liii., lviii., lix.)

PERCH, MRS. His wife, always in an interesting condition. (Ch. xiii., xxii., xxxi., xxxv., li., liii., lviii., lix.)

PILKINS, MR. Mr. Dombey's family physician. (Ch. i., viii.)

PIPCHIN, MRS. An old lady living at Brighton, with whom little Paul Dombey, accompanied by his sister Florence and a nurse, is sent to board. She afterwards becomes Mr. Dombey's housekeeper.

> Mrs. Pipchin . . . an elderly lady, who had for some time devoted all the energies of her mind to the study and treatment of infancy. She was generally spoken of as "a great manager" of children; and the secret of her management was, to give them everything that they didn't like, and nothing that they did. Mrs. Pipchin had also founded great fame on being a widow lady whose husband had broken his heart in pumping water out of the Peruvian mines. . . . This was a great recommendation to Mr. Dombey; for it had a rich sound. Broke his heart of the Peruvian mines, mused Mr. Dombey. Well, a very respectable way of doing it. . . .
>
> This celebrated Mrs. Pipchin was a marvellous ill-favoured, ill-conditioned old lady, of a stooping figure, with a mottled face, like bad marble, a hook nose, and a hard grey eye, that looked as if it might have been hammered at on an anvil without sustaining any injury. Forty years at least had elapsed since the Peruvian mines had been the death of Mr. Pipchin; but his relict still wore black bombazeen, of such a lustreless, deep, dead, sombre shade, that gas itself couldn't light her up after dark, and her presence was a quencher to any number of candles. She was such a bitter old lady, that one was tempted to believe there had been some mistake in the application of the Peruvian machinery, and that all her waters of gladness and milk of human kindness had been pumped out dry, instead of the mines.

RICHARDS. *See* TOODLE, POLLY.

ROB THE GRINDER. *See* TOODLE, ROBIN.

SKETTLES, LADY. The wife of Sir Barnet Skettles. (Ch. xiv., xxiii., xxiv., xxviii., lx.)

SKETTLES, SIR BARNET. A member of the House of Commons, living in a pretty villa at Fulham, on the banks of the Thames. It was anticipated that, when he did catch the speaker's eyes (which he had been expected to do for three or four years), he would rather touch up the Radicals. His

object in life is constantly to extend the range of his acquaintance. (Ch. xiv., xxiii., xxiv., xxviii., lx.)

SKETTLES, BARNET, JUNIOR. His son; a pupil of Doctor Blimber's. (Ch. xiv., xxiv., xxviii.)

SKEWTON, THE HON. MRS., called "CLEOPATRA," from the name appended to a sketch of her published in her youth. Aunt to Lord Feenix, and mother to Edith Dombey. An old lady, who was once a belle, and who still retains, at the age of seventy, the juvenility of dress, the coquettishness of manner, and the affectation of speech which distinguished her fifty years before. She parades her fair daughter through all the fashionable resorts in England in order to sell her to the highest bidder. She succeeds in making a very "advantageous match" for her, but dies soon after of paralysis. (Ch. xxi., xxvi.–xxviii., xxx., xxxv.–xxxvii., xl., xli.)

SOWNDS. A portentous beadle, orthodox and corpulent, who spends the greater part of his time sitting in the sun, on the church steps, or, in cold weather, sitting by the fire. (Ch. v., xxxi., lvii.)

TOODLE, MR. Husband to Polly Toodle, and father to "Rob the Grinder." He is at first a stoker, but afterwards becomes an engine-driver. (Ch. ii., xv., xx., lix.)

TOODLE, MRS. POLLY, called "RICHARDS" by Mr. Dombey and his family. His wife; foster-mother of little Paul Dombey; a plump, rosy-cheeked, wholesome, apple-faced young woman with five children of her own, one of them being a nursing infant. (Ch. ii., iii., v.–vii., xv., xvi., xxii., xxxviii., lvi., lix.)

TOODLE, ROBIN, called by the family "BILER" (in remembrance of the steam-engine), *otherwise styled* "ROB THE GRINDER." Their son, nominated by Mr. Dombey to a vacancy in the establishment of "The Charitable Grinders;" but the child meets with so much badgering from the boys in the street, and so much abuse from the master of the school, that he runs away. He afterwards becomes the spy and instrument of Mr. Carker, and finally enters the service of Miss Tox with a view to his "restoration to respectability." (Ch. ii., v., vi., xx., xxii., xxiii., xxv., xxxi., xxxii., xxxviii., xxxix., xlii., xlvi., lii., lix.)

TOOTS, MR. P. The eldest of Doctor Blimber's pupils; a wealthy young gentleman, with swollen nose and excessively large head, of whom people did say that the doctor had rather overdone it with young Toots, and that, when he began to have whiskers, he left off having brains. Having license to pursue

his own course of study, he occupies his time chiefly in writing long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed "P. Toots, Esq., Brighton, Sussex," which he preserves in his desk with great care. His personal appearance takes a great deal of his attention, and he prides himself especially upon his tailors, Burgess and Co., as being "fash'nable, but very dear." His conversational ability is not remarkable; but his deep voice, his sheepish manner, and his stock phrases—of which "It's of no consequence" is the most usual—are particularly noteworthy. Of his intellectual and social deficiencies he is by no means ignorant, however. "I am not what is considered a quick sort of a person," he says: "I am perfectly aware of that. I don't think anybody could be better acquainted with his own—if it was not too strong an expression, I should say with the thickness of his own head than myself." Mr. Toots conceives so strong a passion for Miss Florence Dombey, that he is—to use his own words—"perfectly sore with loving her." His attentions, however, are not encouraged, and he becomes very downhearted. "I KNOW I'm wasting away," he says to Captain Cuttle. "Burgess and Co. have altered my measure, I'm in that state of thinness. If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you'd form some idea what unrequited affection is." He recovers his health and spirits, however, after no long time, and consoles himself for the loss of Miss Dombey by marrying her maid, Miss Susan Nipper. The result of this union is a large family of children. After the birth of the third, Mr. Toots betakes himself to the "Wooden Midshipman" to give information of the happy event to his friend Captain Cuttle, whom he always misnames Captain Gills.

"I knew that you'd be glad to hear, and so I came down myself. We're positively getting on, you know. There's Florence, and Susan, and now here's another little stranger."

"A female stranger?" inquires the Captain.

"Yes, Captain Gills," says Mr. Toots, "and I'm glad of it. The oftener we can repeat that most extraordinary woman, my opinion is the better!"

"Stand by!" says the Captain, turning to the old case-bottle with no throat—for it is evening, and The Midshipman's usual moderate provision of pipes and glasses is on the board. "Here's to her, and may she have ever so many more!"

"Thank'ee, Captain Gills," says the delighted Mr. Toots. "I echo the sentiment."

(Ch. xi., xii., xiv., xviii., xxii., xxviii., xxxi., xxxii., xxxix., xli., xlv., xlviii., l., lvi., lvii., lx., lxii.)

TOOTS, MRS. *See* NIPPER, SUSAN.

TOWLINSON, THOMAS. Mr. Dombey's footman. (Ch. v., xviii., xx., xxviii., xxxi., xxxv., xliv., li., lix.)

TOX, MISS LUCRETIA. A friend of Mrs. Chick's, greatly admired by Major Bagstock.

> The lady . . . was a long, lean figure, wearing such a faded air, that she seemed not to have been made in what linendrapers call "fast colours" originally, and to have, by little and little, washed out. But for this she might have been described as the very pink of general propitiation and politeness. From a long habit of listening admiringly to everything that was said in her presence, and looking at the speakers as if she were mentally engaged in taking off impressions of their images upon her soul, never to part with the same but with her life, her head had quite settled on one side. Her hands had contracted a spasmodic habit of raising themselves of their own accord as in involuntary admiration. Her eyes were liable to a similar affection. She had the softest voice that ever was heard; and her nose, stupendously aquiline, had a little knob in the very centre or keystone of the bridge, whence it tended downwards towards her face, as in an invincible determination not to turn up at anything.

After the death of the first Mrs. Dombey, Miss Tox has a modest ambition to succeed her, but, failing of doing so, her regard for Mr. Dombey becomes severely platonic. (Ch. i., ii., v.–viii., x., xviii., xx., xxix., xxxi., xxxvi., xxxviii., li., lix., lxii.)

TOZER. A room-mate of Paul Dombey's at Doctor Blimber's; a solemn young gentleman whose shirt-collar curls up the lobes of his ears. (Ch. xii., xiv., xli., lx.)

WICKAM, MRS. A waiter's wife (which would seem equivalent to being any other man's widow), and little Paul Dombey's nurse. (Ch. viii., xi., xii., xviii., lviii.)

> Mrs. Wickam was a meek woman, of a fair complexion, with her eyebrows always elevated, and her head always drooping; who was always ready to pity herself, or to be pitied, or to pity anybody else; and who had a surprising natural gift of viewing all subjects in an utterly forlorn and pitiable light, and bringing dreadful precedents to bear upon them, and deriving the greatest consolation from the exercise of that talent.

WITHERS. Page to Mrs. Skewton; tall, wan, and thin. (Ch. xxi., xxv., xxvii., xxx., xxxvii., xl.)

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I. Mr. Dombey expresses his gratification at the birth of a son, and receives the congratulations of his sister, Mrs. Chick; his sister's friend, Miss Tox, presents her offering; Mrs. Dombey, not being able to make the effort urged by Mrs. Chick, gradually fails, and dies clinging to her daughter.—II. Mrs. Chick exerts herself to provide a wet-nurse for little Paul; Miss Tox also interests herself in the matter, and introduces the Toodle family; Mrs. Toodle, as Richards, is engaged. —III. Florence hears from Richards the story of her mother's death; Susan Nipper makes her first appearance; Richards, by a little management, brings the children constantly together.—IV. Solomon Gills, on the occasion of his nephew's entering the employ of Dombey and Son, produces a bottle of choice Madeira; Captain Cuttle joins the party, and they drink to Dombey and Son, and Daughter.—V. Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox enjoy a social evening in the nursery, to the disgust of Miss Nipper; little Paul is christened, Miss Tox being one of the sponsors; chilling effect of the christening collation; Mr. Dombey shows his regard for Richards by appointing Biler a "Charitable Grinder."—VI. Richards and Susan take the children to Staggs's Gardens, the home of the Toodles; returning home, Richards discovers Biler in trouble, and goes to his rescue; an alarm of "Mad Bull" is raised, and the party gets separated; Florence is picked up by Good Mrs. Brown, who robs her of her clothing and turns her into the streets in rags; she is found by Walter Gay, who takes her to his uncle's, and goes to Mr. Dombey with the news of her safety, which her father receives quite indifferently; Richards is discharged.—VII. Major Joe Bagstock finds himself superseded in the notice of Miss Tox.— VIII. Little Paul, grown to the age of five years, surprises his father by his questions about money; Paul not being strong and well, the doctor recommends sea-air, and he and Florence are sent to Mrs. Pipchin's, at Brighton; Paul is impolite to Mrs. Pipchin; Mrs. Wickam expresses some superstitious fears in regard to him; Paul asks Florence what the waves are always saying.—IX. Walter notices a change in Uncle Sol, and tries to cheer him up; returning from the office one day, he is astonished to find that Mr. Brogley, a broker, has taken possession of the stock for debt; Walter looks up Captain Cuttle, whom he has some trouble in coming at on account of the perverseness of his landlady, Mrs. MacStinger; the captain takes the matter into consideration, and advises applying to Mr. Dombey for a loan, and he and Walter set off to Brighton for that purpose.—X. Major Bagstock traces the cause of Miss Tox's reserve to her devotion to the Dombeys, and goes to Brighton, where he throws himself in Mr. Dombey's way, and makes his acquaintance; Walter, supported by Captain Cuttle, makes his application to Mr. Dombey; the captain presents his valuables as security; Mr. Dombey, through Paul, lends the required amount to Mr. Gills.—XI. Mr. Dombey decides to remove Paul from Mrs. Pipchin's to Doctor Blimber's; Doctor Blimber's establishment, and its methods of teaching; Mr. Dombey, accompanied by Florence and Mrs. Pipchin, takes Paul to Doctor Blimber's, where he is introduced to the family of that learned gentleman, and where he is left to be subjected to the forcing process

for which that establishment is celebrated.—XII. Miss Blimber takes Paul in hand; Mr. Toots shows his good-will; Miss Blimber starts Paul in his course of study; Florence obtains the books which contain Paul's lessons, and assists him in their preparation; Mr. Toots continues to interest himself in Paul.—XIII. The deference paid to Mr. Dombey by those in and around his office; Mr. Carker the manager informs Mr. Dombey of a vacancy in their agency at Barbadoes, and he decides to send Walter Gay to fill it; Walter hears a conversation between the brothers James and John Carker, in which the position of the latter is defined; Mr. John Carker tells Walter the story of his temptation and fall.—XIV. Miss Blimber prepares an analysis of Paul's character; Paul grows more and more old-fashioned; he receives his invitation to Doctor and Mrs. Blimber's "early party;" he has a fainting-fit in Mr. Feeder's room, and by the Doctor's advice is relieved from his studies; Paul collects all his little possessions for taking home; at the Blimbers's party, Paul receives the kindest attentions from all present, and Florence becomes a universal favourite; they all show their fondness for Paul at his departure, and he finally reaches home.—XV. Walter makes up his mind to inform his uncle of the Barbadoes project, and goes to Captain Cuttle to get him to break the news to Sol Gills; the captain, in consideration of the matter, "bites his nails a bit," and finally decides to see Mr. Dombey and talk it over with him; Walter, walking about to give the captain time to break the news to Sol Gills, is overtaken by Susan Nipper in a coach, in search of Staggs's Gardens and Mrs. Toodle; he assists her to find Richards, and returns with them to Mr. Dombey's house, where he is called in.—XVI. Little Paul, grown more and more feeble, begs to see his old nurse and Walter, and dies with his arms round Florence's neck.—XVII. Not seeing Mr. Dombey at home, Captain Cuttle goes to the office of Dombey and Son, and calls on Mr. Carker the manager; the captain explains his view of the case to Carker, and his aspirations in connection with Walter and Florence, which Mr. Carker takes pains to strengthen, and the captain is fully satisfied that he "has done a little business for the youngsters."—XVIII. Funeral of little Paul, and Mr. Dombey's indifference to Florence; Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox attempt to console Florence; Sir Barnet and Lady Skettles invite Florence to visit them, but she prefers to remain at home; Mr. Dombey grows more and more cold towards his daughter; Mr. Toots calls upon Florence, and brings Diogenes, the dog of which Paul was so fond at Doctor Blimber's; Susan informs Florence that her father is to leave home on the morrow, in company with Major Bagstock; Florence goes to her father's room, and tries to excite his affection and sympathy, but finds him still cold and reserved.—XIX. Walter prepares to go away, and is giving his uncle a message for Florence, when she and Susan enter the shop; Florence and Walter take leave of each other, and Florence presents him with a keepsake; John Carker comes to take leave of Walter; Walter goes aboard the *Son and Heir*, and she starts upon her voyage.—XX. Mr. Dombey breakfasts with Major Bagstock; the major speculates on the matrimonial ambition of Miss Tox; Mr. Toodle expresses his sympathy at the death of little Paul, but Mr. Dombey does not respond; reflections of Mr. Dombey on the road; the major rallies him on his thoughtfulness; they arrive at Leamington.—XXI. Mr. Dombey and Major Bagstock encounter Mrs. Skewton and her daughter Mrs. Granger; Mrs. Skewton expresses her fondness for "Nature" and "Heart;" Major Bagstock informs Mr. Dombey who these new friends are; Mr. Dombey and the major call upon the ladies,

and Mrs. Granger shows her accomplishments.—XXII. Mr. Carker the manager shows his affection for Mr. Carker the junior, and for their sister; Mr. Perch informs Mr. Carker that Rob the Grinder is seeking employment; Mr. Carker has him brought in; Sol Gills comes to pay the instalment due on his debt, and to inquire for news of the *Son and Heir*, which has not been heard from since she sailed; Carker proposes to put Rob into his employ; Carker goes home with Rob, and fully engages to take charge of that young hopeful, whom he places as a spy upon Sol Gills; Carker is witness to the discomfiture of Mr. Toots, consequent upon that young gentleman's advances to Susan Nipper.—XXIII. The lonely life of Florence in the deserted house; Florence, anxious at the absence of news from Walter, goes with Susan to see Sol Gills, and, not finding him at home, they go to Captain Cuttle's; meeting of Susan Nipper and Mrs. MacStinger; Captain Cuttle, at a loss what to say about Walter's ship, consults the oracular Bunsby, who gives an opinion, the "bearings" of which "lays in the application on it."—XXIV. Florence visits the family of Sir Barnet Skettles at Fulham; various incidents remind her of her estrangement from her father; they encounter Carker, who informs Florence that there is no news of the ship.—XXV. Sudden disappearance of Sol Gills; Captain Cuttle, finding no traces of him, runs away from Mrs. MacStinger, and takes possession of the shop.—XXVI. Carker arrives at Leamington; the major and Mrs. Skewton encourage the attention of Mr. Dombey to Edith; Mrs. Skewton accepts for herself and Edith Mr. Dombey's invitation to breakfast, and to a ride to Warwick Castle.—XXVII. Carker meets Edith in the grove, and relieves her from the annoyance of Good Mrs. Brown; Carker watches Edith closely during the breakfast and the trip to Warwick; Dombey makes an appointment with Mrs. Granger "for a purpose," and she recapitulates to her mother the management they have used in bringing him to a declaration.—XXVIII. Florence proposes to return home; how Mr. Toots practised boating; returning home, Florence and Susan find the house undergoing extensive alterations; Florence meets Edith and Mrs. Skewton for the first time, and hears of the approaching marriage of her father.—XXIX. Mrs. Chick calls upon Miss Tox to inform her of Mr. Dombey's contemplated marriage; Miss Tox is overcome by the news, and Mrs. Chick has her eyes opened to the ambitious hopes of her friend, whom she consequently casts off.—XXX. Edith shows a warm friendship for Florence; she urges her to remain at home alone after her father's marriage; Mrs. Skewton shows her interest in Florence; Edith refuses to allow Florence to remain with Mrs. Skewton during her absence.—XXXI. The wedding of Mr. Dombey and Edith Granger; the wedding-breakfast, where Cousin Feenix makes a speech, and Mr. Carker smiles upon the company.—XXXII. Captain Cuttle, keeping close quarters at The Wooden Midshipman, is called upon by Mr. Toots and the Game Chicken; Mr. Toots is anxious to cultivate Captain Cuttle's acquaintance; he reads from a newspaper an account of the loss of the *Son and Heir* to Captain Cuttle; Captain Cuttle calls again on Mr. Carker, who receives him with less politeness than before.—XXXIII. Mr. James Carker's home near Norwood, with the picture resembling Edith on the wall; Mr. John Carker's house on the other side of London; John Carker parts with his sister for the day; she is visited by a stranger gentleman, who is thoroughly acquainted with their history, and who secures her promise to call on him if they ever need assistance; Harriet Carker befriends Alice Brown, a returned convict.—XXXIV. Good Mrs. Brown welcomes

home her daughter; Mrs. Brown informs Alice what she knows of Carker; learning that it was his sister who befriended her, she returns to her house, and flings back her gift with curses.—XXXV. Mr. and Mrs. Dombey are welcomed home after their bridal tour; Mr. Dombey, pretending to sleep, watches Florence and Edith, and his heart hardens towards his daughter to find that she has won his wife's love; Florence relates to Edith the story of Walter; Edith warns Florence not to expect to gain through her her father's affection.—XXXVI. Mr. and Mrs. Dombey give an entertainment which is not social; Cousin Feenix relates a story; Mr. Carker is the only man at ease, and Mrs. Chick feels herself slighted; Mr. Dombey, in the presence of Carker, makes objections to his wife's conduct.—XXXVII. Carker calls upon Mrs. Dombey, and insists upon an interview; Carker assumes the existence of devoted attachment between Mrs. Dombey and her husband, and endeavours to establish an influence over her through her fear of injuring Florence; Mrs. Skewton is struck with paralysis.—XXXVIII. Miss Tox, abandoned by Mrs. Chick, seeks Richards for information of the Dombeys, and is escorted home by Rob the Grinder.—XXXIX. Captain Cuttle bestows on Mr. Toots the pleasure of his acquaintance, on condition that Florence must never be named or referred to; Rob the Grinder leaves Captain Cuttle's service; Captain Cuttle, with the approval of his friend Bunsby, opens Sol Gills's packet in the presence of that worthy; Mrs. MacStinger and her family suddenly appear on the scene; much to Captain Cuttle's amazement, Bunsby pacifies her, and, escorting her home, returns with the captain's box, which he had left at Brig Place on his escape.—XL. Mr. Dombey expresses to Edith his displeasure at her conduct; she avows her feelings towards him, and requests, for the sake of others, mutual forbearance; Mr. Dombey insists on his own will; the family, except Mr. Dombey, accompany Mrs. Skewton to Brighton; Mrs. Skewton and her daughter encounter Good Mrs. Brown and Alice.—XLI. Mr. Toots, accompanied by Florence, calls at Dr. Blimber's; on their return Mr. Toots is on the point of making a declaration of his love, which Florence checks; death of Mrs. Skewton.—XLII. Rob the Grinder appears in the service of Mr. Carker; Mr. Dombey and Mr. Carker in council; Mr. Dombey instructs Carker to act as his agent in expressing to his wife his demands in regard to her conduct; Mr. Dombey is thrown from his horse and severely hurt, and Carker carries the news of the accident to Edith.—XLIII. Susan Nipper expresses her opinion of Mr. Carker, and of Mrs. Pipchin, who has become housekeeper; Florence goes to her father's room, and kisses him in his sleep; Florence finds Edith in a state of great agitation after her interview with Carker.—XLIV. Susan Nipper, watching her opportunity, enters Mr. Dombey's room when he is alone, and relieves her mind; Mrs. Pipchin gives her warning, and she leaves under the escort of Mr. Toots; she destroys his hopes of ever being loved by Florence.—XLV. Carker requests an interview alone with Edith; he states the position Mr. Dombey would have him fill towards her, and declares himself devoted to her service; she denies having any affection for her husband; Carker warns her, for Florence's sake, to withdraw her affection from her.—XLVI. Mr. Carker is watched by Good Mrs. Brown and her daughter, who afterwards question Rob the Grinder in regard to his master; Mr. James Carker again taunts his brother with his disgrace, and sneers at his expressions of good-will towards Mr. Dombey.—XLVII. Edith avoids Florence, and informs her that they must become estranged; Mr. Dombey persists in correcting Edith in the presence of Carker and Florence; Edith answers him, and ask

for a separation on his own terms; Mr. Dombey rejects the proposition; Carker attempts to conciliate; Edith shrinks from Florence on the stairs; flight of Edith and Carker; Florence is struck down by an angry blow from her father.—XLVIII. She flies to the house of Sol Gills, where she is received by Captain Cuttle, from whom she learns of the disappearance of Walter's uncle; the captain provides for the comfort of Florence; Mr. Toots calls, and informs Captain Cuttle that a person whom he met at the door that morning is waiting to see him at Mr. Brogley's; the captain goes to Brogley's and returns in a state of great excitement.—XLIX. Captain Cuttle takes tender care of Florence, and cheers her by reminding her that "Wal'r's drownded;" Florence goes shopping with the captain; the captain relates to Florence the story of the ship lost at sea from which one lad was saved; the shadow of a man appears upon the wall, and she welcomes Walter home, while Captain Cuttle "makes over a little property jintly."—L. Florence relates the reason of her flight from home; Walter reasons that his uncle is still alive and will return; they discuss the position of Florence, and decide to find out Susan as the best attendant for her; Mr. Toots, distracted with the news of Florence's disappearance, is relieved to find she is safe, though in his rival's charge, and promises to devote himself and the Chicken to the recovery of Susan; Florence, pained at Walter's avoiding her, seeks an explanation; their interview results in a mutual profession of love, to the great delight of Captain Cuttle.—LI. Mr. Dombey warns his sister to be silent on the subject of Florence; Major Bagstock claims the name of Dombey's friend when the time comes for meeting Carker; how the family disaster affects Mr. Dombey's clerks.—LII. Mr. Dombey goes to the abode of Good Mrs. Brown to hear news of Carker; from a place of concealment he hears Mrs. Brown and her daughter draw from Rob the Grinder, by questions and threats, the secrets of his master's flight with Edith, and their place of destination.—LIII. John Carker is dismissed; Harriet relates to her brother the appearance of their unknown friend, who proves to be Mr. Morfin, of Dombey and Son's house; he relates how he came by a knowledge of their affairs, and promises to assist them; Mr. Morfin informs Harriet Carker of the condition of her brother's pecuniary connection with Dombey and Son; Alice Brown relents at her share in the betrayal of Carker, and, after relating to Harriet the cause she has to curse him, begs her to warn him that Dombey is on his track.—LIV. Edith appears alone at the apartment in Dijon; Carker joins her; Edith spurns Carker's advances, threatens him with violence if he approaches her, and shows him that her flight with him was in order to avenge the insults she had received from him; she informs him of her husband's presence in the town, and escapes from the apartment, just as Mr. Dombey arrives at the door; Carker escapes through an obscure passage.—LV. Carker hastens back to England, terrified by the feeling that Mr. Dombey is pursuing him; he stops to rest at a remote country station, and, as he is about to proceed, he encounters Mr. Dombey, in avoiding whom he steps upon the rails, and is cut to pieces by a passing train.—LVI. Mr. Toots returns to The Midshipman with Susan Nipper, and becomes reconciled to the loss of Florence; Mrs. Richards becomes housekeeper at The Midshipman; Mr. Toots's unhappiness at hearing the banns read in church; return of Sol Gills; his long absence and his silence are explained; the Game Chicken expresses his disgust, and he and Mr. Toots part company.—LVII. Walter and Florence visit the tomb of little Paul; marriage of Walter and Florence, and their departure

on a voyage to China.—LVIII. Failure of the house of Dombey and Son; Harriet Carker begs Mr. Morfin to give Mr. Dombey the interest of the bulk of the fortune left by her brother James; Harriet visits Alice Brown, whom she has rescued from her sinful life, and who now lies very ill, nursed by Mrs. Wickam; Mrs. Brown informs Harriet of the relationship between her child and Mrs. Dombey; death of Alice.—LIX. Mr. Dombey's servants are dismissed and the furniture sold at auction, while Mr. Dombey keeps himself unseen in his own apartments; Mrs. Pipchin resigns her charge of the house, and is succeeded by Richards; Miss Tox continues to show her sympathy; Mr. Dombey wanders through the house by night, and learns to long for Florence; she returns and seeks her father, and takes him home with her; Miss Tox takes Rob the Grinder into her service.—LX. Mr. Feeder, B.A., marries Cornelia Blimber, Mr. Toots and his wife, formerly Susan Nipper, being present at the ceremony; Mrs. MacStinger leads Bunsby to the altar; Susan returns to Florence.—LXI. Cousin Feenix takes Florence to his house to meet Edith; the last bottle of the old Madeira is drunk to Walter and his wife.—LXII. Final disposition of all the characters.

THE HAUNTED MAN,

AND

THE GHOST'S BARGAIN.

A FANCY FOR CHRISTMAS-TIME.

PUBLISHED in 1848, and illustrated with a frontispiece and title-page engraved on wood from drawings by John Tenniel, and with woodcuts in the text from sketches by Stanfield, Leech, and Stone.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

DENHAM, EDMUND. A student, whose true name is LONGFORD. He comes under the evil influence of Mr. Redlaw, and loses all sense of the kindness that has been shown him during a dangerous illness. But, when a change falls upon Redlaw, his heart feels the effect also, and glows with affection and gratitude to his benefactress. (Ch. ii., iii.)

LONGFORD, EDMUND. *See* DENHAM, EDMUND.

REDLAW, MR. A learned chemist, and a lecturer at an ancient institution in a great city. He is a melancholy but kind-hearted man, whose life has been darkened by many sorrows. As he sits brooding one night over the things that might have been, but never were, Mr. William Swidger, the keeper of the Lodge, with his wife Milly, and his father Philip,

enter the room to serve his tea, and to decorate the apartment with holly in honour of Christmas.

"Another Christmas come, another year gone!" murmured the Chemist, with a gloomy sigh. "More figures in the lengthened sum of recollection that we work and work at to our torment, till Death idly jumbles all altogether, and rubs all out. So, Philip!" breaking off, and raising his voice as he addressed the old man standing apart, with his glistening burden in his arms, from which the quiet Mrs. William took small branches, which she noiselessly trimmed with her scissors, and decorated the room with, while her aged father-in-law looked on much interested in the ceremony.

"My duty to you, sir," returned the old man. "Should have spoke before, sir, but know your ways, Mr. Redlaw—proud to say—and wait till spoke to! Merry Christmas, sir, and happy New Year, and many of 'em. Have had a pretty many of 'em myself—ha, ha!—and may take the liberty of wishing 'em. I'm eighty-seven!"

"Have you had so many that were merry and happy?" asked the other.

"Ay, sir, ever so many," returned the old man.

"Is his memory impaired with age? It is to be expected now," said Mr. Redlaw, turning to the son, and speaking lower.

"Not a morsel of it, sir," replied Mr. William. "That's exactly what I say myself, sir. There never was such a memory as my father's. He's the most wonderful man in the world. He don't know what forgetting means. It's the very observation I'm always making to Mrs. William, sir, if you'll believe me!"

The old man reminds Mr. Redlaw of a picture of one of the founders of the institution, which hangs in what was once the great dining-hall—a sedate gentleman, with a scroll below him, bearing this inscription, "Lord, keep my memory green!" And then the younger Mr. Swidger speaks of his wife's visits to the sick and suffering, and tells how she has just returned from nursing a student who attends Mr. Redlaw's lectures, and who has been seized with a fever.

"Not content with this, sir, Mrs. William goes and finds, this very night, when she was coming home (why it's not above a couple of hours ago), a creature more like a young wild beast than a young child, shivering upon a door-step. What does Mrs. William do, but brings it home to dry it, and feed it, and keep it till our old Bounty of food and flannel is given away on Christmas morning! If it ever felt a fire before, it's as much as it ever did; for it's sitting in the old Lodge chimney, staring at ours as if its ravenous eyes would never shut again. It's sitting there, at least," said Mr. William, correcting himself on reflection, "unless it's bolted."

"Heaven keep her happy!" said the Chemist aloud, "and you too, Philip! and you, William! I must consider what to do in this. I may desire to see this student: I'll not detain you longer now. Good-night!"

"I thank'ee, sir, I thank'ee!" said the old man, "for Mouse, and for my son William, and for myself. Where's my son William? William, you take the lantern, and go on first through them long dark passages.

as you did last year and the year afore. Ha, ha! *I* remember, though I'm eighty-seven! 'Lord, keep my memory green!' It's a very good prayer, Mr. Redlaw—that of the learned gentleman in the peaked beard, with a ruff round his neck; hangs up, second on the right above the panelling, in what used to be, afore our ten poor gentlemen commuted, our great dinner hall. 'Lord, keep my memory green!' It's very good and pious, sir. Amen, amen!"

After the departure of these humble friends, Redlaw falls back into his train of sorrowful musings; and, as he sits before the fire, an awful spectral likeness of himself appears to him. It echoes his mournful thoughts, brings each wrong and sorrow that he has suffered vividly before him, and finally offers to cancel the remembrance of them, destroying no knowledge, no result of study, nothing but the intertwisted chain of feelings and associations, each in its turn dependent on and nourished by the banished recollections.

"Decide," it said, "before the opportunity is lost!"

"A moment! I call Heaven to witness," said the agitated man, "that I have never been a hater of my kind—never morose, indifferent, or hard to anything around me. If, living here alone, I have made too much of all that was and might have been, and too little of what is, the evil, I believe, has fallen on me, and not on others. But, if there were poison in my body, should I not, possessed of antidotes, and knowledge how to use them, use them? If there be poison in my mind, and through this fearful shadow I can cast it out, shall I not cast it out?"

"Say," said the spectre, "is it done?"

"A moment longer!" he answered hurriedly. "*I would forget it if I could!* Have *I* thought that alone? or has it been the thought of thousands upon thousands, generation after generation? All human memory is fraught with sorrow and trouble. My memory is as the memory of other men; but other men have not this choice. Yes; I close the bargain. Yes; I WILL forget my sorrow, wrong, and trouble!

"Say," said the spectre, "is it done?"

"It is!"

"IT IS. And take this with you, man whom I here renounce. The gift that I have given, you shall give again, go where you will. Without recovering yourself the power that you have yielded up, you shall henceforth destroy its like in all whom you approach. Your wisdom has discovered that the memory of sorrow, wrong, and trouble is the lot of all mankind, and that mankind would be the happier in its other memories without it. Go! Be its benefactor! Freed from such remembrance from this hour, carry involuntarily the blessing of such freedom with you. Its diffusion is inseparable and inalienable from you."

The phantom leaves him bewildered, and with no memory of past wrongs or troubles. He does not know in what way he possesses the power to communicate this forgetfulness to others; but, with a vague feeling of having an antidote for the worst of human ills, he goes forth to administer it. Those whom he seeks, and those whom he casually encounters, alike experience

the infection of his presence. Charged with poison for his own mind, he poisons the minds of others. Where he felt interest, compassion, sympathy, his heart turns to stone. Selfishness and ingratitude everywhere spring up in his blighting footsteps. There is but one person who is proof against his baneful influence, and that is the ragged child whom Mrs. Swidger picked up in the streets. Hardship and cruelty have so blunted the senses of this wretched creature, that it grows neither worse nor better from contact with the haunted man. It is, indeed, already a counterpart of him, with no memory of the past to soften or stimulate it. Shocked by the evil he has wrought, Redlaw awakes to a consciousness of the misery of his condition. Having long taught that in the material world nothing can be spared, that no step or atom in the wondrous structure could be lost without a blank being made in the great universe, he is now brought to see that it is the same with good and evil, happiness and sorrow, in the memories of men. He invokes the spirit of his darker hours to come back and take its gift away, or, at least, to deprive him of the dreadful power of giving it to others. His prayer is heard. The phantom reappears, accompanied by the shadow of Milly, the wife of William Swidger, from whom Redlaw has resolutely kept himself aloof, fearing to influence the steady quality of goodness that he knows to be in her, fearing that he may be "the murderer of what is tenderest and best within her bosom." He learns that she, unconsciously, has the power of setting right what he has done; and he seeks her out. Wherever she goes, peace and happiness attend her. The peevish, the morose, the discontented, the ungrateful, and the selfish are suddenly changed, and become their former and better selves. Even Redlaw is restored to what he was; and a clearer light shines into his mind, when Milly tells him that, to her, it seems a good thing for us to remember wrong, *that we may forgive it.*

Some people have said since, that he only thought what has been herein set down; others, that he had read it in the fire, one winter-night, about the twilight time; others, that the ghost was but the representation of his own gloomy thoughts, and Milly the embodiment of his better wisdom. *I* say nothing.

—Except this. That as they were assembled in the old hall, by no other light than that of a great fire (having dined early) the shadows once more stole out of their hiding-places, and danced about the room, showing the children marvellous shapes and faces on the walls, and gradually changing what was real and familiar there to what was wild and magical. But that there was one thing in the hall, to which the eyes of Redlaw, and of Milly and her husband, and of the old man, and of the student and his bride that was to be, were often turned; which the shadows did not obscure or change. Deepened in its gravity by the

firelight, and gazing from the darkness of the panelled wall like life, the sedate face in the portrait, with the beard and ruff, looked down at them from under its verdant wreath of holly, as they looked up at it; and clear and plain below, as if a voice had uttered them, were the words—

"Lord, keep my Memory Green!"

SWIDGER, GEORGE. Eldest son of old Philip Swidger; a dying man, repentant of all the wrong he has done and the sorrow he has caused during a career of forty or fifty years, but suddenly changed, by seeing Redlaw at his bedside, into a bold and callous ruffian, who dies with an oath on his lips. (Ch. ii.)

SWIDGER, MILLY. Wife of William Swidger; an embodiment of goodness, gentle consideration, love, and domesticity. (Ch. i.–iii.) *See* REDLAW, MR.

SWIDGER, PHILIP. A superannuated custodian of the institution in which Mr. Redlaw is a lecturer. He is a happy and venerable old man of eighty-seven years of age, who has a most remarkable memory. When, however, at the bedside of his dying son, he meets Redlaw (who has just closed the bargain with the ghost, in consequence of which he causes forgetfulness in others wherever he goes), he all at once grows weak-minded and petulant; but, when he once more comes within the influence of his good daughter Milly, he recovers all his recollections of the past, and is quite himself again. (Ch. i.–iii.) *See* REDLAW, MR.

SWIDGER, WILLIAM. His youngest son; servant to Redlaw, and husband to Milly; a fresh-coloured, busy, good-hearted man, who, like his father and others, is temporarily transformed into a very different sort of person by coming in contact with his master after "the ghost's bargain" is concluded. (Ch. i.–iii.) *See* REDLAW, MR.

TETTERBY, MR. ADOLPHUS. A newsman, with almost any number of small children—usually an unselfish, good-natured, yielding little race, but changed for a time, as well as himself, into the exact opposite by Mr. Redlaw. (Ch. ii., iii.)

TETTERBY, MRS. SOPHIA. His wife, called by himself his "little woman." "Considered as an individual, she was rather remarkable for being robust and portly; but considered with reference to her husband, her dimensions became magnificent." (Ch. ii., iii.)

TETTERBY, 'DOLPHUS. Their eldest son, aged ten; he is a newspaper boy at a railway station. (Ch. ii., iii.)

His juvenility might have been at some loss for a harmless outlet in this early application to traffic, but for a fortunate discovery he made of a means of entertaining himself, and of dividing the long day into stages of interest, without neglecting business. This ingenious invention, remarkable, like many great discoveries, for its simplicity, consisted in varying the first vowel in the word "paper," and substituting in its stead, at different periods of the day, all the other vowels in grammatical succession. Thus, before daylight in the winter-time he went to and fro, in his little oilskin cap and cape and his big comforter, piercing the heavy air with his cry of "Morn-ing pa-per!" which, about an hour before noon, changed to "Morn-ing pep-per!" which, at about two, changed to "Morn-ing pip-per!" which, in a couple of hours, changed to "Morn-ing pop-per!" and so declined with the sun into "Eve-ning pup-per!" to the great relief and comfort of this young gentleman's spirits.

TETTERBY, JOHNNY. Their second son; a patient, much-enduring child, whose special duty it is to take care of the baby. (Ch. ii., iii.)

TETTERBY, SALLY. A large, heavy infant, always cutting teeth. (Ch. ii., iii.)

It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular young brother [Johnny] was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet in any one place for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required. . . . It roved from door-step to door-step in the arms of little Johnny Tetterby, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles who followed the tumblers or the monkey, and came up, all on one side, a little too late for everything that was attractive, from Monday morning till Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch making Johnny fag and toil. Wherever Johnny desired to stay, little Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep, and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home, Moloch was awake, and must be taken out. Yet Johnny was verily persuaded that it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England; and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp flapping bonnet, and to go staggering about with it like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to anybody, and could never be delivered anywhere.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY

OF

DAVID COPPERFIELD THE YOUNGER.

THIS work was originally brought out under the following title: "The Personal History, Adventures, Experiences, and Observations of David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery (which he never meant to be published on any account)." It was issued in twenty monthly parts, with two illustrations by "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne) in each part. The first number appeared May 1, 1849; and the preface was dated October, 1850. In it the author thus spoke of his work:

"Of all my books, I like this the best. It will be easily believed that I am a fond parent to every child of my fancy, and that no one can ever love that family as dearly as I love them; but, like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favourite child, and his name is DAVID COPPERFIELD."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

ADAMS. Head boy at Doctor Strong's; affable and good-humoured, and with a turn for mathematics. (Ch. xvi., xviii.)

BABLEY, RICHARD, called "MR. DICK." A mild lunatic, and a *protégé* of Miss Betsey Trotwood's, who insists that he is not mad.

"He had a favourite sister," said my aunt, "a good creature, and very kind to him. But she did what they all do—took a husband. And *he* did what they all do—made her wretched. It had such an effect upon the mind of Mr. Dick (*that's* not madness, I hope!) that, combined with the fear of his brother, and his sense of his unkindness, it threw him into a fever. That was before he came to me, but the recollection of it is oppressive to him even now. Did he say anything to you about King Charles the First, child?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Ah!" said my aunt, rubbing her nose as if she were a little vexed. "That's his allegorical way of expressing it. He connects his illness with great disturbance and agitation, naturally, and that's the figure, or the simile, or whatever it's called, which he chooses to use. And why shouldn't he, if he thinks proper?"

I said: "Certainly, aunt."

"It's not a business-like way of speaking," said my aunt, "nor a worldly way. I am aware of that; and that's the reason why I insist upon it, that there shan't be a word about it in his Memorial."

"Is it a Memorial about his own history that he is writing, aunt?"

"Yes, child," said my aunt, rubbing her nose again. "He is memorialising the Lord Chancellor, or the Lord Somebody or other—one of those people, at all events, who are paid to *be* memorialised—about his affairs. I suppose it will go in, one of these days. He hasn't been able to draw it up yet, without introducing that mode of expressing himself; but it don't signify; it keeps him employed."

In fact, I found out afterwards that Mr. Dick had been for upwards of ten years endeavouring to keep King Charles the First out of the Memorial; but he had been constantly getting into it, and was there now.

(Ch. xiii.–xv., xvii., xix., xxxiv., xxxvi., xxxviii., xlii., xliii., xlv., xlix., lii., liv., lx., lxii., lxiv.)

BAILEY, CAPTAIN. An admirer of the eldest Miss Larkins. (Ch. xviii.)

BARKIS, MR. A carrier who takes David Copperfield from Blunderstone to Yarmouth, on his first being sent away to school. As they jog along, Copperfield asks Mr. Barkis if they are going no farther than Yarmouth together.

"That's about it," said the carrier. "And there I shall take you to the stage-coach, and the stage-coach that'll take you to—wherever it is."

As this was a great deal for the carrier (whose name was Mr. Barkis) to say—he being, as I observed in a former chapter, of a phlegmatic temperament, and not at all conversational—I offered him a cake as a mark of attention, which he ate at one gulp, exactly like an elephant, and which made no more impression on his big face than it would have done on an elephant's.

"Did *she* make 'em, now?" said Mr. Barkis, always leaning forward, in his slouching way, on the footboard of the cart with an arm on each knee.

"Peggotty, do you mean, sir?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Barkis. "Her."

"Yes. She makes all our pastry and does all our cooking."

"Do she though?" said Mr. Barkis.

He made up his mouth as if to whistle, but he didn't whistle. He sat looking at the horse's ears, as if he saw something new there; and sat so for a considerable time. By-and-by, he said:

"No sweethearts, I b'lieve?"

"Sweetmeats did you say, Mr. Barkis?" For I thought he wanted something else to eat, and had pointedly alluded to that description of refreshment.

"Hearts," said Mr. Barkis. "Sweethearts; no person walks with her?"

"With Peggotty?"

"Ah!" he said. "Her."

"Oh no. She never had a sweetheart."

"Didn't she, though?" said Mr. Barkis.

Again he made up his mouth to whistle, and again he didn't whistle, but sat looking at the horse's ears.

"So she makes," said Mr. Barkis, after a long interval of reflection, "all the apple parsties, and doos all the cooking, do she?"

I replied that such was the fact.

"Well. I'll tell you what," said Mr. Barkis. "P'raps you might be writin' to her?"

"I shall certainly write to her," I rejoined.

"Ah!" he said, slowly turning his eyes towards me. "Well! If you was writin' to her, p'raps you'd recollect to say that Barkis was willin'; would you?"

"That Barkis was willing," I repeated, innocently. "Is that all the message?"

"Ye—es," he said, considering. "Ye—es. Barkis is willin'."

"But you will be at Blunderstone again to-morrow, Mr. Barkis," I said, faltering a little at the idea of my being far away from it then, "and could give your own message so much better."

As he repudiated this suggestion, however, with a jerk of his head, and once more confirmed his previous request by saying, with profound gravity, "Barkis is willin'. That's the message," I readily undertook its transmission. While I was waiting for the coach in the hotel at Yarmouth that very afternoon, I procured a sheet of paper and an inkstand and wrote a note to Peggotty, which ran thus: "My dear Peggotty. I have come here safe. Barkis is willing. My love to mama. Yours affectionately. P.S. He says he particularly wants you to know—*Barkis is willing.*"

After the death of her mistress, Peggotty becomes "willin'" also, and marries Mr. Barkis, who makes her a very good husband, save that he is "rather near," as she expresses it, and jealously guards a box under his bed, which contains his money and valuables; although he persists in telling everybody that it is "old clothes." At last he is taken very ill; and David goes down from London to visit him.

"Barkis, my dear!" said Peggotty, almost cheerfully: bending over him, while her brother and I stood at the bed's foot. "Here's my dear boy—my dear boy, Master Davy, who brought us together, Barkis! That you sent messages by, you know! Won't you speak to Master Davy?"

He was as mute and senseless as the box, from which his form derived the only expression it had.

"He's a going out with the tide," said Mr. Peggotty to me, behind his hand.

My eyes were dim, and so were Mr. Peggotty's; but I repeated in a whisper, "With the tide?"

"People can't die, along the coast," said Mr. Peggotty, "except when the tide's pretty nigh out. They can't be born, unless it's pretty nigh in—not properly born, till flood. He's a going out with the tide. It's

ebb at half-arter three, slack water half-an-hour. If he lives 'till it turns, he'll hold his own till past the flood, and go out with the next tide."

We remained there, watching him, a long time—hours. What mysterious influence my presence had upon him in that state of his senses, I shall not pretend to say; but when he at last began to wander feebly, it is certain he was muttering about driving me to school.

"He's coming to himself," said Peggotty.

Mr. Peggotty touched me, and whispered with much awe and reverence, "They are both agoing out fast."

"Barkis, my dear!" said Peggotty.

"C. P. Barkis," he cried, faintly. "No better woman anywhere!"

"Look! Here's Master Davy!" said Peggotty. For he now opened his eyes.

I was on the point of asking him if he knew me, when he tried to stretch out his arm, and said to me distinctly, with a pleasant smile:

"Barkis is willin'!"

And, it being low water, he went out with the tide.

(Ch. ii.–v., vii., viii., x., xxix., xxxi.)

BARKIS, MRS. *See* PEGGOTTY, CLARA.

CHARLEY. A drunken, ugly old dealer in second-hand sailors' clothes and marine stores, to whom David Copperfield sells his jacket for fourpence when travelling on foot to his aunt's. (Ch. xiii.)

CHESTLE, MR. A hop-grower; a plain, elderly gentleman, who marries the eldest Miss Larkins. (Ch. xviii.)

CHILLIP, MR. The doctor who officiates at the birth of David Copperfield. (Ch. i., ii., ix., x., xxii., xxx., lix.)

He was the meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men. He sidled in and out of a room, to take up the less space. He walked as softly as the Ghost in Hamlet, and more slowly. He carried his head on one side, partly in modest depreciation of himself, partly in modest propitiation of everybody else. It is nothing to say that he hadn't a word to throw at a dog. He couldn't have *thrown* a word at a mad dog.

CLICKETT. An "orfling" girl from St. Luke's Workhouse; servant to the Micawbers. She is a dark-complexioned young woman with a habit of snorting. (Ch. xi., xii.)

COPPERFIELD, MRS. CLARA. The mother of David; an artless, affectionate little woman, whom Miss Betsey Trotwood insists upon calling a mere baby. She marries Mr. Murdstone, a stern man, who, in conjunction with his sister, attempts to teach her "firmness," but breaks her heart in the experiment. (Ch. i.–iv., viii., ix.) *See* COPPERFIELD, DAVID

COPPERFIELD, DAVID. The character from whom the story takes its name, or by whom it is supposed to be told. He is a posthumous child, having been born six months after his father's death. His mother, young, beautiful, inexperienced, loving, and lovable, not long afterwards marries a handsome and plausible, but hard and stern man—Mr. Murdstone by name—who soon crushes her gentle spirit by his exacting tyranny and by his cruel treatment of her boy. After being for some time instructed at home by his mother, and reduced to a state of dulness and sullen desperation by his stepfather, David is sent from home. He is sent to a villainous school, near London, kept by one Creakle, where he receives more stripes than lessons. Here he is kept until the death of his mother, when his stepfather sends him (he being now ten years old) to London, to be employed in Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse in washing out empty wine bottles, pasting labels on them when filled, and the like, at a salary of six shillings a week. But such is the secret agony of his soul at sinking into companionship with Mick Walker, "Mealy Potatoes," and other boys with whom he is forced to associate, that he at length resolves to run away, and throw himself upon the kindness of a great-aunt (Miss Betsey Trotwood), whom he has never seen, but of whose eccentric habits and singular manner he has often heard. She receives him much better than he has expected, and soon adopts him, and sends him to a school in the neighbouring town of Canterbury. He does well here, and works his way up to the head of the school before leaving. Having made up his mind to become a proctor, he enters the office of Mr. Spenlow, in London. Soon after this, his aunt loses the greater part of her property; and David, being compelled to look about him for the means of subsistence, learns the art of stenography, and supports himself by reporting the debates in Parliament. In the meantime he has fallen desperately in love with Dora, the daughter of Mr. Spenlow, but has been discouraged in his suit by the young lady's father. Mr. Spenlow dying, however, he becomes her accepted suitor. Turning his attention soon after to authorship, he acquires a reputation, and obtains constant employment on magazines and periodicals. He now marries Dora, a pretty, captivating, affectionate girl, but utterly ignorant of everything practical. It is not long before David discovers that it will be altogether useless to expect that his wife will develop any stability of character, and he resolves to estimate her by the good qualities she has, and not by those which she has not. One night, she says to

him in a very thoughtful manner that she wishes him to call her his "child-wife."

"It's a stupid name," she said, shaking her curls for a moment. "Child-wife."

I laughingly asked my child-wife what her fancy was in desiring to be so called. She answered without moving, otherwise than as the arm I twined about her may have brought her blue eyes nearer to me.

"I don't mean, you silly fellow, that you should use the name instead of Dora. I only mean that you should think of me that way. When you are going to be angry with me, say to yourself, 'It's only my child-wife!' When I am very disappointing, say, 'I knew, a long time ago, that she would make but a child-wife!' When you miss what I should like to be, and I think can never be, say, 'Still my foolish child-wife loves me!' For indeed I do."

I had not been serious with her; having no idea, until now, that she was serious herself. But her affectionate nature was so happy in what I now said to her with my whole heart, that her face became a laughing one before her glittering eyes were dry. She was soon my child-wife indeed; sitting down on the floor outside the Chinese House, ringing all the little bells one after another, to punish Jip for his recent bad behaviour; while Jip lay blinking in the doorway with his head out, even too lazy to be teased.

This appeal of Dora's made a strong impression on me. I look back on the time I write of; I invoke the innocent figure that I dearly loved to come out from the mists and shadows of the past, and turn its gentle head towards me once again; and I can still declare that this one little speech was constantly in my memory.

At length Dora falls into a decline, and grows weaker and weaker, day by day.

It is night; and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived; has been among us for a whole day and an evening. She, my aunt, and I have sat with Dora since the morning, all together. We have not talked much, but Dora has been perfectly contented and cheerful. We are now alone.

Do I know now that my child-wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I cannot master it. I have withdrawn by myself, many times to-day, to weep. I have remembered Who wept for a parting between the living and the dead. I have bethought me of all that gracious and compassionate history. I have tried to resign myself, and to console myself; and that, I hope, I may have done imperfectly; but what I cannot firmly settle in my mind is, that the end will absolutely come. I hold her hand in mine, I hold her heart in mine, I see her love for me alive in all its strength. I cannot shut out a pale lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going to say something I have often thought of saying lately. You won't mind?" with a gentle look.

"Mind, my darling?"

"Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have

thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young."

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

"I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

I try to stay my tears, and to reply, "Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!"

"I don't know," with the old shake of her curls. "Perhaps! But if I had been more fit to be married, I might have made you more so, too. Besides, you are very clever, and I never was."

"We have been very happy, my sweet Dora."

"I was very happy, very. But as years went on my dear boy would have wearied of his child-wife. She would have become less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She wouldn't have improved. It is better as it is."

"Oh, Dora, dearest, dearest, do not speak to me so. Every word seems a reproach!"

"No, not a syllable!" she answers, kissing me. "Oh, my dear, you never deserved it, and I loved you far too well to say a reproachful word to you in earnest—it was all the merit I had, except being pretty—or you thought me so. Is it lonely downstairs, Doady?"

"Very, very!"

"Don't cry! Is my chair there?"

"In its old place."

"Oh, how my poor boy cries! Hush, hush! Now, make me one promise. I want to speak to Agnes. When you go downstairs tell Agnes so, and send her up to me; and while I speak to her let no one come—not even aunt. I want to speak to Agnes by herself. I want to speak to Agnes quite alone."

I promise that she shall, immediately; but I cannot leave her for my grief.

"I said that it was better as it is!" she whispers, as she holds me in her arms. "Oh, Doady, after more years you never could have loved your child-wife better than you do; and, after more years, she would so have tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well! I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is."

After the death of his wife, David goes abroad, passing through many weary phases of mental distress. During his absence, Agnes Wickfield, a dear friend of Dora's and of himself, writes to him.

She gave me no advice; she urged no duty on me; she only told me in her own fervent manner what her trust in me was. She knew (she said) how such a nature as mine would turn affliction to good. She knew how trial and emotion would exalt and strengthen it. She was sure that in my every purpose I should gain a firmer and a higher tendency, through the grief I had undergone. She, who so gloried in

my fame, and so looked forward to its augmentation, well knew that I would labour on. She knew that in me sorrow could not be weakness, but must be strength. As the endurance of my childish days had done its part to make me what I was, so greater calamities would nerve me on to be yet better than I was; and so, as they had taught me, would I teach others. She commended me to God, who had taken my innocent darling to His rest; and in her sisterly affection cherished me always, and was always at my side go where I would; proud of what I had done, but infinitely prouder yet of what I was reserved to do.

When three years have passed, David returns to England, where his few works have already made him famous. But more than all else he values the praise and encouragement he receives from Agnes, whom he has come to think the better angel of his life, and whom he would gladly make his wife, did he not believe that her feeling towards him was merely one of sisterly affection, and that she has formed a deeper attachment for another. He discovers at last, however, that she loves him only, and that she has loved him all her life; though she unselfishly subdued the feelings of her heart so far as to rejoice sincerely in his marriage to Dora. They are soon united, and she then tells him that Dora, on the last night of her life, expressed the earnest wish that she, and she alone, should succeed to her place.

And now, as I close my task, subduing my desire to linger yet, these faces fade away. But one face, shining on me like a heavenly light, by which I see all other objects, is above them and beyond them all. And that remains.

I turn my head, and see it in its beautiful serenity beside me. My lamp burns low, and I have written far into the night; but the dear presence, without which I were nothing, bears me company.

Oh Agnes, oh, my soul, so may thy face be by me when I close my life indeed! So may I, when realities are melting from me like the shadows which I now dismiss, still find thee near me pointing upward!

COPPERFIELD, MRS. DORA. *See* SPENLOW (DORA) and COPPERFIELD (DAVID).

CREAKLE, MR. Master of Salem House, the school to which David Copperfield is sent by Mr. Murdstone; an ignorant and ferocious brute, who prides himself on being a "Tartar." (Ch. v.–vii., ix., lxi.)

Mr. Creakle's face was fiery; and his eyes were small, and deep in his head; he had thick veins in his forehead, a little nose, and a large chin. He was bald on the top of his head; and had some thin, wet-looking hair, that was just turning gray, brushed across each temple, so that the two sides interlaced on his forehead. But the circumstance about him which impressed me most was, that he had no voice, but spoke in a whisper. The exertion this cost him, or the consciousness of talking in that feeble way, made his angry face so much more angry, and his thick veins so much thicker, when he spoke, that I am

not surprised, on looking back, at this peculiarity striking me as his chief one.

* * * * * * *

I should think there never can have been a man who enjoyed his profession more than Mr. Creakle did. He had a delight in cutting at the boys, which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy especially; that there was a fascination in such a subject which made him restless in his mind until he had scored and marked him for the day. . . . Miserable little propitiators of a remorseless idol—how abject we were to him! What a launch in life I think it now, on looking back, to be so mean and servile to a man of such parts and pretensions!

Here I sit at the desk again, watching his eye—humbly watching his eye—as he rules a ciphering-book for another victim whose hands have just been flattened by that identical ruler, and who is trying to wipe the sting out with a pocket-handkerchief. I have plenty to do. I don't watch his eye in idleness, but because I am morbidly attracted to it in a dread desire to know what he will do next, and whether it will be my turn to suffer, or somebody else's. A lane of small boys beyond me, with the same interest in his eye, watch it too. I think he knows it, though he pretends he don't. He makes dreadful mouths as he rules the ciphering-book; and now he throws his eye sideways down our lane, and we all droop over our books and tremble. A moment afterwards we are again eyeing him. An unhappy culprit found guilty of imperfect exercise approaches at his command. The culprit falters excuses, and professes a determination to do better to-morrow. Mr. Creakle cuts a joke before he beats him, and we laugh—miserable little dogs, we laugh, with our visages as white as ashes, and our hearts sinking into our boots.

CREAKLE, MRS. His wife; a thin and quiet woman, ill-treated by her husband. (Ch. vi., ix.)

CREAKLE, MISS. Their daughter; supposed to be in love with Steerforth. (Ch. vi., vii., ix.)

CREWLER, MRS. Wife of the Reverend Horace Crewler; a very superior woman, who has lost the use of her limbs. She becomes the mother-in-law of Traddles. Whatever occurs to harass her (as the engagement and prospective loss of her daughters) usually settles in her legs, but sometimes mounts to her chest and head, and pervades her whole system in a most alarming manner. (Ch. xxxiv., xli., lx.)

CREWLER, MISS CAROLINE. Eldest daughter of Mrs. Crewler; a very handsome girl, who marries a dashing vagabond, but soon separates from him. (Ch. xli., lx., lxiv.)

CREWLER, MISS LOUISA. Mrs. Crewler's third daughter. (Ch. xli., lx., lxiv.)

CREWLER, MISS LUCY. One of Mrs. Crewler's two youngest daughters, educated by her sister Sophy. (Ch. xli., lx., lxiv.)

CREWLER, MISS MARGARET. One of Mrs. Crewler's two youngest daughters, educated by her sister Sophy. (Ch. xli., lx., lxvi.)

CREWLER, MISS SARAH. Mrs. Crewler's second daughter. (Ch. xxxiv., xli., lx., lxiv.)

CREWLER, MISS SOPHY. Fourth daughter of Mrs. Crewler; always forgetful of herself, always cheerful and amiable, and as much a mother to her mother (who is a confirmed invalid) as she is to her sisters. She becomes the wife of Tommy Traddles, who regards her both before and after marriage as "the dearest girl in the world." (Ch. xxvii., xxviii., xxxiv., xli., xliii., lix., lxi., lxii., lxiv.)

CREWLER, THE REVEREND HORACE. A poor Devonshire clergyman, with a large family and a sick wife. (Ch. xxxiv., xli., lx., lxiv.)

CRUPP, MRS. A stout woman living in Buckingham Street, in the Adelphi, who lets a set of furnished chambers to David Copperfield when he becomes an articled clerk in the office of Spenlow and Jorkins. She is a martyr to a curious disorder called "the spazzums," which is generally accompanied with inflammation of the nose, and requires to be constantly treated with peppermint. (Ch. xxiii.–xxvi., xxviii., xxxiv., xxxv., xxxvii.)

DARTLE, ROSA. A lady some thirty years old, living with Mrs. Steerforth as a companion, and passionately in love with her son, who does not return her affection. She is of a slight, short figure, and a dark complexion; has black hair, and large black eyes, and a remarkable scar on her lip, caused by a wound from a hammer thrown at her by Steerforth, when a boy, in a moment of exasperation. She is very clever, bringing everything, as it were, to a grindstone, and even wearing herself away by constant sharpening, till she is all edge. (Ch. xx., xxi., xxiv., xxix., xxxii., xxxvi., xlvi., l., lvi., lxiv.)

DEMPLE, GEORGE. A schoolmate of David Copperfield's at Salem House. (Ch. v., vii.)

DOLLOBY, MR. A dealer in second-hand clothes, rags, bones, and kitchen-stuff, to whom David Copperfield sells his waistcoat for ninepence when he runs away from "Murdstone and Grinby's" to seek his aunt. (Ch. xiii.)

DORA. *See* SPENLOW, DORA.

EM'LY, LITTLE. Niece and adopted daughter of Mr. Peggotty, and the object of David Copperfield's first love. She is

afterwards betrothed to her cousin Ham, but is seduced by Steerforth. (Ch. iii., vii., x., xvii., xxi.–xxiii., xxx.) *See* STEERFORTH, JAMES.

ENDELL, MARTHA. An unfortunate young woman, without money or reputation, who finally discovers "Little Em'ly," and restores her to her uncle. She is reclaimed, and emigrates to Australia, where she marries happily. (Ch. xxii., xl., xlvi., xlvii., l., li., lvii., lxiii.)

FIBBETSON, MRS. An old woman, inmate of an almshouse. (Ch. v.)

GEORGE. Guard of the Yarmouth mail. (Ch. v.)

GRAINGER. A friend of Steerforth's, and a very gay and lively fellow. (Ch. xxiv.)

GRAYPER, MR. A neighbour of Mrs. Copperfield. (Ch. ix., xxii.)

GRAYPER, MRS. His wife. (Ch. ii., xxii.)

GULPIDGE, MR. A guest of the Waterbrooks, who has something to do at second-hand with the law business of the Bank. (Ch. xxv.)

GULPIDGE, MRS. His wife. (Ch. xxv.)

GUMMIDGE, MRS. The widow of Mr. Peggotty's partner. Her husband dying poor, Mr. Peggotty offers her a home, and supports her for years; and this kindness she acknowledges by sitting in the most comfortable corner by the fireside, and complaining that she is a "lone, lorn creetur, and everythink goes contrairy with her." (Ch. iii., vii., x., xxi., xxii., xxxi., xxxii., xl., li., lvii., lxiii.)

HAMLET'S AUNT. *See* SPIKER, MRS. HENRY.

HEEP, MRS. A very umble widow woman, mother of Uriah Heep, and his "dead image, only short." (Ch. xvii., xxxix., xlii., lii., lxi.)

HEEP, URIAH. A clerk in the law office of Mr. Wickfield, whose partner he afterwards becomes. David Copperfield's first meeting with him is thus described:

> When the pony-chaise stopped at the door, and my eyes were intent upon the house, I saw a cadaverous face appear at a small window on the ground-floor (in a little round tower that formed one side of the house), and quickly disappear. The low arched door then opened, and the face came out. It was quite as cadaverous as it had looked in the window, though in the grain of it there was that tinge of red which is sometimes to be observed in the skins of red-haired people. It belonged to a red-haired person—a youth of fifteen, as I take it now, but looking much older—whose hair was cropped as close as the closest stubble; who

had hardly any eyebrows, and no eyelashes, and eyes of a red-brown, so unsheltered and unshaded, that I remembered wondering how he went to sleep. He was high-shouldered and bony; dressed in decent black, with a white wisp of a neckcloth; buttoned up to the throat; and had a long, lank, skeleton hand, which particularly attracted my attention, as he stood at the pony's head, rubbing his chin with it, and looking up at us in the chaise.

The following conversation takes place a little while afterwards:

"I suppose you are quite a great lawyer?" I said, after looking at him for some time.

"Me, Master Copperfield?" said Uriah. "Oh no! I'm a very umble person."

It was no fancy of mine about his hands, I observed; for he frequently ground the palms against each other as if to squeeze them dry and warm, besides often wiping them, in a stealthy way, on his pocket handkerchief.

"I am well aware that I am the umblest person going," said Uriah Heep, modestly; "let the other be where he may. My mother is likewise a very umble person. We live in a numble abode, Master Copperfield, but have much to be thankful for. My father's former calling was umble. He was a sexton."

"What is he now?" I asked.

"He is a partaker of glory at present, Master Copperfield," said Uriah Heep. "But we have much to be thankful for. How much have I to be thankful for in living with Mr. Wickfield!"

As time runs on, David finds that Uriah is obtaining an unbounded influence over Mr. Wickfield, whom he deludes in every possible way, and whose business he designedly perplexes and complicates in order to get it wholly into his own hands; and, furthermore, that he looks with greedy eyes upon Mr. Wickfield's daughter Agnes, to whom David himself is warmly attached. He even goes so far as to boast of this, and to declare his intention of making her his wife.

I asked him, with a better appearance of composure than I could have thought possible a minute before, whether he had made his feelings known to Agnes.

"Oh no, Master Copperfield!" he returned; "oh dear no! Not to anyone but you. You see I am only just emerging from my lowly station. I rest a good deal of hope on her observing how useful I am to her father (for I trust to be very useful to him indeed, Master Copperfield), and how I smooth the way for him, and keep him straight. She's so much attached to her father, Master Copperfield (oh what a lovely thing it is in a daughter!), that I think she may come, on his account, to be kind to me."

I fathomed the depth of the rascal's whole scheme, and understood why he laid it bare.

"If you'll have the goodness to keep my secret, Master Copperfield," he pursued, "and not, in general, to go against me, I shall take it as a particular favour. You wouldn't wish to make unpleasantness. I know what a friendly heart you've got; but having only known me on my

umble footing (on my umblest, I should say, for I am very umble still), you might, unbeknown, go against me rather, with my Agnes. I call her mine, you see, Master Copperfield. There's a song that says, 'I'd crowns resign, to call her mine!' I hope to do it, one of these days."

Uriah goes on weaving his meshes around Agnes and her father until he has them completely in his power. But his rascality is at last unravelled and exposed by Mr. Micawber; and Mr. Wickfield not only recovers all the property of which he has been defrauded, but is absolved from all suspicion of any criminal act or intent. Uriah pursues his calling in another part of the country, but is finally arrested for fraud, forgery, and conspiracy, and is sentenced to solitary imprisonment. (Ch. xv.–xvii., xix., xxv., xxxv., xxxvi., xxxix., xlii., xlix., lii., liv., lxi.)

HOPKINS, CAPTAIN. A prisoner for debt, in the King's Bench Prison, at the time that Mr. Micawber is also confined there. (Ch. xi.)

JANET. Miss Betsey Trotwood's handmaid. (Ch. xiii.–xv., xxiii., xxxix., xliii., lx.)

JIP (*a contraction of* GYPSY). Dora's pet dog. (Ch. xxvi., xxxiii., xxxvi.–xxxviii., xli.–xliv., xlviii., lii., liii.)

JORAM, MR. The partner and son-in-law of Mr. Omer the undertaker. (Ch. ix., xxi., xxiii., xxx., li., lvi.)

JORAM, MRS. *See* OMER, MISS MINNIE.

JORKINS, MR. A proctor, partner of Mr. Spenlow. (Ch. xxiii., xxix., xxxv., xxxviii., xxxix.)

He was a mild man of a heavy temperament, whose place in the business was to keep himself in the background, and be constantly exhibited by name as the most obdurate and ruthless of men. If a clerk wanted his salary raised, Mr. Jorkins wouldn't listen to such a proposition. If a client were slow to settle his bill of costs, Mr. Jorkins was resolved to have it paid; and however painful these things might be (and always were) to the feelings of Mr. Spenlow, Mr. Jorkins would have his bond. The heart and hand of the good angel Spenlow would have been always open, but for the restraining demon Jorkins. As I have grown older, I think I have had experience of some other houses doing business on the principle of Spenlow and Jorkins!

LARKINS, MISS. A tall, dark, black-eyed, fine figure of a woman, of about thirty, with whom David Copperfield falls desperately in love when about seventeen. His passion for her is beyond all bounds; but she crushes his hopes by marrying a hop-grower. (Ch. xviii.)

LARKINS, MR. Her father; a gruff old gentleman with a double chin, and one of his eyes immovable in his head. (Ch. xviii.)

LITTIMER. Confidential servant of Steerforth. (Ch. xxi.–xxiii., xxviii., xxix., xxxi., xxxii., xlvi., lxi.) *See* STEERFORTH, JAMES.

I believe there never existed in his station a more respectable-looking man. He was taciturn, soft-footed, very quiet in his manner, deferential, observant, always at hand when wanted, and never near when not wanted; but his great claim to consideration was his respectability. He had not a pliant face, he had rather a stiff neck, rather a tight smooth head with short hair clinging to it at the sides, a soft way of speaking, with a peculiar habit of whispering the letter S so distinctly, that he seemed to use it oftener than any other man; but every peculiarity that he had he made respectable. . . . He surrounded himself with an atmosphere of respectability, and walked secure in it. It would have been next to impossible to suspect him of anything wrong, he was so thoroughly respectable. Nobody could have thought of putting him in a livery, he was so highly respectable. To have imposed any derogatory work upon him, would have been to inflict a wanton insult on the feelings of a most respectable man.

MALDON, JACK. Cousin to Mrs. Doctor Strong; an idle, needy libertine, with a handsome face, a rapid utterance, and a confident, bold air. (Ch. xvi., xix., xxxvi., xli., xlv., lxiv.)

MARKHAM. A gay and lively fellow of not more than twenty; a friend of Steerforth's. (Ch. xxiv., xxv.)

MARKLEHAM, MRS. Mother of Mrs. Doctor Strong. (Ch. xvi., xix., xxxvi., xlii., xlv., lxiv.)

Our boys used to call her the Old Soldier, on account of her generalship, and the skill with which she marshalled great forces of relations against the Doctor. She was a little, sharp-eyed woman, who used to wear, when she was dressed, one unchangeable cap, ornamented with some artificial flowers, and two artificial butterflies supposed to be hovering above the flowers.

MEALY POTATOES. (So called on account of his pale complexion.) A boy employed at Murdstone and Grinby's wine store, with David Copperfield and others, to examine bottles, wash them out, label and cork them, and the like. (Ch. xi.)

MELL, MR. CHARLES. An under-master at Salem House, Mr. Creakle's school. He is a gaunt, sallow young man, with hollow cheeks, and dry and rusty hair. Mr. Creakle discharges him because it is ascertained that his mother lives on charity in an almshouse. He emigrates to Australia, and finally becomes Doctor Mell of Colonial Salem House Grammar School. (Ch. v.–vii., lxiii.)

MELL, MRS. His mother. (Ch. v., vii.)

MICAWBER, MASTER WILKINS. Son of Mr. Wilkins Micawber. He has a remarkable head voice, and becomes a chorister-boy in the cathedral at Canterbury. At a later date,

he acquires a high reputation as an amateur singer. (Ch. xi., xii., xvii., xxvii., xxxvi., xlii., xlix., lii., liv., lvii., lxiv.)

MICAWBER, MISS EMMA. Daughter of Mr. Wilkins Micawber; afterwards Mrs. Ridger Begs of Port Middlebay, Australia. (Ch. xi., xii., xvii., xxvii., xxxvi., xlii., xlix., lii., liv., lvii., lxiv.)

MICAWBER, MR. WILKINS. A gentleman—remarkable for his reckless improvidence, his pecuniary involvements, his alternate elevation and depression of spirits, his love of letter-writing and speech-making, his grandiloquent rhetoric, his shabby devices for eking out a genteel living, and his constantly "waiting for something to turn up"—with whom David Copperfield lodges while drudging in the warehouse of Murdstone and Grinby.

Mr. Micawber is thus introduced upon the scene:

The counting-house clock was at half-past twelve, and there was a general preparation for going to dinner, when Mr. Quinion tapped at the counting-house window, and beckoned to me to go in. I went in, and found there a stoutish, middle-aged person, in a brown surtout and black tights and shoes, with no more hair upon his head (which was a large one, and very shining) than there is upon an egg, and with a very extensive face, which he turned full upon me. His clothes were shabby, but he had an imposing shirt-collar on. He carried a jaunty sort of a stick, with a large pair of rusty tassels to it; and a quizzing-glass hung outside his coat—for ornament, I afterwards found, as he very seldom looked through it, and couldn't see anything when he did.

"This," said Mr. Quinion, in allusion to myself, "is he."

"This," said the stranger, with a certain condescending roll in his voice, and a certain indescribable air of doing something genteel, which impressed me very much, "is Master Copperfield. I hope I see you well, sir?"

I said I was very well, and hoped he was. I was sufficiently ill at ease, Heaven knows; but it was not in my nature to complain much at that time of my life, so I said I was very well, and hoped he was.

"I am," said the stranger, "thank Heaven, quite well. I have received a letter from Mr. Murdstone, in which he mentions that he would desire me to receive into an apartment in the rear of my house, which is at present unoccupied—and is, in short, to be let as a—in short," said the stranger, with a smile and in a burst of confidence, "as a bedroom—the young beginner whom I have now the pleasure to——" and the stranger waved his hand, and settled his chin in his shirt-collar.

"This is Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion to me.

"Ahem!" said the stranger, "that is my name."

"Mr. Micawber," said Mr. Quinion, "is known to Mr. Murdstone. He takes orders for us on commission, when he can get any. He has been written to by Mr. Murdstone, on the subject of your lodgings, and he will receive you as a lodger."

When young Copperfield takes possession of his quarters at Mr. Micawber's, Windsor Terrace, City Road, he finds the

domestic situation of that gentleman beset with difficulties which to any other man would be thoroughly discouraging.

The only visitors I ever saw or heard of, were creditors. *They* used to come at all hours, and some of them were quite ferocious. One dirty-faced man, I think he was a boot-maker, used to edge himself into the passage as early as seven o'clock in the morning, and call up the stairs to Mr. Micawber—"Come! You ain't out yet, you know. Pay us, will you? Don't hide, you know; that's mean. I wouldn't be mean if I was you. Pay us, will you? You just pay us, d'ye hear? Come!" Receiving no answer to these taunts, he would mount in his wrath to the words "swindlers" and "robbers;" and these being ineffectual too, would sometimes go to the extremity of crossing the street, and roaring up at the windows of the second floor, where he knew Mr. Micawber was. At these times, Mr. Micawber would be transported with grief and mortification, even to the length (as I was once made aware by a scream from his wife) of making motions at himself with a razor; but within half an hour afterwards, he would polish up his shoes with extraordinary pains, and go out, humming a tune with a greater air of gentility than ever.

His difficulties come to a crisis at last, however; and he is arrested one morning, and carried to the King's Bench Prison, saying that the God of Day has gone down upon him; but before noon he is seen playing a lively game of skittles. At last he applies for release under the Insolvent Debtors' Act; and in due time is set at liberty. Mrs. Micawber's friends being of opinion that his wisest course will be to quit London, he determines to go down to Plymouth, where he thinks something may "turn up" for him in the custom-house. Before parting from David, he gives him a little friendly counsel.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Micawber, "I am older than you; a man of some experience in life, and—and of some experience, in short, in difficulties, generally speaking. At present, and until something turns up (which I am, I may say, hourly expecting), I have nothing to bestow but advice. Still my advice is so far worth taking that—in short, that I have never taken it myself, and am the"—here Mr. Micawber, who had been beaming and smiling, all over his head and face, up to the present moment, checked himself and frowned—"the miserable wretch you behold."

"My dear Micawber!" urged his wife.

"I say," returned Mr. Micawber, quite forgetting himself, and smiling again, "the miserable wretch you behold. My advice is, never do to-morrow what you can do to-day. Procrastination is the thief of time. Collar him!"

"My poor papa's maxim," Mrs. Micawber observed.

"My dear," said Mr. Micawber, "your papa was very well in his way, and Heaven forbid that I should disparage him. Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall—in short, make the acquaintance, probably, of anybody else possessing, at his time of life, the same legs for gaiters, and able to read the same description of print, without spectacles. But he applied that maxim to our marriage, my dear; and that was so far

prematurely entered into, in consequence, that I never recovered the expense."

Mr. Micawber looked aside at Mrs. Micawber, and added: "Not that I am sorry for it. Quite the contrary, my love." After which he was grave for a minute or so.

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of Day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and in short you are for ever floored. As I am!"

To make his example the more impressive, Mr. Micawber drank a glass of punch with an air of great enjoyment and satisfaction, and whistled the College Hornpipe.

Some time after this, David—then a pupil of Dr. Strong's, at Canterbury—unexpectedly meets Mr. Micawber, who has left Plymouth (talent not being wanted in the custom-house) and is invited to dine at his inn with him.

We had a beautiful little dinner. Quite an elegant dish of fish; the kidney-end of a loin of veal, roasted; fried sausage-meat; a partridge, and a pudding. There was wine, and there was strong ale; and after dinner Mrs. Micawber made us a bowl of hot punch with her own hands.

Mr. Micawber was uncommonly convivial. I never saw him such good company. . . .

As the punch disappeared, Mr. Micawber became still more friendly and convivial. Mrs. Micawber's spirits becoming elevated, too, we sang "Auld Lang Syne." When we came to "Here's a hand, my trusty frere," we all joined hands round the table; and when we declared we would "take a right gude Willie Waught," and hadn't the least idea what it meant, we were really affected.

In a word, I never saw anybody so thoroughly jovial as Mr. Micawber was, down to the very last moment of the evening, when I took a hearty farewell of himself and his amiable wife. Consequently, I was not prepared, at seven o'clock next morning, to receive the following communication, dated half-past nine in the evening; a quarter of an hour after I had left him:

"My dear Young Friend,

"The die is cast—all is over. Hiding the ravages of care with a sickly mask of mirth, I have not informed you, this evening, that there is no hope of the remittance! Under these circumstances, alike humiliating to endure, humiliating to contemplate, and humiliating to relate, I have dischargod the pecuniary liability contracted at this establishment, by giving a note of hand, made payable fourteen days after date, at my residence, Pentonville, London. When it becomes due, it will not be taken up. The result is destruction. The bolt is impending, and the tree must fall.

"Let the wretched man who now addressed you, my dear Copperfield, be a beacon to you through life. He writes with that intention, and in that hope. If he could think himself of so much use, one gleam of day might, by possibility, penetrate into the cheerless dungeon of his

remaining existence—though his longevity is, at present (to say the least of it), extremely problematical.

"This is the last communication, my dear Copperfield, you will ever receive

"From
"The
"Beggared Outcast,
"WILKINS MICAWBER."

I was so shocked by the contents of this heartrending letter, that I ran off directly towards the little hotel with the intention of taking it on my way to Dr. Strong's, and trying to soothe Mr. Micawber with a word of comfort. But, half way there, I met the London coach with Mr. and Mrs. Micawber up behind; Mr. Micawber, the very picture of tranquil enjoyment, smiling at Mrs. Micawber's conversation, eating walnuts out of a paper bag, with a bottle sticking out of his breast-pocket. As they did not see me, I thought it best, all things considered, not to see them. So, with a great weight taken off my mind, I turned into a by-street that was the nearest way to school, and felt, upon the whole, relieved that they were gone: though I still liked them very much, nevertheless.

Mr. Micawber next engages in the sale of corn upon commission; but not finding it "an avocation of a remunerative description," and getting again into "temporary embarrassments of a pecuniary nature," he accepts an offer from Uriah Heep to become his confidential clerk. But, before leaving London for Canterbury (where Heep is established), he invites David to spend an evening at his house with their common friend Traddles. When the time has nearly come for them to take their leave, Mr. Micawber rises to acknowledge a toast proposed by Copperfield. He thanks his friends for their good wishes, and speaks as if he was going "five hundred thousand miles" away. He hopes to become an ornament to the profession of which he is "about to become an unworthy member," and finally concludes as follows:

"Under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities, contracted with a view to their immediate liquidation but remaining unliquidated through a combination of circumstances, I have been under the necessity of assuming a garb from which my natural instincts recoil—I allude to spectacles—and possessing myself of a cognomen, to which I can establish no legitimate pretensions. All I have to say on that score is, that the cloud has passed from the dreary scene, and the God of Day is once more high upon the mountain tops. On Monday next, on the arrival of the four o'clock afternoon coach at Canterbury, my foot will be on my native heath—my name, Micawber!"

Mr. Micawber resumed his seat on the close of these remarks, and drank two glasses of punch in grave succession. He then said with much solemnity:

"One thing more I have to do, before the separation is complete, and that is to perform an act of justice. My friend Mr. Thomas Traddles has, on two several occasions, 'put his name,' if I may use a comm[illegible]

expression, to bills of exchange for my accommodation. On the first occasion Mr. Thomas Traddles was left—let me say, in short, in the lurch. The fulfilment of the second has not yet arrived. The amount of the first obligation," here Mr. Micawber carefully referred to papers, "was, I believe, twenty-three, four, nine and a half; of the second, according to my entry of that transaction, eighteen, six, two. These sums, united, make a total, if my calculation is correct, amounting to forty-one, ten, eleven and a half. My friend Copperfield will perhaps do me the favour to check that total?"

I did so and found it correct.

"To leave this metropolis," said Mr. Micawber, "and my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, without acquitting myself of the pecuniary part of this obligation, would weigh upon my mind to an insupportable extent. I have, therefore, prepared for my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, and I now hold in my hand, a document, which accomplishes the desired object. I beg to hand to my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles my I. O. U. for forty-one, ten, eleven and a half, and I am happy to recover my moral dignity, and to know that I can once more walk erect before my fellow-man!"

With this introduction (which greatly affected him), Mr. Micawber placed his I. O. U. in the hands of Traddles, and said he wished him well in every relation of life. I am persuaded, not only that this was quite the same to Mr. Micawber as paying the money, but that Traddles himself hardly knew the difference until he had had time to think about it.

Mr. Micawber does not find his position in Heep's office as pleasant as his sanguine temperament has led him to anticipate. He soon discovers his employer to be a consummate hypocrite and villain, who is bent upon ruining his partner, Mr. Wickfield, and that he himself is being made use of as a tool to aid in furthering the scheme. He therefore sets himself to the task of unravelling the whole tissue of rascality so cunningly woven by Heep; and, when this is done, he denounces and exposes him in a long and characteristic letter which he reads to Copperfield, Traddles, and Miss Betsey Trotwood, who meet by appointment at Mr. Wickfield's former office.

Miss Trotwood having been made acquainted with Mr. Micawber's straitened circumstances, suggests that it might be well for him to try his fortunes in Australia, and offers to pay his debts, and the passage of himself and family to that country. Mr. Micawber is delighted at the idea, and makes immediate preparations for emigrating. In a few days, he informs his kind patron that his "boat is on the shore," and "his bark is on the sea."

"In reference to our domestic preparations, madam," said Mr. Micawber, with some pride, "for meeting the destiny to which we are now understood to be self-devoted, I beg to report them. My eldest daughter attends at five every morning in a neighbouring establishment, to acquire the process—if process it may be called—of milking cows. My younger children are instructed to observe, as closely as circum-

stances will permit, the habits of the pigs and poultry maintained in the poorer parts of this city; a pursuit from which they have, on two occasions, been brought home, within an inch of being run over. I have myself directed some attention, during the past week, to the art of baking; and my son Wilkins has issued forth with a walking-stick and driven cattle, when permitted, by the rugged hirelings who had them in charge, to render any voluntary service in that direction—which I regret to say, for the credit of our nature, was not often; he being generally warned, with imprecations, to desist."

Many years afterwards, David receives from Mr. Peggotty (who went out in the same vessel with Mr. Micawber) a copy of an Australian paper containing an account of a public dinner given to "our distinguished townsman, Wilkins Micawber, Esquire," and, in another column, a letter addressed:

"TO DAVID COPPERFIELD, ESQUIRE,
THE EMINENT AUTHOR.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Years have elapsed since I had an opportunity of ocularly perusing the lineaments, now familiar to the imaginations of a considerable portion of the civilised world.

"But, my dear sir, though estranged (by the force of circumstances over which I have had no control) from the personal society of the friend and companion of my youth, I have not been unmindful of his soaring flight. Nor have I been debarred,

Though seas between us braid ha' roared,

(BURNS) from participating in the intellectual feasts he has spread before us.

"I cannot, therefore, allow of the departure from this place of an individual whom we mutually respect and esteem, without, my dear sir, taking this public opportunity of thanking you, on my own behalf, and, I may undertake to add, on that of the whole of the inhabitants of Port Middlebay, for the gratification of which you are the ministering agent.

"Go on, my dear sir! You are not unknown here, you are not unappreciated. Though 'remote,' we are neither 'unfriended,' 'melancholy,' nor (I may add) 'slow.' Go on, my dear sir, in your Eagle course! The inhabitants of Port Middlebay may at least aspire to watch it, with delight, with entertainment, with instruction!

"Among the eyes elevated towards you from this portion of the globe, will ever be found, while it has light and life,

"The
"Eye
"Appertaining to
"WILKINS MICAWBER,
"Magistrate."

I found, on glancing at the remaining contents of the newspaper, that Mr. Micawber was a diligent and esteemed correspondent of that Journal. There was another letter from him in the same paper, touching a bridge; there was an advertisement of a collection of similar

letters by him, to be shortly republished, in a neat volume, "with considerable additions;" and, unless I am very much mistaken, the Leading Article was his also.

(Ch. xi., xii., xvii., xxvii., xxviii., xxxvi., xxxix., xlii., xlix., lii., liv., lvii., lxiii.)

MICAWBER, MRS. EMMA. Wife of Wilkins Micawber.

Arrived at his [Mr. Micawber's] house in Windsor Terrace (which I noticed was shabby like himself, but also, like himself, made all the show it could) he presented me to Mrs. Micawber, a thin and faded lady, not at all young, who was sitting in the parlour (the first floor was altogether unfurnished, and the blinds were kept down to delude the neighbours) with a baby at her breast. The baby was one of twins; and I may remark here that I hardly ever, in all my experience of the family, saw both the twins detached from Mrs. Micawber at the same time. One of them was always taking refreshment.

When her husband's resources are at the lowest ebb, she determines to come to his rescue if she can.

Poor Mrs. Micawber! She said she had tried to exert herself; and so, I have no doubt, she had. The centre of the street-door was perfectly covered with a great brass-plate, on which was engraved "Mrs. Micawber's Boarding Establishment for Young Ladies:" but I never found that any young lady had ever been to school there; or that any young lady ever came, or proposed to come; or that the least preparation was ever made to receive any young lady.

In the ease of her temper and the elasticity of her spirits, Mrs. Micawber is scarcely surpassed by her husband.

I have known her to be thrown into fainting fits by the king's taxes at three o'clock, and to eat lamb-chops breaded, and drink warm ale (paid for with two teaspoons that had gone to the pawnbroker's) at four. On one occasion, when an execution had just been put in, coming home through some chance as early as six o'clock, I saw her lying (of course with a twin) under the grate in a swoon, with her hair all torn about her face; but I never knew her more cheerful than she was, that very same night, over a veal-cutlet before the kitchen fire, telling me stories about her papa and mamma, and the company they used to keep.

Among the striking and praiseworthy characteristics of this remarkable lady, her devoted attachment to her husband is deserving of special mention. On one occasion she tells David Copperfield—

"I never will desert Mr. Micawber. Mr. Micawber may have concealed his difficulties from me in the first instance, but his sanguine temper may have led him to expect that he would overcome them. The pearl necklace and bracelets which I inherited from mamma, have been disposed of for less than half their value; and the set of coral, which was the wedding gift of my papa, has been actually thrown

away for nothing. But I never will desert Mr. Micawber. No!" cried Mrs. Micawber, more affected than before, "I never will do it! It's of no use asking me!"

I felt quite uncomfortable—as if Mrs. Micawber supposed I had asked her to do anything of the sort—and sat looking at her in alarm.

"Mr. Micawber has his faults. I do not deny that he is improvident. I do not deny that he has kept me in the dark as to his resources and his liabilities, both," she went on, looking at the wall; "but I never will desert Mr. Micawber!"

Mrs. Micawber having now raised her voice into a perfect scream, I was so frightened that I ran off to the club-room, and disturbed Mr. Micawber in the act of presiding at a long table, and leading the chorus of—

Gee up, Dobbin,
Gee ho, Dobbin,
Gee up, Dobbin,
Gee up, and gee ho—o—o!

—with the tidings that Mrs. Micawber was in an alarming state, upon which he immediately burst into tears, and came away with me with his waistcoat full of the heads and tails of shrimps, of which he had been partaking.

"Emma, my angel!" cried Mr. Micawber, running into the room; "what is the matter?"

"I never will desert you, Micawber!" she exclaimed.

"My life!" said Mr. Micawber, taking her in his arms. "I am perfectly aware of it."

"He is the parent of my children! He is the father of my twins! He is the husband of my affections," cried Mrs. Micawber, struggling; "and I ne—ver—will—desert Mr. Micawber!"

Mr. Micawber was so deeply affected by this proof of her devotion (as to me, I was dissolved in tears) that he hung over her in a passionate manner, imploring her to look up and to be calm. But the more he asked Mrs. Micawber to look up, the more she fixed her eyes on nothing; and the more he asked her to compose herself, the more she wouldn't. Consequently Mr. Micawber was soon so overcome, that he mingled his tears with hers and mine; until he begged me to do him the favour of taking a chair on the staircase, while he got her into bed.

(Ch. xi., xii., xvii., xxvii., xxviii., xxxvi., xlii., xlix., lii., liv., lvii., lxiii.)

MILLS, MISS JULIA. The bosom-friend of Dora Spenlow. (Ch. xxxiii., xxxvii., xxxviii., xli., lxiv.)

I learnt . . . that Miss Mills had had her trials in the course of a chequered existence; and that to these, perhaps, I might refer that wise benignity of manner which I had already noticed. I found, in the course of the day, that this was the case: Miss Mills having been unhappy in a misplaced affection, and being understood to have retired from the world on her awful stock of experience, but still to take a calm interest in the unblighted hopes and loves of youth.

For the more exact discharge of the duties of friendship,

Miss Mills keeps a journal, of which the following is a sample:

"Monday. My sweet D. still much depressed. Headache. Called attention to J. as being beautifully sleek. D. fondled J. Associations thus awakened, opened floodgates of sorrow. Rush of grief admitted. (Are tears the dewdrops of the heart? J. M.)"

MILLS, MR. Her father; a terrible fellow to fall asleep after dinner. (Ch. xxxiii., xxxvii., xxxviii., xli.)

MOWCHER, MISS. A dealer in cosmetics, a fashionable hairdresser, &c., who makes herself useful to a variety of people in a variety of ways. She is very talkative, and plumes herself on being "volatile," but is thoroughly kind-hearted and honest. (Ch. xxii., xxxii., lxi.)

I was still looking at the doorway, thinking that Miss Mowcher was a long while making her appearance, when, to my infinite astonishment, there came waddling round a sofa which stood between me and it, a pursy dwarf, of about forty or forty-five, with a very large head and face, a pair of roguish grey eyes, and such extremely little arms, that, to enable herself to lay a finger archly against her snub nose as she ogled Steerforth, she was obliged to meet the finger half-way, and lay her nose against it. Her chin, which was what is called a double-chin, was so fat that it entirely swallowed up the strings of her bonnet, bow and all. Throat she had none; waist she had none; legs she had none, worth mentioning; for though she was more than full-sized down to where her waist would have been, if she had had any, and though she terminated, as human beings generally do, in a pair of feet, she was so short that she stood at a common-sized chair as at a table, resting a bag she carried on the seat. This lady; dressed in an off-hand, easy style; bringing her nose and her forefinger together, with the difficulty I have described; standing with her head necessarily on one side, and, with one of her sharp eyes shut up, making an uncommonly knowing face; after ogling Steerforth for a few moments, broke into a torrent of words.

MURDSTONE, MR. EDWARD. Stepfather of David Copperfield. (Ch. ii.–iv., viii.–x., xiv., xxxiii., lix.) *See* COPPERFIELD, DAVID.

Firmness, I may observe, was the grand quality on which both Mr. and Miss Murdstone took their stand. However I might have expressed my comprehension of it at that time, if I had been called upon, I nevertheless did clearly comprehend in my own way, that it was another name for tyranny; and for a certain gloomy, arrogant, devil's humour, that was in them both. The creed, as I should state it now, was this. Mr. Murdstone was firm; nobody in his world was to be so firm as Mr. Murdstone; nobody else in his world was to be firm at all, for everybody was to be bent to his firmness. Miss Murdstone was an exception. She might be firm, but only by relationship, and in an inferior and tributary degree. She might be firm, and must be; but only in bearing their firmness, and firmly believing there was no other firmness upon earth.

The gloomy taint that was in the Murdstone blood, darkened the Murdstone religion, which was austere and wrathful. I have thought, since, that its assuming that character was a necessary consequence of Mr. Murdstone's firmness, which wouldn't allow him to let anybody off from the utmost weight of the severest penalties he could find any excuse for.

After the death of David's mother, Mr. Murdstone marries, for his second wife, a lively young woman, but soon breaks her spirit by his gloom and austerity, and at last reduces her to a state bordering on imbecility.

MURDSTONE, MISS JANE. Sister to Edward Murdstone; a gloomy-looking, severe, metallic lady, dark, like her brother, whom she greatly resembles in face and voice; and with very heavy eyebrows, nearly meeting over her large nose, as if, being disabled by the wrongs of her sex from wearing whiskers, she had carried them to that account. She is constantly haunted by a suspicion that the servants have a man secreted somewhere on the premises; and, under the influence of this delusion, she dives into the coal-cellar at the most untimely hours, and scarcely ever opens the door of a dark cupboard without clapping it to again in the belief that she has got him. (Ch. iv., viii.–x., xii., xiv., xxvi., xxxiii., xxxviii., lix.) *See* COPPERFIELD (MRS. CLARA), COPPERFIELD (DAVID), MURDSTONE (MR. EDWARD).

NETTINGALL, THE MISSES. Principals of a boarding-school for young ladies. (Ch. xviii.)

OLD SOLDIER, THE. *See* MARKLEHAM, MRS.

OMER, MINNIE. Daughter of Mr. Omer; a pretty, good-natured girl engaged to Mr. Joram. (Ch. ix., xxi., xxx., xxxii., li.)

OMER, MR. A draper, tailor, haberdasher, undertaker, &c., at Yarmouth; a fat, short-winded, merry-looking little old man in black, with rusty little bunches of ribbons at the knees of his breeches, black stockings, and a broad-brimmed hat. (Ch. ix., xxi., xxx., xxxii., li.)

PARAGON, MARY ANNE. A servant who keeps house for David Copperfield and Dora. (Ch. xliv.)

PASSNIDGE, MR. A friend of Mr. Murdstone's. (Ch. ii.)

PEGGOTTY, CLARA. Servant to Mrs. Copperfield, and nurse and friend to her son David; a girl with no shape at all, and eyes so dark, that they seem to darken their whole neighbourhood in her face, and with cheeks and arms so hard and red, that the birds might peck them in preference to apples.

Being very plump, whenever she makes any little exertion after she is dressed, some of the buttons on the back of her gown fly off. After the death of her mistress, Peggotty marries Mr. Barkis, a carrier, who has long admired her; but she never forgets her old love for David, whose housekeeper she finally becomes. (Ch. i.–v., viii.–x., xii., xiii., xvii., xix.–xxiii., xxvii., xxx.–xxxv., xxxvii., xliii., li., lv., lvii., lix., lxii., lxiv.)

PEGGOTTY, MR. DANIEL. A rough but kind-hearted and noble-souled fisherman; brother to Clara Peggotty.

I had known Mr. Peggotty's house very well in my childhood. It was an old black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat . . . high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney, and smoking very cosily. . . . If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it. . . . It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down by a bible; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common coloured pictures, framed and glazed, of scripture subjects; such as I have never seen since in the hands of pedlars, without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty's brother's house again, at one view. Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the little mantel-shelf was a picture of the *Sarah Jane* lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it; a work of art, combining composition with carpentry, which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the world could afford. There were some hooks in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then; and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs. . . . Mr. Peggotty dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and I afterwards found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept.

Mr. Peggotty's nephew Ham and his adopted niece Emily, a beautiful young woman—both members of his household—are engaged to be married; but, before the wedding-day arrives Emily elopes with Steerforth, a brilliant, handsome, plausible fellow, who has succeeded in winning her affections and seducing her. She leaves a letter for Ham, which he gives to David Copperfield to read aloud.

I remember a great wail and cry, and the women hanging about him,

and we all standing in the room; I with a paper in my hand, which Ham had given me; Mr. Peggotty, with his vest torn open, his hair wild, his face and lips quite white, and blood trickling down his bosom (it had sprung from his mouth, I think) looking fixedly at me.

"Read it, sir," he said, in a low shivering voice. "Slow, please. I doen't know as I can understand."

In the midst of the silence of death, I read thus, from a blotted letter:

"When you, who love me so much better than I ever have deserved, even when my mind was innocent, see this, I shall be far away."

"I shall be fur away," he repeated slowly. "Stop! Em'ly fur away. Well!"

"When I leave my dear home—my dear home—oh, my dear home! —in the morning."

the letter bore date on the previous night:

"—it will be never to come back, unless he brings me back a lady. This will be found at night, many hours after, instead of me. Oh, if you knew how my heart is torn. If even you, that I have wronged so much, that can never forgive me, could only know what I suffer! I am too wicked to write about myself. Oh, take comfort in thinking that I am so bad. Oh, for mercy's sake, tell uncle that I never loved him half so dear as now. Oh, don't remember how affectionate and kind you have all been to me—don't remember we were ever to be married—but try to think as if I died when I was little, and was buried somewhere. Pray Heaven that I am going away from, have compassion on my uncle! Tell him that I never loved him half so dear. Be his comfort. Love some good girl, that will be what I was once to uncle, and be true to you, and worthy of you, and know no shame but me. God bless all! I'll pray for all, often, on my knees. If he don't bring me back a lady, and I don't pray for my own self, I'll pray for all. My parting love to uncle. My last tears, and my last thanks, for uncle!"

That was all.

He stood, long after I had ceased to read, looking at me. At length I ventured to take his hand, and to entreat him, as well as I could, to endeavour to get some command of himself. He replied, "I thankee, sir, I thankee!" without moving.

Ham spoke to him. Mr. Peggotty was so far sensible of *his* affliction, that he wrung his hand; but, otherwise, he remained in the same state, and no one dared to disturb him.

Slowly, at last he moved his eyes from my face, as if he were waking from a vision, and cast them round the room. Then he said, in a low voice:

"Who's the man? I want to know his name."

Ham glanced at me, and suddenly I felt a shock that struck me back.

"There's a man suspected," said Mr. Peggotty. "Who is it?"

"Mas'r Davy!" implored Ham. "Go out a bit, and let me tell him what I must. You doen't ought to hear it, sir."

I felt the shock again. I sank down in a chair, and tried to utter some reply; but my tongue was fettered, and my sight was weak.

"I want to know his name!" I heard said, once more.

"For some time past," Ham faltered, "there's been a servant about here, at odd times. There's been a gen'lm'n too. Both of 'em belonged to one another."

Mr. Peggotty stood fixed as before, but now looking at him.

"The servant," pursued Ham, "was seen along with—our poor girl—last night. He's been in hiding about here, this week or over. He was thought to have gone, but he was hiding. Doen't stay, Mas'r Davy, doen't!"

I felt Peggotty's arm round my neck, but I could not have moved if the house had been about to fall upon me.

"A strange chay and hosses was outside town, this morning, on the Norwich road, a'most afore the day broke," Ham went on. "The servant went to it, and come from it, and went to it again. When he went to it again, Em'ly was nigh him. The t'other was inside. He's the man."

"For the Lord's love," said Mr. Peggotty, falling back, and putting out his hand, as if to keep off what he dreaded. "Doen't tell me his name's Steerforth?"

"Mas'r Davy," exclaimed Ham, in a broken voice, "it ain't no fault of yourn—and I am far from laying of it to you—but his name is Steerforth, and he's a damned villain!"

Mr. Peggotty uttered no cry, and shed no tear, and moved no more, until he seemed to wake again, all at once, and pulled down his rough coat from its peg in a corner.

"Bear a hand with this! I'm struck of a heap, and can't do it," he said impatiently. "Bear a hand and help me. Well!" when somebody had done so. "Now give me that theer hat!"

Ham asked him whither he was going.

"I'm a-going to seek my niece. I'm a-going to seek my Em'ly. I'm a going, first, to stave in that theer boat, and sink it where I would have drownded *him*, as I'm a livin' soul, if I had had one thought of what was in him! As he sat afore me," he said, wildly, holding out his clenched right hand, "as he sat afore me, face to face, strike me down dead, but I'd have drownded him, and thought it right!—I'm a-going to seek my niece."

"Where?" cried Ham, interposing himself before the door.

"Anywhere! I'm a-going to seek my niece through the wureld. I'm a-going to find my poor niece in her shame, and bring her back. No one stop me! I tell you I'm a-going to seek my niece!"

Months pass; and Mr. Peggotty has been absent—no one knows where—the whole time, when suddenly David encounters him in London, and learns the story of his wanderings.

"When she was a child . . . she used to talk to me a deal about the sea, and about them coasts where the sea got to be dark blue, and to lay a-shining and a-shining in the sun. . . . When she was—lost . . . I know'd in my mind, as he would take her to them countries. I know'd in my mind, as he'd have told her wonders of 'em, and how she was to be a lady theer, and how he got her listen to him fust, along o' sech like. . . . I went across-channel to France, and landed theer, as if I'd fell down from the sky. . . . I found out an English gen'leman as was in authority . . . and told him I was a-going to seek my niece. He got me them papers as I wanted fur to carry me through—I doen't

rightly know how they're called—and he would have give me money, but that I was thankful to have no need on. I thank him kind, for all he done, I'm sure! . . . I told him, best as I was able, what my gratitoode was, and went away through France."

"Alone, and on foot?" . . .

"Mostly a-foot . . . sometimes in carts along with people going to market; sometimes in empty coaches. Many mile a day a-foot, and often with some poor soldier or another, travelling to see his friends. I couldn't talk to him . . . nor he to me; but we was company for one another, too, along the dusty roads. . . . When I come to any town . . . I found the inn, and waited about the yard till some one turned up (some one mostly did) as know'd English. Then I told how that I was on my way to seek my niece, and they told me what manner of gentlefolks was in the house, and I waited to see any as seemed like her, going in or out. When it warn't Em'ly, I went on agen. By little and little, when I come to a new village or that, among the poor people, I found they know'd about me. They would set me down at their cottage-doors, and give me what-not fur to eat and drink, and show me where to sleep; and many a woman, Mas'r Davy, as has had a daughter of about Em'ly's age I've found a-waiting for me, at Our Saviour's Cross outside the village, fur to do me sim'lar kindnesses. Some has had daughters as was dead. And God only knows how good them mothers was to me!" . . .

I laid my trembling hand upon the hand he put before his face. "Thankee, sir," he said, "doen't take no notice."

"At last I come to the sea. It warn't hard, you may suppose, for a seafaring man like me to work his way over to Italy. When I got theer, I wandered on as I had done afore. The people was just as good to me, and I should have gone from town to town, maybe the country through, but that I got news of her being seen among them Swiss mountains yonder. . . . I made for them mountains, Mas'r Davy, day and night. Ever so fur as I went, ever so fur the mountains seemed to shift away from me. But I come up with 'em. . . . I never doubted her . . . No! Not a bit! On'y let her see my face—on'y let her heer my voice—on'y let my stanning still afore her bring to her thoughts the home she had fled away from, and the child she had been—and if she had growed to be a royal lady, she'd have fell down at my feet! I know'd it well! . . . I bought a country dress to put upon her. . . . To put that dress upon her, and to cast off what she wore—to take her on my arm again, and wander towards home—to stop sometimes upon the road, and heal her bruised feet and her worse-bruised heart—was all that I thowt of now. . . . But, Mas'r Davy, it warn't to be—not yet! I was too late, and they was gone. Wheer, I couldn't learn. Some said heer, some said theer. I travelled heer, and I travelled theer, but I found no Em'ly, and I travelled home."

At last, however, Mr. Peggotty finds his niece, and emigrates with her to Australia. "No one can't reproach my darling in Australia," he says. "We will begin a new life over theer." (Ch. ii., iii., vii., x., xxi., xxii., xxx.–xxxii., xl., xliii., xlvi., xlvii., l., li., lvii., lxiii.)

PEGGOTTY, HAM. Nephew of Daniel Peggotty. He is engaged to little Emily, but on the eve of their marriage, she

elopes with Steerforth. Years afterwards, he attempts, one night, to rescue some unfortunate passengers from a vessel wrecked in a great storm on Yarmouth beach. One of these passengers proves to be Steerforth, who is returning home from abroad. A mighty wave engulfs them all; and the wronged and wrong-doer perish together on the very scene which had witnessed the triumph of the one and the blighted hopes of the other. (Ch. ii., iii., vii., x., xxi., xxii., xxx.–xxxii., xl., xlvi., li., lv.) *See* PEGGOTTY (DANIEL), STEERFORTH (JAMES).

QUINION, MR. A friend of Mr. Murdstone's, and chief manager at Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse, in London. Mr. Murdstone calls on Mr. Quinion and Mr. Passnidge, at Lowestoft, in company with little David Copperfield, to whose mother he is on the point of being married.

They both rolled on to their feet, in an untidy sort of manner, when we came in, and said, "Halloa, Murdstone! We thought you were dead!"

"Not yet," said Mr. Murdstone.

"And who's this shaver?" said one of the gentlemen, taking hold of me.

"That's Davy," returned Mr. Murdstone.

"Davy who?" said the gentleman. "Jones?"

"Copperfield," said Mr. Murdstone.

"What! Bewitching Mrs. Copperfield's incumbrance?" cried the gentleman. "The pretty little widow?"

"Quinion," said Mr. Murdstone, "take care, if you please. Somebody's sharp."

"Who is?" asked the gentleman, laughing.

I looked up quickly; being curious to know.

"Only Brooks of Sheffield," said Mr. Murdstone.

I was quite relieved to find that it was only Brooks of Sheffield; for, at first, I really thought it was I.

There seemed to be something very comical in the reputation of Mr. Brooks of Sheffield, for both the gentlemen laughed heartily when he was mentioned, and Mr. Murdstone was a good deal amused also. After some laughing, the gentleman whom he called Quinion said:

"And what is the opinion of Brooks of Sheffield, in reference to the projected business?"

"Why, I don't know that Brooks understands much about it at present," replied Mr. Murdstone; "but he is not generally favourable, I believe."

There was more laughter at this, and Mr. Quinion said he would ring the bell for some sherry in which to drink to Brooks. This he did; and when the wine came, he made me have a little, with a biscuit, and, before I drank it, stand up and say, "Confusion to Brooks of Sheffield!" The toast was received with great applause, and such hearty laughter that it made me laugh too; at which they laughed the more. In short, we quite enjoyed ourselves.

(Ch. ii., x.–xii.)

SHARP, MR. First master at Salem House, Mr. Creakle's school, near London; a limp, delicate-looking gentleman, with a good deal of nose, and a way of carrying his head on one side, as if it were a little too heavy for him. (Ch. vi., vii., ix.)

SHEPHERD, MISS. A boarder at the Misses Nettingall's Establishment for Young Ladies, with whom David Copperfield is for a time deeply in love. She is a little girl in a spencer, with a round face, and curly flaxen hair. (Ch. xviii.)

SPENLOW, MISS CLARISSA. The elder of two maiden sisters of Mr. Spenlow, with whom his daughter Dora resides after his death. They are both dry little ladies, upright in their carriage, formal, precise, composed, and quiet. (Ch. xxxviii., xxxix., xli.–xliii., liii.)

SPENLOW, MISS LAVINIA. Aunt to Dora, and sister to Miss Clarissa and Mr. Francis Spenlow. (Ch. xxxviii., xxxix., xli.–xliii., liii.)

Miss Lavinia was an authority in affairs of the heart, by reason of there having anciently existed a certain Mr. Pidger, who played short whist, and was supposed to have been enamoured of her. My private opinion is, that this was entirely a gratuitous assumption, and that Pidger was altogether innocent of any such sentiments—to which he had never given any sort of expression that I could ever hear of. Both Miss Lavinia and Miss Clarissa had a superstition, however, that he would have declared his passion, if he had not been cut short in his youth (at about sixty) by over-drinking his constitution, and over-doing an attempt to set it right again by swilling Bath water. They had a lurking suspicion even, that he died of secret love; though I must say there was a picture of him in the house with a damask nose, which concealment did not appear to have ever preyed upon.

SPENLOW, MISS DORA. Only daughter of Mr. Spenlow; afterwards the "child-wife" of David Copperfield; a timid, trustful, sensitive, artless little beauty, who is not much more than a plaything, and who dies young. (Ch. xxvi., xxxiii., xxxv., xxxvii., xxxviii., xli.–xliv., xlviii., l.–liii.) *See* COPPERFIELD, DAVID.

SPENLOW, MR. FRANCIS. One of the firm of Spenlow and Jorkins (proctors in Doctors' Commons), and the father of Dora, who is afterwards David Copperfield's wife. (Ch. xxiii., xxvi., xxix., xxxiii., xxxv., xxxviii.) *See* JORKINS, MR.

He was a little light-haired gentleman, with undeniable boots, and the stiffest of white cravats and shirt-collars. He was buttoned up mighty trim and tight, and must have taken a great deal of pains with his whiskers, which were accurately curled. . . . He was got up with such care, and was so stiff, that he could hardly bend himself; being obliged, when he glanced at some papers on his desk, after sitting down in his chair, to move his whole body, from the bottom of his spine, like Punch.

SPIKER, MR. HENRY. A guest at a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Waterbrook. He is solicitor to somebody or something remotely connected with the Treasury, and is so cold a man that his head, instead of being grey, seems to be sprinkled with hoar-frost. (Ch. xxv.)

SPIKER, MRS. HENRY. His wife; a very awful lady, looking like a near relation of Hamlet—say his aunt. (Ch. xxv.)

STEERFORTH, JAMES. A schoolfellow and friend of David Copperfield's; a young man of great personal attractions and the most easy and engaging manners. Always adapting himself readily to the society he happens to be in, he has no trouble in securing the regard and confidence of simple-hearted Mr. Peggotty, whose humble house he visits with David. Here he meets Mr. Peggotty's niece and adopted daughter, Emily—a beautiful young woman, betrothed to her cousin Ham—and deliberately sets to work to effect her ruin. In this he is successful; and, on the eve of her intended marriage, she consents to elope with him. They live abroad for some time; but he finally tires of her, and, after insultingly proposing that she should marry his valet, a detestable scoundrel, cruelly deserts her. Not long after, he sets sail for England, and meets his death by shipwreck during a fearful gale which is thus described by David Copperfield:

> It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and it blew hard.
>
> But as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm, like showers of steel; and, at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were fain to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.
>
> When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London—and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard

while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church-tower, and flung into a bye-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighbouring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still, there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with screaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met, at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners, excited and uneasy; children, huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

Not finding Ham among the people whom this memorable wind—for it is still remembered down there as the greatest ever known to blow upon that coast—had brought together, I made my way to his house.

It was shut; and as no one answered to my knocking, I went, by back ways and bye-lanes, to the yard where he worked. I learned, there, that he had gone to Lowestoft, to meet some sudden exigency of ship-repairing in which his skill was required; but that he would be back to-morrow morning, in good time.

I went back to the inn; and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire, when the waiter coming to stir it, as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away; and that some other ships had been seen labouring hard in the Roads, and trying, in great distress, to keep off shore. Mercy on them, and on all poor sailors, said he, if we had another night like the last!

I was very much depressed in spirits; very solitary; and felt an uneasiness in Ham's not being there, disproportionate to the occasion. I was seriously affected, without knowing how much, by late events; and my long exposure to the fierce wind had confused me. There was that jumble in my thoughts and recollections, that I had lost the clear arrangement of time and distance. Thus, if I had gone out into the town, I should not have been surprised, I think, to encounter some one whom I knew must be then in London. So to speak, there was in these respects a curious inattention in my mind. Yet it was busy, too, with all the remembrances the place naturally awakened; and they were particularly distinct and vivid.

In this state, the waiter's dismal intelligence about the ships immediately connected itself, without any effort of my volition, with my uneasiness about Ham. I was persuaded that I had an apprehension of his returning from Lowestoft by sea, and being lost. This grew so strong with me, that I resolved to go back to the yard before I took my dinner, and ask the boat-builder if he thought his attempting to return by sea at all likely? If he gave me the least reason to think so, I would go over to Lowestoft and prevent it by bringing him with me.

I hastily ordered my dinner, and went back to the yard. I was none too soon; for the boat-builder, with a lantern in his hand, was locking the yard-gate. He quite laughed, when I asked him the question, and said there was no fear; no man in his senses, or out of them, would put off in such a gale of wind, least of all Ham Peggotty, who had been born to seafaring.

So sensible of this, beforehand, that I had really felt ashamed of doing what I was nevertheless impelled to do, I went back to the inn. If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea, were more fearful than in the morning. But there was now a great darkness besides; and that invested the storm with new terrors, real and fanciful.

I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not continue steadfast to anything. Something within me, faintly answering to the storm without, tossed up the depths of my memory, and made a tumult in them. Yet, in all the hurry of my thoughts, wild running with the thundering sea —the storm, and my uneasiness regarding Ham were always in the foreground.

My dinner went away almost untasted, and I tried to refresh myself with a glass or two of wine. In vain. I fell into a dull slumber before the fire, without losing my consciousness either of the uproar out of

doors, or of the place in which I was. Both became overshadowed by a new and indefinable horror; and when I awoke—or, rather, when I shook off the lethargy that bound me in my chair—my whole frame thrilled with objectless and unintelligible fear.

I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazetteer: listened to the awful noises: looked at faces, scenes, and figures in the fire. At length the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to that degree, that I resolved to go to bed.

It was reassuring, on such a night, to be told that some of the inn servants had agreed together to sit up until morning. I went to bed exceedingly weary and heavy; but, on my lying down, all such sensations vanished, as if by magic, and I was broad awake, with every sense refined.

For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining, now, that I heard shrieks out at sea: now that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns; and now the fall of houses in the town. I got up, several times, and looked out; but could see nothing except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void.

At length my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes and went downstairs. In the large kitchen, where I dimly saw bacon and ropes of onions hanging from the beams, the watchers were clustered together, in various attitudes, about a table purposely moved away from the great chimney, and brought near the door. A pretty girl, who had her ears stopped with her apron, and her eyes upon the door, screamed when I appeared, supposing me to be a spirit; but the others had more presence of mind, and were glad of an addition to their company. One man, referring to the topic they had been discussing, asked me whether I thought the souls of the collier-crews who had gone down, were out in the storm?

I remained there, I dare say, two hours. Once, I opened the yard-gate, and looked into the empty street. The sand, the sea-weed, and the flakes of foam, were driving by; and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again and make it fast against the wind.

There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell—off a tower and down a precipice—into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length, I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town, in a roar of cannonading.

The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant, that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging in lieu of the batteries, and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprang out of bed, and asked, what wreck?

"A schooner from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamouring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction —to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half-a-dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being *swelled*: and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear, I was scarcely composed enough to understand —that the lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do

nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connexion with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to the knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off the sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 't an't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a-going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist; another round his body; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer colour; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance

was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me, was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But, he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

(Ch. vi., vii., ix., xix.–xxv., xxviii., xxix., xxxi., lv.)

STEERFORTH, MRS. Mother of James Steerforth; an elderly lady, with a proud carriage and a handsome face, entirely devoted to her son, but estranged from him at last; both of them being imperious and obstinate. (Ch. xx., xxi., xxiv., xxix., xxxii., xxxvi., xlvi., lvi., lxiv.)

STRONG, DOCTOR. Master of a school at Canterbury attended by David Copperfield; a quiet, amiable old gentleman, who has married a lady many years his junior.

Some of the higher scholars boarded in the Doctor's house, and through them I learned, at second hand, some particulars of the Doctor's history. As, how he had not yet been married twelve months to the beautiful young lady I had seen in the study, whom he had married for love; for she had not a sixpence, and had a world of poor relations (so our fellows said) ready to swarm the Doctor out of house and home. Also, how the Doctor's cogitating manner was attributable to his being always engaged in looking out for Greek roots . . . with a view to a new Dictionary which he had in contemplation. Adams, our head-boy, who had a turn for mathematics, had made a calculation, I was informed, of the time this Dictionary

would take in completing, on the Doctor's plan, and at the Doctor's rate of going. He considered that it might be done in one thousand six hundred and forty-nine years, counting from the Doctor's last, or sixty-second, birthday.

The doctor's wife has a cousin, Jack Maldon, who is a pensioner on the bounty of her husband, and who attempts to make love to her, even while enjoying the hospitality of her husband's house. Through very shame, Mrs. Strong does not mention this; but there are ready and meddlesome tongues to hint suspicion to the kind old man, and to make him miserable. His faith in his wife never falters, however; and, to prove it, he makes a will, in which he leaves his property unconditionally to her. Hearing of this, and knowing that he has heard a magnified story of her intimacy with her cousin, she resolves to go to her husband and frankly explain all. This she does, much to the confusion of those who have hoped to separate them, and to the complete satisfaction of her husband. Mrs. Strong had formerly been attached to Mr. Jack Maldon; but seeing his course, and having principles and sentiments the exact opposite of his, she concludes that "there is no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose," and she thanks Heaven for the day she wedded one whom she can esteem and respect and love altogether. (Ch. xvi., xvii., xix., xxxvi., xxxix., xlii., xlv., lxii., lxiv.)

STRONG, MRS. ANNIE. The wife of Doctor Strong, and daughter of Mrs. Markleham (the Old Soldier). She is a beautiful woman, much her husband's junior. (Ch. xvi., xix., xxxvi., xlii., xlv., lxii., lxiv.) *See* STRONG, DOCTOR.

TIFFEY, MR. An old clerk in the office of Spenlow and Jorkins; a little dry man, wearing a stiff brown wig that looks as if it were made of gingerbread. (Ch. xxiii., xxvi., xxxiii., xxxv., xxxviii.)

TIPP. A carman employed in Murdstone and Grinby's warehouse. (Ch. xi., xii.)

TRADDLES, THOMAS. A schoolmate of David Copperfield's at Salem House (Mr. Creakle's school).

Poor Traddles! In a tight sky-blue suit that made his arms and legs like German sausages, or roly-poly puddings, he was the merriest and most miserable of all the boys. He was always being caned—I think he was caned every day that half-year, except one holiday Monday when he was only ruler'd on both hands—and was always going to write to his uncle about it, and never did. After laying his head on the desk for a little while, he would cheer up somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate, before his eyes were dry. I used at first to wonder what comfort Traddles found in drawing skeletons; and

for some time looked upon him as a sort of hermit, who reminded himself by those symbols of mortality that caning couldn't last for ever. But I believe he only did it because they were easy, and didn't want any features.

He was very honourable, Traddles was, and held it as a solemn duty in the boys to stand by one another. He suffered for this on several occasions; and particularly once, when Steerforth langhed in church, and the Beadle thought it was Traddles, and took him out. I see him now, going away in custody, despised by the congregation. He never said who was the real offender, though he smarted for it next day, and was imprisoned so many hours that he came forth with a whole churchyardful of skeletons swarming all over his Latin Dictionary. But he had his reward. Steerforth said there was nothing of the sneak in Traddles, and we all felt that to be the highest praise.

Years afterwards, David meets Traddles in London, and finds him a shy, steady, but agreeable and good-natured young man, with a comic head of hair, and eyes rather wide open, which give him a surprised look—not to say a hearth-broomy kind of expression. He is reading for the bar, and fighting his way on in the world against difficulties. He tells David that, at his uncle's death, he got but fifty pounds, though he had expected to be handsomely remembered in his will.

"I had never been brought up to any profession, and at first I was at a loss what to do for myself. However, I began, with the assistance of the son of a professional man, who had been to Salem House—Yawler, with his nose on one side. Do you recollect him?"

No. He had not been there with me; all the noses were straight in my day.

"It don't matter," said Traddles. "I began, by means of his assistance, to copy law writings. That didn't answer very well; and then I began to state cases for them, and make abstracts, and do that sort of work. For I am a plodding kind of fellow, Copperfield, and had learnt the way of doing such things pithily. Well! That put it in my head to enter myself as a law student; and that ran away with all that was left of the fifty pounds. Yawler recommended me to one or two other offices, however—Mr. Waterbrook's for one—and I got a good many jobs. I was fortunate enough, too, to become acquainted with a person in the publishing way, who was getting up an Encyclopædia, and he set me to work; and, indeed" (glancing at his table), "I am at work for him at this minute. I am not a bad compiler, Copperfield," said Traddles, preserving the same air of cheerful confidence in all he said, "but I have no invention at all; not a particle. I suppose there never was a young man with less originality than I have."

As Traddles seemed to expect that I should assent to this as a matter of course, I nodded; and he went on, with the same sprightly patience —I can find no better expression—as before.

"So, by little and little, and not living high, I managed to scrape up the hundred pounds at last," said Traddles; "and thank heaven that's paid—though it was—though it certainly was," said Traddles, wincing again as if he had had another tooth out, "a pull. I am living by the sort of work I have mentioned, still, and I hope, one of these days, to get connected with some newspaper: which would almost be the

making of my fortune. Now, Copperfield, you are so exactly what you used to be, with that agreeable face, and it's so pleasant to see you, that I sha'n't conceal anything. Therefore you must know that I am engaged."

Engaged! Oh Dora!

"She is a curate's daughter," said Traddles; "one of ten, down in Devonshire. Yes!" For he saw me glance, involuntarily, at the prospect on the inkstand. "That's the church! You come round here, to the left, out of this gate," tracing his finger along the inkstand, "and exactly where I hold this pen, there stands the house—facing, you understand, towards the church. . . . She is such a dear girl! . . . a little older than me, but the dearest girl! I told you I was going out of town? I have been down there. I walked there, and I walked back, and I had the most delightful time! I dare say ours is likely to be a rather long engagement, but our motto is 'Wait and hope!' We always say that. 'Wait and hope,' we always say. And she would wait, Copperfield, till she was sixty—any age you can mention—for me!"

Traddles rose from his chair, and, with a triumphant smile, put his hand upon the white cloth I had observed.

"However," he said, "it's not that we haven't made a beginning towards housekeeping. No, no; we have begun. We must get on by degrees, but we have begun. Here," drawing the cloth off with great pride and care, "are two pieces of furniture to commence with. This flower-pot and stand, she bought herself. You put that in a parlour-window," said Traddles, falling a little back from it to survey it with the greater admiration, "with a plant in it, and—and there you are! This little round table with the marble top (it's two feet ten in circumference), *I* bought. You want to lay a book down, you know, or somebody comes to see you or your wife, and wants a place to stand a cup of tea upon, and—and there you are again!" said Traddles. "It's an admirable piece of workmanship—firm as a rock!"

I praised them both, highly, and Traddles replaced the covering as carefully as he had removed it.

"It's not a great deal towards the furnishing," said Traddles, "but it's something. The table-cloths, and pillow-cases, and articles of that kind, are what discourage me most, Copperfield. So does the ironmongery—candle-boxes, and gridirons, and that sort of necessaries—because those things tell, and mount up. However, 'wait and hope!' And I assure you she's the dearest girl!"

"I am quite certain of it," said I.

"In the meantime," said Traddles, coming back to his chair; "and this is the end of my prosing about myself, I get on as well as I can. I don't make much, but I don't spend much."

In due time Traddles is married, and, getting on by degrees in his profession, at last accumulates a competence, becomes a judge, and is honoured and esteemed by all who know him. (Ch. vi., vii., ix., xxv., xxvii., xxviii., xxxiv., xxxvi., xxxviii., xli., xliii., xliv., xlviii., xlix., li., liv., lvii.–lix., lxi., lxii., lxiv.)

TROTWOOD, MISS BETSEY. The great-aunt of David Copperfield; an austere, hard-favoured, and eccentric, but thoroughly kind-hearted woman. David's father had once

been a favourite of hers, but had mortally offended her by marrying "a wax doll." On the occasion of the birth of his posthumous son, she pays his widow a visit for the first time. Finding Mrs. Copperfield quite ill, she immediately proceeds to take charge of the house, and frightens everybody with her odd manners and abrupt speeches.

"I am all in a tremble," faltered my mother. "I don't know what's the matter. I shall die, I am sure!"

"No, no, no," said Miss Betsey. "Have some tea."

"Oh dear me, dear me, do you think it will do me any good?" cried my mother in a helpless manner.

"Of course it will," said Miss Betsey. "It's nothing but fancy. What do you call your girl?"

"I don't know that it will be a girl, yet, ma'am," said my mother, innocently.

"Bless the Baby!" exclaimed Miss Betsey, unconsciously quoting the second sentiment of the pincushion in the drawer upstairs, but applying it to my mother instead of me, "I don't mean that. I mean your servant."

"Peggotty," said my mother.

"Peggotty!" repeated Miss Betsey, with some indignation. "Do you mean to say, child, that any human being has gone into a Christian church, and got herself named Peggotty?"

"It's her surname," said my mother, faintly. "Mr. Copperfield called her by it, because her Christian name was the same as mine."

"Here, Peggotty!" cried Miss Betsey, opening the parlour-door. "Tea. Your mistress is a little unwell. Don't dawdle."

Having issued this mandate with as much potentiality as if she had been a recognised authority in the house ever since it had been a house, and having looked out to confront the amazed Peggotty coming along the passage with a candle at the sound of a strange voice, Miss Betsey shut the door again, and sat down as before; with her feet on the fender, the skirt of her dress tucked up, and her hands folded on one knee.

"You were speaking about its being a girl," said Miss Betsey. "I have no doubt it will be a girl. I have a presentiment that it must be a girl. Now child, from the moment of the birth of this girl——"

"Perhaps boy," my mother took the liberty of putting in.

"I tell you I have a presentiment that it must be a girl," returned Miss Betsey. "Don't contradict. From the moment of this girl's birth, child, I intend to be her friend. I intend to be her godmother, and I beg you'll call her Betsey Trotwood Copperfield. There must be no mistakes in life with *this* Betsey Trotwood. There must be no trifling with *her* affections, poor dear. She must be well brought up, and well guarded from reposing any foolish confidences where they are not deserved. I must make that *my* care."

When the child is born, Mr. Chillip, the attending physician, descends to the room where Miss Trotwood is waiting, and accosts her thus:

"Well, ma'am, I am happy to congratulate you."

"What upon?" said my aunt, sharply.

Mr. Chillip was fluttered again, by the extreme severity of my aunt's

manner; so he made her a little bow, and gave her a little smile, to mollify her.

"Mercy on the man, what's he doing?" cried my aunt, impatiently. "Can't he speak?"

"Be calm, my dear ma'am," said Mr. Chillip, in his softest accents. "There is no longer any occasion for uneasiness, ma'am. Be calm."

It has since been considered almost a miracle that my aunt didn't shake him, and shake what he had to say out of him. She only shook her own head at him, but in a way that made him quail.

"Well, ma'am," resumed Mr. Chillip, as soon as he had courage, "I am happy to congratulate you. All is now over, ma'am, and well over."

During the five minutes or so that Mr. Chillip devoted to the delivery of this oration, my aunt eyed him narrowly.

"How is she?" said my aunt, folding her arms with her bonnet still tied on one of them.

"Well, ma'am, she will soon be quite comfortable, I hope," returned Mr. Chillip. "Quite as comfortable as we can expect a young mother to be, under these melancholy domestic circumstances. There cannot be any objection to your seeing her presently, ma'am. It may do her good."

"And *she*. How is *she?*" said my aunt, sharply.

Mr. Chillip laid his head a little more on one side, and looked at my aunt like an amiable bird.

"The baby," said my aunt. "How is she?"

"Ma'am," returned Mr. Chillip, "I apprehended you had known. It's a boy."

My aunt said never a word, but took her bonnet by the strings, in the manner of a sling, aimed a blow at Mr. Chillip's head with it, put it on bent, walked out, and never came back. She vanished like a discontented fairy; or like one of those supernatural beings whom it was popularly supposed I was entitled to see; and never came back any more.

After the death of his mother, David runs away from the warehouse, in London, where his stepfather has placed him in a menial position, to seek the aunt of whom he has often heard, resolved upon trying to soften her heart, and, if need be, to apologise for not having been born a girl. He arrives at last in Dover, ragged, footsore, and weary; ascertains the way to his aunt's house; and, on reaching it, sees a figure in the garden which he knows must be that of his kinswoman.

"Go away!" said Miss Betsey, shaking her head, and making a distant chop in the air with her knife. "Go along! No boys here!"

I watched her, with my heart at my lips, as she marched to a corner of her garden, and stooped to dig up some little root there. Then, without a scrap of courage, but with a great deal of desperation, I went softly in and stood beside her, touching her with my finger.

"If you please, ma'am," I began.

She started and looked up.

"If you please, aunt."

"Eh?" exclaimed Miss Betsey, in a tone of amazement I have never heard approached.

"If you please, aunt, I am your nephew."

"Oh Lord!" said my aunt. And sat flat down in the garden-path.

"I am David Copperfield, of Blunderstone, in Suffolk—where you came, on the night when I was born, and saw my dear mamma. I have been very unhappy since she died. I have been slighted, and taught nothing, and thrown upon myself, and put to work not fit for me. It made me run away to you. I was robbed at first setting out, and have walked all the way, and have never slept in a bed since I began the journey." Here my self-support gave way all at once; and with a movement of my hands, intended to show her my ragged state, and call it to witness that I had suffered something, I broke into a passion of crying, which I suppose had been pent up within me all the week.

My aunt, with every sort of expression but wonder discharged from her countenance, sat on the gravel, staring at me, until I began to cry; when she got up in a great hurry, collared me, and took me into the parlour. Her first proceeding there was to unlock a tall press, bring out several bottles, and pour some of the contents of each into my mouth. I think they must have been taken out at random, for I am sure I tasted aniseed water, anchovy sauce, and salad dressing. When she had administered these restoratives, as I was still quite hysterical, and unable to control my sobs, she put me on the sofa, with a shawl under my head, and the handkerchief from her own head under my feet, lest I should sully the cover; and then, sitting herself down behind the green fan or screen I have already mentioned, so that I could not see her face, ejaculated at intervals, "Mercy on us!" letting those exclamations off like minute guns.

After a time, recovering from her astonishment, she begins to consider what she shall do with him, and determines, as a necessary preliminary, to have him well washed. While the bath is heating, she becomes suddenly rigid with indignation, and calls out, "Janet! Donkeys!" upon which David, to his great surprise, sees his aunt and her servant-girl rush out of doors, and drive off several donkeys and small boys from the green in front of the house. This, he finds, is regularly repeated every hour during the day, and every day during the week, sometimes resulting in a hand-to-hand conflict between his aunt and the bigger boys, but in which Miss Betsey always came out victorious.

Mr. Murdstone, learning the whereabouts of his stepson, calls on Miss Trotwood, and informs her that, if she puts any obstacles in the way of his taking the lad home, his doors will be for ever shut against him. David begs to stay with his aunt, and she tells Mr. Murdstone that he can go as soon as he likes, and she will take her chance with the boy. Adopting David as her son, she renames him Trotwood Copperfield; sends him to an excellent school; and afterwards articles him to Spenlow and Jorkins, proctors, London. Finding a new and worthy object for her affection and care, her temper softens by degrees; her oddities of manner diminish; and her solid worth and goodness of heart become more conspicuous from year to year. (Ch. ii., xiii.–xv., xvii., xix., xxiii.–xxv., xxxvii.–xl., xliii.–xlv., xlvii.–xlix., li.–lv., lvii., lix., lx., lxiv.) *See* Babley, Mr. Richard.

TROTWOOD, HUSBAND OF MISS BETSEY. A handsome man, younger than Miss Betsey, whom he treats so falsely, ungratefully, and cruelly, that she separates from him, and resumes her maiden name. He marries another woman; becomes an adventurer, a gambler, and a cheat; and finally sinks into the lowest depths of degradation. (Ch. ii., xvii., xxiii., xlvii., lv.)

TUNGAY. Lodge-keeper and tool of Mr. Creakle, at Salem House; a stout man with a bull neck, a wooden leg, a surly face, overhanging temples, and his hair cut close all round his head. (Ch. v.–vii.)

WALKER, MICK. A boy employed at Murdstone and Grinby's, with three or four others (including David Copperfield), to rinse out bottles, cork and label them, &c. (Ch. xi., xii.)

WATERBROOK, MR. Mr. Wickfield's agent in London; a middle-aged gentleman with a short throat and a good deal of shirt-collar, who only wants a black nose to be the portrait of a pug dog. (Ch. xxv.)

WATERBROOK, MRS. His wife; a woman who affects to be very genteel; likes to talk about the aristocracy; and maintains, that, if she has a weakness, it is "blood." (Ch. xxv.)

WICKFIELD, AGNES. Daughter and housekeeper of Mr. Wickfield, and friend and counsellor of David Copperfield, whose second wife she becomes after the death of Dora. (Ch. xv.–xix., xxiv., xxxiv., xxxv., xxxix., xlii., xliii., lii.–liv., lvii., lviii., lx., lxii.–lxiv.) *See* COPPERFIELD, DAVID.

WICKFIELD, MR. A lawyer at Canterbury, and the agent and friend of Miss Betsey Trotwood. He is nearly ruined by Uriah Heep (at first a clerk in his office, and afterwards his partner), who by adroit management, the falsification of facts, and various malpractices, acquires a complete ascendency over him, and obtains control of all his property; but in the end Uriah's machinations are foiled, and his rascality exposed by Mr. Micawber, whom he has endeavoured to make use of as an instrument to assist in the accomplishment of his dishonest purposes. (Ch. xv., xvii., xix., xxxv., xxxix., xlii., lii., liv., lx.)

WILLIAM. A waiter in an inn at Yarmouth, who wheedles little David Copperfield out of the greater part of his dinner. (Ch. v.)

WILLIAM. Driver of the Canterbury coach. (Ch. xix.)

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I. Mrs. Copperfield, sitting by the fire, is startled by the appearance of Miss Betsey Trotwood; their conversation upon the late Mr. Copperfield, &c.; birth of David, and sudden disappearance of Miss Betsey.—II. David relates some of the incidents of his early childhood; his first meeting with Mr. Murdstone; Peggotty remonstrates with Mrs. Copperfield against the attentions of Mr. Murdstone; David goes to Lowestoft with Mr. Murdstone, and reports his conversation to his mother; Peggotty and David go to Yarmouth.—III. David makes the acquaintance of Mr. Peggotty and his family, and falls in love with little Em'ly; he returns home, and finds his mother married to Mr. Murdstone. —IV. Mr. Murdstone takes David in hand; arrival of Miss Jane Murdstone, who assumes the place of housekeeper; David falls into disgrace over his lessons; he is beaten by Mr. Murdstone, whose hand he bites; he is imprisoned in his room for five days, as a punishment, and then sent from home to school.—V. David sends word to Peggotty that "Barkis is willin';" the friendly waiter relieves David by eating his dinner; David arrives in London, and is met by Mr. Mell of Salem House; they arrive at Salem House, and David has a placard, reading "Take care of him; he bites," attached to his back.—VI. Mr. Creakle and family return, and the school re-opens; Steerforth takes charge of David's money, and treats the boys in their bedroom therewith.—VII. David amuses the boys in his room by repeating the stories he has read; altercation between Steerforth and Mr. Mell, and Mr. Mell's dismission from the school; Mr. Peggotty and Ham visit David at the school, and are introduced to Steerforth.—VIII. David goes home for the holidays; Mr. Barkis informs him he is expecting an answer from Peggotty; in the absence of Mr. Murdstone and his sister, David spends a pleasant evening with his mother and Peggotty; David leads a wretched life during the holidays, and goes back to school.—IX. He receives the news of his mother's death; returning home, he makes the acquaintance of Mr. Omer; Peggotty relates to David the circumstances of his mother's death.—X. Peggotty receives warning from Miss Murdstone, and she and David go again to Yarmouth; Peggotty accepts Mr. Barkis's proposal, and they are married; David returns home, and falls into neglect; he is provided for by a situation in the house with which Mr. Murdstone is connected.—XI. David begins his life at Murdstone and Grinby's, and also meets Mr. Micawber, with whom he is to board; Mr. Micawber falls into difficulties, and is taken to the debtors' prison; he petitions the House of Commons for a change in the laws for imprisonment for debt.—XII. He is released from confinement, and decides to leave London with his family; David determines to run away from Murdstone and Grinby's, and seek his aunt; his adventures and misfortunes on the road from London to Dover.—XIII. He introduces himself to Miss Betsey Trotwood; Mr. Dick's wise advice is asked and followed; Miss Betsey's indignation at the donkeys.—XIV. Mr. Dick, writing his memorial, finds some difficulty in keeping Charles the First out of it; Miss Betsey tells David Mr. Dick's story; she is visited by Mr. and Miss Murdstone, who come to claim David; she takes Mr. Dick's advice, and decides to keep him, giving him the name

of Trotwood.—XV. David is taken to Canterbury by his aunt, where he is to be put to school; he makes the acquaintance of Mr. Wickfield and Agnes, with whom he is to board, and also of Uriah Heep.—XVI. David begins his school-life at Dr. Strong's; he hears a conversation between Dr. Strong and Mr. Wickfield about Mr. Jack Maldon, and afterwards sees that gentleman at Mr. Wickfield's; Uriah Heep explains his "umble" character and position; the party at Dr. Strong's on the eve of Jack Maldon's departure for India.—XVII. David hears from Mr. Dick the story of the strange man who frightens Miss Trotwood; Mr. Dick makes friends with everybody; David takes tea with Uriah and his mother, and Mr. Micawber unexpectedly "turns up;" David enjoys a jovial dinner with the Micawbers, and receives a dismal letter from Mr. Micawber directly afterwards.—XVIII. David takes a retrospective view of his school-days at Canterbury.—XIX. After leaving school, his aunt advises a visit to Yarmouth; David first learns from Agnes the influence which Uriah Heep is gaining over Mr. Wickfield; he also hears of the illness and probable return of Mr. Jack Maldon; David meets Steerforth in London.—XX. David goes home with Steerforth; his reception by Mrs. Steerforth and Rosa Dartle.—XXI. His impressions of Littimer; Steerforth accompanies David to Yarmouth; Peggotty's joy at seeing David; Barkis grows a "little near;" David and Steerforth go to Mr. Peggotty's, and hear from him the story of the engagement of Ham and little Em'ly.—XXII. Steerforth shows David his gloomy side; Steerforth buys a boat which he calls the *Little Em'ly*; they discover Martha following Ham and Emily; the "volatile" Miss Mowcher makes her appearance at the inn; Emily befriends Martha, and sheds tears at the thought of her own unworthiness.—XXIII. David consults Steerforth in regard to his choice of a profession, and decides to become a proctor; Miss Betsey and David, on the way to Doctors' Commons, encounter the strange man who has such an effect upon her: David is articled to Spenlow and Jorkins, and makes his first appearance in court; he takes the lodgings at Mrs. Crupp's.—XXIV. He gives a supper at his lodgings to Steerforth and his friends, becomes intoxicated, and goes in that condition to the theatre, where he meets Agnes.—XXV. His remorse on the following day; by Agnes's invitation he calls upon her, and she warns him against Steerforth; David meets Traddles at the dinner-party at Mr. Waterbrook's; David takes Uriah Heep home with him, and hears from him the particulars of the change in his expectations, and his designs in regard to Agnes.—XXVI. David goes home with Mr. Spenlow; he meets Miss Dora Spenlow, and falls in love at first sight; Miss Murdstone appears as Dora's "confidential friend."—XXVII. David goes to see Traddles, and finds him boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Micawber.—XXVIII. David gives a dinner-party to Traddles and the Micawbers, which is interrupted by the appearance of Littimer; Mr. Micawber throws down the gauntlet to society; Steerforth's arrival at David's rooms; he brings news of the illness of Mr. Barkis, and David decides to go down to Yarmouth; another gloomy letter from Mr. Micawber.—XXIX. David visits Steerforth at his home again.—XXX. Arriving at Yarmouth he hears from Mr. Omer of the unsettled state of little Em'ly; Mr. Barkis "goes out with the tide."—XXXI. Disappearance of Emily, who is carried away by Steerforth; Mr. Peggotty decides to seek his niece, leaving Mrs. Gummidge in charge of his house, Ham going to live with his aunt.—XXXII. Miss Mowcher explains her connection with Steerforth's intimacy with Emily, and her determination to do what she can to rescue her; Mr. Peggotty and David call

upon Mrs. Steerforth; passionate conduct of Rosa Dartle: Mr. Peggotty sets out on his journey.—XXXIII. David encounters Mr. Murdstone at the office of Mr. Spenlow; David attends a party on Dora's birthday, and falls deeper in love; he visits Dora at the house of her friend, Julia Mills, declares his passion, and is accepted; the engagement is to be kept a secret from Mr. Spenlow.—XXXIV. Traddles gives David some information in regard to the family connections of "the dearest girl in the world;" with Peggotty's assistance he redeems his household goods, taken in execution by Mr. Micawber's creditors; David, returning home, is astonished to find his aunt and Mr. Dick in his rooms, and to hear from her of the loss of her property.—XXXV. David makes an ineffectual attempt to cancel his articles; David's joy at unexpectedly meeting Agnes, who goes with him to see Miss Betsey, and they hear from her an account of her losses; Uriah Heep shows his increasing influence over Mr. Wickfield.—XXXVI. David becomes amanuensis to Dr. Strong, who has removed to London; he meets Mr. Jack Maldon, who has returned from India; David determines to learn short-hand, and he and Traddles find employment for Mr. Dick; Mr. Micawber, about to leave London for Canterbury as the confidential clerk of Uriah Heep, entertains David and Traddles, and settles his pecuniary obligations to the latter by presenting him his I. O. U.—XXXVII. David informs Dora of the change in his fortunes and prospects.—XXXVIII. Traddles delivers parliamentary speeches, and David reports him; Mr. Spenlow discovers, through Miss Murdstone, the attachment of David and Dora, and forbids the engagement; sudden death of Mr. Spenlow, and the disordered state in which his affairs are found; Dora goes to live with her maiden aunts at Putney.—XXXIX. David finds Mr. Micawber installed as confidential clerk to Wickfield and Heep, and not altogether easy in the position; he consults Agnes on the state of his engagement to Dora, and by her advice writes to Dora's aunts; Uriah forces his company upon David, and intimates his designs in regard to Agnes; effect upon Mr. Wickfield of the knowledge of these designs.—XL. David encounters Mr. Peggotty, who relates his travels in search of Emily, and is overheard by Martha Endell.—XLI. David and Traddles go to Putney to see the Misses Spenlow, who consent, on certain conditions, to receive David's visits.—XLII. Agnes's first meeting with Dora; Uriah Heep attempts to convince Dr. Strong of the faithlessness of his wife, and the noble answer of the doctor to his aspersions; David gives Uriah a blow; David receives a singular letter from Mrs. Micawber.—XLIII. Marriage of David and Dora.—XLIV. Some account of their housekeeping.—XLV. Mr. Dick suspects the cause of the unhappiness of Mrs. Strong, and determines to "set things right;" a convenient opportunity offering, he brings about the desired explanation.—XLVI. David, passing by Mrs. Steerforth's house, is called in by Rosa Dartle, who makes Littimer repeat to him the story of Steerforth and Emily, their separation, and Emily's flight; David repeats the story to Mr. Peggotty, and advises him to put Martha upon the watch for Emily, if she should return to London.—XLVII. David and Mr. Peggotty follow Martha to the river-side, and save her from suicide, and then secure her promise to devote herself to the task of saving Emily; David meets again the strange man who has such an influence over Miss Betsey, and learns from her that he is her husband.—XLVIII. Some further account of David's housekeeping, and the commencement of Dora's decline.—XLIX. David receives a mysterious letter from Mr. Micawber; Traddles has one equally

mysterious from Mrs. Micawber; they meet Mr. Micawber by appointment, and find him in very low spirits; they take him home to Miss Trotwood's, where he is overcome by the cordiality of Mr. Dick; commits sundry strange blunders in his favourite occupation of making punch, and finally relieves his mind by a frantic denunciation of Uriah Heep.—L. Martha brings David news of Emily; going to Martha's lodging, they see Rosa Dartle enter the room, and from an unoccupied room they witness the interview between Rosa Dartle and Emily; Peggotty returns, and meets Emily.—LI. He relates to David and Miss Betsey the story of Emily's escape from Littimer, how she was befriended by a poor cottager, and finally, reaching London, was rescued by Martha; he also informs them of his plan of emigrating with Emily to Australia; David calls upon Mr. Omer, and finds him in good spirits; Ham gives David a parting message for Emily; Mrs. Gummidge insists on going with Mr. Peggotty.—LII. Miss Betsey, Mr. Dick, Traddles, and David go down to Canterbury to keep their appointment with Mr. Micawber; interview in the office of Wickfield and Heep, where Micawber exposes the villany of Uriah, and Traddles, acting for Mr. Wickfield, makes certain demands with which Uriah thinks it best to comply; Miss Betsey and David witness the reconciliation of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber; Miss Betsey proposes to them emigration, with an offer of pecuniary assistance.—LIII. Dora's increasing weakness, and her death.—LIV. Mr. Micawber's preparations for emigrating; Traddles explains the condition of Mr. Wickfield's affairs, and the recovery of Miss Trotwood's property; they arrange Micawber's money matters; Miss Betsey tells David the reason of her recent trouble, and he accompanies her to the funeral of her husband; David writes to Emily, communicating Ham's last message, and receives her reply.—LV. The great storm at Yarmouth; David goes down to the shore to see the wrecked schooner, with the active figure conspicuous among her people; Ham attempts to reach the wreck, and is killed by the waves, and the body of the active seaman is washed ashore, and proves to be Steerforth.—LVI. David bears the news to Mrs. Steerforth; passionate manner of Rosa Dartle towards Mrs. Steerforth.—LVII. The emigrants complete their preparations, and set sail, Mr. Peggotty taking Martha with him.—LVIII. David goes abroad, and remains for three years.—LIX. On his return he seeks Traddles, finds him married and living in chambers, with five of Sophy's sisters for visitors; David encounters Mr. Chillip, and hears news of the Murdstones.—LX. He returns to Dover; Miss Betsey gives him a hint that Agnes's affections are engaged; David's interview with Agnes and her father, and Mr. Wickfield's story of her care and kindness.—LXI. A glimpse at the happy life of Traddles and Sophy; David and Traddles find Mr. Creakle a respected magistrate; under his escort they visit a model prison, and find Littimer and Uriah Heep among its inmates.—LXII. Miss Betsey strengthens David's belief in the attachment that Agnes has formed; questioning Agnes, David finds that he is himself the object of it.—LXIII. Marriage of David and Agnes; ten years after, they receive a visit from Mr. Peggotty, who brings good accounts of all the emigrants.—LXIV. A last retrospect, showing what has happened to the principal personages of the story.

BLEAK HOUSE.

In the preface to "David Copperfield," Mr. Dickens promised to renew his acquaintance with the public by putting forth again "two green leaves once a month." This he did by bringing out, in 1852, in the familiar serial form, the first number of a new novel, called "Bleak House." It was published by Bradbury and Evans, was illustrated by "Phiz," and ran through the usual twenty numbers. The preface was dated August, 1853; and the dedication was to the author's "companions in the guild of literature and art." The work was chiefly aimed at the vexatious delays of the Court of Chancery, and the enormous expense of prosecuting suits therein. At the time of publication there was a suit before the court which had been commenced nearly twenty years before; in which from thirty to forty counsel had been known to appear at one time; in which costs had been incurred to the amount of seventy thousand pounds; which was a *friendly suit*; and which was said to be no nearer to its termination then than when it was begun.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BADGER, MR. BAYHAM. A medical practitioner in London, to whom Richard Carstone is articled. Mr. Badger is noted principally for his enthusiastic admiration of his wife's former husbands; he being the third.

Mr. Bayham Badger . . . was a pink, fresh-faced, crisp-looking gentleman, with a weak voice, white teeth, light hair, and surprised eyes: some years younger, I should say, than Mrs. Bayham Badger. He admired her exceedingly, but principally, and to begin with, on the curious ground (as it seemed to us) of her having had three husbands. We had barely taken our seats, when he said to Mr. Jarndyce quite triumphantly:

"You would hardly suppose that I am Mrs. Bayham Badger's third!"

"Indeed?" said Mr. Jarndyce.

"Her third!" said Mr. Badger. "Mrs. Bayham Badger has not the appearance, Miss Summerson, of a lady who has had two former husbands?"

I said "Not at all!"

"And most remarkable men!" said Mr. Badger, in a tone of confidence. "Captain Swosser of the Royal Navy, who was Mrs. Badger's first husband, was a very distinguished officer indeed. The name of Professor Dingo, my immediate predecessor, is one of European reputation. . . . Perhaps you may be interested . . . in this portrait of Captain Swosser. . . . I feel when I look at it . . . 'that's a man I should like to have seen!' . . . On the other side, Professor Dingo. I knew him well—attended him in his last illness—a speaking likeness! Over the piano, Mrs. Bayham Badger when Mrs. Swosser. Over the sofa, Mrs. Bayham Badger when Mrs. Dingo. Of Mrs. Bayham Badger *in esse*, I possess the original, and have no copy."

(Ch. xiii., xvii., l.)

BADGER, MRS. BAYHAM. A lady of about fifty, who dresses youthfully, and improves her fine complexion by the use of a little rouge. She is not only the wife of Mr. Badger, but the widow of Captain Swosser of the Royal Navy, and of Professor Dingo, to the loss of whom she has become inured by custom, combined with science—particularly science. (Ch. xiii., xvii.)

BAGNET, MATTHEW, called "LIGNUM VITÆ." An ex-artilleryman, "tall and upright, with shaggy eyebrows, and whiskers like the fibres of a cocoanut, not a hair upon his head, and a torrid complexion." On leaving the service he goes into "the musical business," and becomes a bassoon-player. Of his wife's judgment he has a very exalted opinion; though he never forgets the apostolic maxim that "the head of the woman is the man." To an old companion-in-arms he says:

"George. You know me. It's my old girl that advises. She has the head. But I never own to it before her. Discipline must be maintained. Wait till the greens is off her mind. Then, we'll consult. Whatever the old girl says, do—do it!"

(Ch. xxvii., xxxiv., xlix., liii., lxvi.)

BAGNET, MRS. His wife; a soldierly-looking woman, usually engaged in washing greens. (Ch. xxvii., xxxiv., xlix., liii., lv., lxvi.)

Mrs. Bagnet is not at all an ill-looking woman. Rather large-boned, a little coarse in the grain, and freckled by the sun and wind which have tanned her hair upon the forehead; but healthy, wholesome, and bright-eyed. A strong, busy, active, honest-faced woman of from forty-five to fifty.

BAGNET, MALTA. Their elder daughter; so called in the family from the place of her birth in barracks. (Ch. xxvii., xxxiv., xlix., lxvi.)

BAGNET, QUEBEC. Their younger daughter; so called in the family from the place of her birth in barracks. (Ch. xxvii., xxxiv., xlix., lxvi.)

BAGNET, WOOLWICH. Their son; so called in the family from the place of his birth in barracks. (Ch. xxvii., xxxiv., xlix.)

BARBARY, MISS. Aunt and godmother to Esther Summerson. (Ch. iii.)

She was a good, good woman! She went to church three times every Sunday, and to morning prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and to lectures whenever there were lectures; and never missed. She was handsome; and if she had ever smiled, would have been (I used to think) like an angel—but she never smiled. She was always grave, and strict. She was so very good herself, I thought, that the badness of other people made her frown all her life.

BLINDER, MRS. A good-natured old woman, with a dropsy, or an asthma, or perhaps both; a friend of the Necketts. (Ch. xv., xxiii.)

BOGSBY, JAMES GEORGE. Landlord of The Sol's Arms tavern. (Ch. xxxiii.)

BOODLE, LORD. A friend of Sir Leicester Dedlock's; a man of considerable reputation with his party, and who has known what office is. (Ch. xii.)

BOYTHORN, LAWRENCE. A friend of Mr. Jarndyce's. (Ch. ix., xii., xiii., xv., xviii., xxiii., xliii., lxvi.)

"I went to school with this fellow, Lawrence Boythorn," said Mr. Jarndyce, . . . "more than five-and-forty years ago. He was then the most impetuous boy in the world, and he is now the most impetuous man. He was then the loudest boy in the world, and he is now the loudest man. He was then the heartiest and sturdiest boy in the world, and he is now the heartiest and sturdiest man. He is a tremendous fellow."

"In stature, sir!" asked Richard.

"Pretty well, Rick, in that respect," said Mr. Jarndyce; "being some ten years older than I, and a couple of inches taller, with his head thrown back like an old soldier, his stalwart chest squared, his hands like a clean blacksmith's, and his lungs!—there's no simile for his lungs. Talking, laughing, or snoring, they make the beams of the house shake. . . . But it's the inside of the man, the warm heart of the man, the passion of the man, the fresh blood of the man, . . . that I speak of. . . . His language is as sounding as his voice. He is always in extremes; perpetually in the superlative degree. In his

condemnation he is all ferocity. You might suppose him to be an Ogre, from what he says; and I believe he has the reputation of one with some people. There! I tell you no more of him beforehand. . . .

We were sitting round the fire with no light but the blaze, when the hall-door suddenly burst open, and the hall resounded with these words, uttered with the greatest vehemence and in a stentorian tone:

"We have been misdirected, Jarndyce, by a most abandoned ruffian, who told us to take the turning to the right instead of to the left. He is the most intolerable scoundrel on the face of the earth. His father must have been a most consummate villain, ever to have such a son. I would have had that fellow shot without the least remorse!"

"Did he do it on purpose?" Mr. Jarndyce inquired.

"I have not the slightest doubt that the scoundrel has passed his whole existence in misdirecting travellers!" returned the other. "By my soul, I thought him the worst-looking dog I had ever beheld, when he was telling me to take the turning to the right. And yet I stood before that fellow face to face and didn't knock his brains out!" . . .

We all conceived a prepossession in his favour; for there was a sterling quality in this laugh, and in his vigorous healthy voice, and in the roundness and fulness with which he uttered every word he spoke, and in the very fury of his superlatives, which seemed to go off like blank cannons and hurt nothing. . . . He was not only a very handsome old gentleman—upright and stalwart as he had been described to us—with a massive gray head, a fine composure of face when silent, a figure that might have become corpulent but for his being so continually in earnest that he gave it no rest, and a chin that might have subsided into a double chin but for the vehement emphasis in which it was constantly required to assist; but he was such a true gentleman in his manner, so chivalrously polite, his face was lighted by a smile of so much sweetness and tenderness, and it seemed so plain that he had nothing to hide, but showed himself exactly as he was . . . that really I could not help looking at him with equal pleasure as he sat at dinner, whether he smilingly conversed with Ada and me, or was led by Mr. Jarndyce into some great volley of superlatives, or threw up his head like a bloodhound, and gave out that tremendous Ha, ha, ha!

BUCKET, MR. INSPECTOR. A detective officer, wonderfully patient, persevering, affable, alert, imperturbable, and sagacious; a stoutly-built, steady-looking, sharp-eyed man in black, of about the middle age. (Ch. xxii., xxiv., xxv., xlix., liii., liv., lvi., lvii., lix., lxi., lxii.)

Mr. Bucket and his fat forefinger are much in consultation. . . . He puts it to his ears, and it whispers information; he puts it to his lips, and it enjoins him to secrecy; he rubs it over his nose, and it sharpens his scent; he shakes it before a guilty man, and it charms him to his destruction. . . . Otherwise mildly studious in his observation of human nature, on the whole a benignant philosopher not disposed to be severe upon the follies of mankind, Mr. Bucket pervades a vast number of houses, and strolls about an infinity of streets: to outward appearance rather languishing for want of an object. He

is in the friendliest condition towards his species, and will drink with most of them. He is free with his money, affable in his manners, innocent in his conversation—but, through the placid stream of his life, there glides an under-current of forefinger. Time and place cannot bind Mr. Bucket. Like man in the abstract, he is here to-day and gone to-morrow—but, very unlike man indeed, he is here again the next day.

BUCKET, MRS. Wife of Mr. Inspector Bucket; a lady of a natural detective genius, which, if it had been improved by professional exercise, might have done great things, but which has paused at the level of a clever amateur. (Ch. liii., liv.)

BUFFEY, THE RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM, M.P. A friend of Sir Leicester Dedlock's. (Ch. xii., xxviii., liii., lviii., lxvi.)

CARSTONE, RICHARD. A ward of John Jarndyce, and a suitor in Chancery; a handsome young man with an ingenuous face and a most engaging laugh, afterwards married to Ada Clare. Though possessed of more than ordinary talent, and of excellent principles, he yet lacks tenacity of purpose, and becomes successively a student of law, a student of medicine, and a soldier. Ever haunted by the long-pending Chancery suit, and always basing his expenditures and plans on the expectation of a speedy and favourable decision of the case, he at last becomes very restless, leaves the army, and devotes all his energies to the suit. When the case is finally closed, and the whole estate is found to have been swallowed up in costs, the blow proves too much for him, and quickly results in his death. (Ch. iii.–vi., viii., ix., xii., xiv., xvii., xviii., xx., xxiii., xxiv., xxxv., xxxvii., xxxix., xliii., xlv., li., lx., lxi., lxiv., lxv.)

CHADBAND, THE REVEREND MR. A large yellow man, with a fat smile, and a general appearance of having a good deal of train-oil in his system.

He is very much embarrassed about the arms, as if they were inconvenient to him, and he wanted to grovel; is very much in a perspiration about the head; and never speaks without first putting up his great hand, as delivering a token to his hearers that he is going to edify them.

From Mr. Chadband's being much given to describe himself, both verbally and in writing, as a vessel, he is occasionally mistaken by strangers for a gentleman connected with navigation; but, he is, as he expresses it, "in the ministry." Mr. Chadband is attached to no particular denomination; and is considered by his persecutors to have nothing so very remarkable to say on the greatest of subjects as to render his volunteering, on his own account, at all incumbent on his conscience; but, he has his followers, and Mrs. Snagsby is of the number.

Visiting Mrs. Snagsby's with his wife one day, he salutes the lady of the house, and her husband, in the following manner, which may serve as a specimen of his usual style of delivering himself:

"My friends . . . Peace be on this house! On the master thereof, on the mistress thereof, on the young maidens, and on the young men! My friends, why do I wish for peace? What is peace? Is it war? No. Is it strife? No. Is it lovely, and gentle, and beautiful, and pleasant, and serene, and joyful? O yes! Therefore, my friends, I wish for peace, upon you and upon yours."

(Ch. xix., xxv., liv.)

CHADBAND, MRS., *formerly* MRS. RACHAEL. Wife of the Reverend Mr. Chadband; a stern, severe-looking, silent woman. (Ch. iii., xix., xxv., xxix., liv.) *See* RACHAEL, MRS.

CHARLEY. *See* NECKETT, CHARLOTTE.

CLARE, ADA. A ward of Mr. John Jarndyce, and a friend of Esther Summerson; afterwards wife of Richard Carstone. (Ch. iii.–vi., viii., ix., xiii.–xv., xvii., xviii., xxiii., xxiv., xxx., xxxi., xxxv., xxxvii., xliii., xlv., l., li., lix., lx.–lxii., lxiv., lxvii.)

COAVINSES. *See* NECKETT, MR.

DARBY. A constable who accompanies Mr. Bucket to Tom-all-Alone's. (Ch. xxii.)

DEDLOCK, SIR LEICESTER. Representative of one of the great county families of England. (Ch. ii., vii., ix., xii., xvi., xviii., xxviii., xxix., xl., xli., xliii., xlviii., liii.–lvi., lviii., lxiii., lxvi.)

Sir Leicester Dedlock is only a baronet, but there is no mightier baronet than he. His family is as old as the hills, and infinitely more respectable. He has a general opinion that the world might get on without hills, but would be done up without Dedlocks. . . . He is a gentleman of strict conscience, disdainful of all littleness and meanness, and ready, on the shortest notice, to die any death you may please to mention rather than give occasion for the least impeachment of his integrity. He is an honourable, obstinate, truthful, high-spirited, intensely prejudiced, perfectly unreasonable man.

Sir Leicester is twenty years, full measure, older than my Lady. He will never see sixty-five again, nor perhaps sixty-six, nor yet sixty-seven. He has a twist of the gout now and then, and walks a little stiffly. He is of a worthy presence, with his light gray hair and whiskers, his fine shirt-frill, his pure white waistcoat, and his blue coat with bright buttons always buttoned. He is ceremonious, stately, most polite on every occasion to my Lady, and holds her personal attractions in the highest estimation. His gallantry to my Lady, which has never changed since he courted her, is the one little touch of romantic fancy in him.

DEDLOCK, LADY HONORIA. Mother of Esther Summerson by Captain Hawdon, a gay rake, to whom she is engaged, but whom she never marries. She afterwards becomes the wife of Sir Leicester Dedlock, who knows nothing of this portion of her history, but, fascinated by her beauty and wit, marries her solely for love, for she has not even "family." Being a proud and ambitious woman, she assumes her new position with dignity, and holds it with cold composure, hiding in her heart, however, her disgraceful secret. She flies from home upon the eve of its discovery, and dies miserably, from the combined effects of shame, remorse, and exposure, at the gate of a wretched graveyard, in which the father of her child lies buried, in one of the worst and filthiest portions of London. (Ch. ii., vii., ix., xii., xvi., xviii., xxviii., xxix., xxxiii., xxxvi., xxxix.–xli., xlviii., liii.–lviii.)

DEDLOCK, VOLUMNIA. A cousin of Sir Leicester Dedlock's, from whom she has an annual allowance, on which she lives at Bath, making occasional visits at the country house of her patron. She is a young lady of sixty, of high standing in the city in which she resides, but a little dreaded elsewhere, in consequence of an indiscreet profusion in the article of rouge, and persistency in wearing an obsolete pearl necklace, like a rosary of little bird's eggs. (Ch. xxviii., xl., liii., liv., lvi., lviii., lxvi.)

DONNY, MISS. Proprietor of a boarding-school, called "Greenleaf," at Reading, where Esther Summerson spends six years. (Ch. iii.)

FLITE, MISS. A half-crazed little old woman, who is a suitor in Chancery, and attends every sitting of the court, expecting judgment in her favour. She tells Esther Summerson—

> "There's a cruel attraction in the place. You *can't* leave it. And you *must* expect. . . . I have been there many years, and I have noticed. It's the Mace and Seal upon the table."
>
> "What could they do, did she think?" I mildly asked her.
>
> "Draw," returned Miss Flite. "Draw people on, my dear. Draw peace out of them. Sense out of them. Good looks out of them. Good qualities out of them. I have felt them even drawing my rest away in the night. Cold and glittering devils! . . . Let me see," said she. "I'll tell you my own case. Before they ever drew me—before I had ever seen them—what was it I used to do? Tambourine playing? No. Tambour work. I and my sister worked at tambour work. Our father and our brother had a builder's business. We all lived together. Ve-ry respectably, my dear! First, our father was drawn—slowly. Home was drawn with him. In a few years, he was a fierce, sour, angry bankrupt, without a kind word or a kind look for any one. He had been so different, Fitz-Jarndyce. He was drawn to

a debtors' prison. There he died. Then our brother was drawn—swiftly—to drunkenness. And rags. And death. Then my sister was drawn. Hush! Never ask to what! Then I was ill, and in misery; and heard, as I had often heard before, that this was all the work of Chancery. When I got better, I went to look at the Monster. And then I found out how it was, and I was drawn to stay there."

(Ch. iii., v., xi., xiv., xx., xxiv., xxxiii., xxxv., xlvi., xlvii., l., lx., lxv.)

GEORGE. *See* ROUNCEWELL, GEORGE.

GRIDLEY, MR., called "THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE." A ruined suitor in Chancery, who periodically appears in court, and breaks out into efforts to address the Chancellor at the close of the day's business, and can by no means be made to understand that the Chancellor is legally ignorant of his existence, after making it desolate for a quarter of a century. He gives Mr. Jarndyce the following account of his case:

"I am one of two brothers. My father (a farmer) made a will, and left his farm and stock, and so forth, to my mother, for her life. After my mother's death, all was to come to me, except a legacy of three hundred pounds I was then to pay my brother. My mother died. My brother, some time afterwards, claimed his legacy. I, and some of my relations, said that he had had a part of it already, in board and lodging, and some other things. Now mind! That was the question, and nothing else. No one disputed the will; no one disputed anything but whether part of that three hundred pounds had been already paid or not. To settle that question, my brother filing a bill, I was obliged to go into this accursed Chancery; I was forced there, because the law forced me, and would let me go nowhere else. Seventeen people were made defendants to that simple suit! It first came on, after two years. It was then stopped for another two years, while the Master (may his head rot off!) inquired whether I was my father's son—about which, there was no dispute at all with any mortal creature. He then found out, that there were not defendants enough—remember, there were only seventeen as yet!—but, that we must have another who had been left out; and must begin all over again. The costs at that time—before the thing was begun!—were three times the legacy. My brother would have given up the legacy, and joyful, to escape more costs. My whole estate, left to me in that will of my father's, has gone in costs. The suit, still undecided, has fallen into rack, and ruin, and despair, with everything else—and here I stand, this day!"

Badgered and worried and tortured by being knocked about from post to pillar and from pillar to post, he gets violent and desperate, threatens the lawyers, and pins the Chancellor like a bull-dog, and is sent to the Fleet over and over again for contempt of court. At last he becomes utterly discouraged and worn out, and suddenly breaks down, and dies in a shooting-gallery, where he is trying to hide from the

officers. In the preface to "Bleak House," Mr. Dickens says of this character—

> Everything set forth in these pages concerning the Court of Chancery is substantially true and within the truth. The case of Gridley is in no essential altered from one of actual occurrence, made public by a disinterested person, who was professionally acquainted with the whole of the monstrous wrong from beginning to end.

(Ch. i., xv., xxiv.)

GRUBBLE, W. Landlord of "The Dedlock Arms," a pleasant-looking, stoutish, middle-aged man, who never seems to consider himself cosily dressed for his own fireside without his hat and top-boots, but who never wears a coat except at church. (Ch. xxxvii.)

GUPPY, MRS. Mother of William Guppy; a wayward old lady, in a large cap, with rather a red nose and rather an unsteady eye, but always smiling all over. (Ch. xxxviii., lxiv.)

GUPPY, WILLIAM. A lawyer's clerk, in the employ of Kenge and Carboy, Mr. Jarndyce's solicitors; usually spoken of as "the young man of the name of Guppy." He conceives a passion for Esther Summerson, the heroine of the story, and declares his love ("files a declaration," as he phrases it) in a very amusing manner. Though refused, and greatly disappointed, he does not quite despair, and, on taking his leave, tells her—

> "In case you should think better—at any time, however distant, *that's* no consequence, for my feelings can never alter—of anything I have said, particularly what might I not do—Mr. William Guppy, eighty-seven, Penton Place, or if removed or dead (of blighted hopes, or anything of that sort), care of Mrs. Guppy, three hundred and two, Old Street Road, will be sufficient."

At a later day, on receiving a business call from Miss Summerson and discovering that, from the effects of illness, she has lost her former beauty, he fancies that she has come to hold him to his proposal, and becomes, in consequence, very confused and apprehensive. Although she assures him that such is not the case, he nevertheless asks her to make a full and explicit statement, before a witness, whose name and address he carefully notes with legal precision, that there has never been any engagement or promise of marriage between them. (Ch. iii., iv., vii., ix., xiii., xix., xx., xxiv., xxix., xxxii., xxxiii., xxxviii., xxxix., xliv., liv., lv., lx., lxiii., lxiv.)

GUSTER (*by some supposed to have been christened* AUGUSTA). Maidservant of the Snagsbys; a lean young woman of some

three or four and twenty, subject to fits. Taken originally from the workhouse, she is so afraid of being sent back there, that, except when she is found with her head in the pail, or the sink, or the copper, or the dinner, or anything else that happens to be near her at the time of her seizure, she is always at work. (Ch. x., xi., xix., xxii., xxv., xlii., lix.)

GUSHER, MR. A friend of Mrs. Pardiggle's; a flabby gentleman, with a moist surface, and eyes so much too small for his moon of a face, that they seem to have been originally made for somebody else. (Ch. xv.)

HAWDON, CAPTAIN. A law-writer who lodges at Mr. Krook's, and gives himself the name of Nemo; formerly a rakish military officer, and a lover of a young lady (afterwards Lady Dedlock), who gives birth to a child (Esther Summerson) of which he is the father. He dies in a garret, and is buried in a miserable graveyard, at the gate of which Lady Dedlock is found lying lifeless, after her flight from her husband's house. (Ch. v., x., xi.)

HORTENSE, MADEMOISELLE. Lady Dedlock's waiting-woman, and the murderess of Mr. Tulkinghorn. (Ch. xii., xviii., xxii., xxiii., xlii., xliv., liv.)

> My lady's maid is a Frenchwoman of two-and-thirty, from somewhere in the southern country about Avignon and Marseilles—a large-eyed brown woman, with black hair; who would be handsome, but for a certain feline mouth, and general uncomfortable tightness of face, rendering the jaws too eager, and the skull too prominent. There is something indefinably keen and wan about her anatomy; and she has a watchful way of looking out of the corners of her eyes without turning her head which could be pleasantly dispensed with—especially when she is in an ill-humour and near knives.

JARNDYCE, JOHN. Guardian of Richard Carstone and Ada Clare, and friend and protector of Esther Summerson. He is an unmarried man of about sixty, upright, hearty, and robust, with silvered iron-gray hair; a handsome, lively, quick face, full of change and motion; pleasant eyes; a sudden, abrupt manner; and a very benevolent heart. He affects to be subject to fits of ill-humour, and has a habit of saying, when deceived or disappointed in any person or matter, that "the wind is in the east;" and of taking refuge in his library, which he calls "The Growlery." Mr. Jarndyce is one of the parties in the celebrated Chancery suit of "Jarndyce and Jarndyce."

> "Of course, Esther," he said, "you don't understand this Chancery business?"
>
> And of course I shook my head.

"I don't know who does," he returned. "The Lawyers have twisted it into such a state of bedevilment that the original merits of the case have long since disappeared from the face of the earth. It's about a Will, and the trusts under a Will—or it was, once. It's about nothing but Costs, now. We are always appearing, and disappearing, and swearing, and interrogating, and filing, and cross-filing, and arguing, and sealing, and motioning, and referring, and reporting, and revolving about the Lord Chancellor and all his satellites, and equitably waltzing ourselves off to dusty death about Costs. That's the great question. All the rest, by some extraordinary means, has melted away."

"But it was, sir," said I, to bring him back, for he began to rub his head, "about a Will?"

"Why, yes, it was about a Will when it was about anything," he returned. "A certain Jarndyce, in an evil hour, made a great fortune, and made a great Will. In the question how the trusts under that Will are to be administered, the fortune left by the Will is squandered away; the legatees under the Will are reduced to such a miserable condition that they would be sufficiently punished, if they had committed an enormous crime in having money left them; and the Will itself is made a dead letter. All through the deplorable cause, everything that everybody in it, except one man, knows already, is referred to that only one man who don't know it, to find out—all through the deplorable cause, everybody must have copies, over and over again, of everything that has accumulated about it in the way of cart-loads of papers (or must pay for them without having them, which is the usual course, for nobody wants them); and must go down the middle and up again, through such an infernal country-dance of costs, and fees, and nonsense, and corruption, as was never dreamed of in the wildest visions of a Witch's Sabbath. . . . And thus, through years and years, and lives and lives, everything goes on, constantly beginning over and over again, and nothing ever ends. And we can't get out of the suit on any terms, for we are made parties to it, and *must be* parties to it, whether we like it or not. But it won't do to think of it."

And Mr. Jarndyce does not allow himself to think of it, if he can possibly help doing so. With the warning example of so many of his kinsmen, living or dead, always before him, he refuses to enter the court, or have anything whatever, of his own accord, to do with the case; but he deeply pities and benevolently assists those of his relatives who have thrown themselves into it, and make it the object of their lives. It is found, however, that the whole estate has been absorbed in costs; and thus the suit lapses and melts entirely away. (Ch. i., iii., vi., viii., ix., xiii.–xv., xvii., xviii., xxiii., xxiv., xxx., xxxi., xxxv.–xxxvii., xxxix., xliii.–xlv., xlvii., l.–lii., lvi., lx.–lxii., lxiv., lxv., lxvii.)

JELLYBY, CAROLINE, called "CADDY." Mrs. Jellyby's eldest daughter, and her amanuensis; a pretty and industrious but sadly neglected and overworked girl. Becoming heartily disgusted and tired with copying never-ending letters to in-

numerable correspondents concerning the welfare of her species, she resolves that she won't be a slave all her life, and accordingly marries Prince Turveydrop, who makes her very happy. (Ch. iv., v., xiv., xviii., xxiii., xxx., xxxviii., l., lxv., lxvii.)

JELLYBY, MRS. A very pretty, very diminutive, plump woman, of from forty to fifty, with handsome eyes, though they have a curious habit of looking a long way off. She is a lady of remarkable strength of character, who has devoted herself to an extensive variety of public subjects, at various times, and especially to the subject of Africa, with a view to the general cultivation of the coffee-berry, *and* the natives, and the happy settlement of a portion of our superabundant home population in Borrioboola-Gha, on the left bank of the Niger. Her energies are so entirely devoted to this philanthropic project, that she finds no time to consider the happiness or welfare of her own family; and the result is, that her children grow up dirty, ignorant, and uncared-for; her house is disgracefully cold, cheerless, and untidy; and her husband becomes a dejected and miserable bankrupt. (Ch. iv., v., xix., xxiii., xxx., xxxviii., l., lxvii.)

JELLYBY, MR. The husband of Mrs. Jellyby; a mild, bald, quiet gentleman in spectacles, who is completely merged in the more shining qualities of his wife. (Ch. iv., xiv., xxiii., xxx., xxxviii., l., lvii.)

JELLYBY, "PEEPY" (so self-named). A neglected and unfortunate son of Mr. and Mrs. Jellyby. (Ch. iv., v., xiv., xxiii., xxx., xxxviii., lxvii.)

JENNY. Wife of a drunken brickmaker. (Ch. viii., xxii., xxxi., xxxv., xlvi., lvii.)

JO, called "TOUGHEY." A street-crossing sweeper. A stranger who has died very suddenly has been seen speaking to Jo, who is brought before the coroner's jury.

> Here he is, very muddy, very hoarse, very ragged. Now, boy!—But stop a minute. Caution. This boy must be put through a few preliminary paces.
>
> Name, Jo. Nothing else that he knows on. Don't know that everybody has two names. Never heerd of sich a think. Don't know that Jo is short for a longer name. Thinks it long enough for *him*. *He* don't find no fault with it. Spell it? No. *He* can't spell it. No father, no mother, no friends. Never been to school. What's home? Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie. Don't recollect who told him about the broom, or about the lie, but knows both. Can't exactly say what'll be done to him arter he's dead if he tells a lie to the gentlemen here, but he believes it'll be something wery bad to punish him, and serve him right—and so he'll tell the truth.

His evidence is set aside. Questioned apart, however, and privately, Jo tells his story with directness, and a touching and simple pathos. He knows—

That the dead man (whom he recognised just now by his yellow face and black hair) was sometimes hooted and pursued about the streets. That one cold winter night, when he, the boy, was shivering in a doorway near his crossing, the man turned to look at him, and came back, and having questioned him, and found that he had not a friend in the world, said, "Neither have I. Not one!" and gave him the price of a supper and a night's lodging. That the man had often spoken to him since, and asked him whether he slept sound at night, and how he bore cold and hunger, and whether he ever wished to die; and similar strange questions. That when the man had no money, he would say in passing, "I'm as poor as you to-day, Jo;" but that when he had any, he had always (as the boy most heartily believes) been glad to give him some.

"He wos wery good to me," says the boy, wiping his eyes with his wretched sleeve. "When I see him a-layin' so stretched out just now, I wished he could have heerd me tell him so. He wos wery good to me, he wos!"

The stranger is buried, unwept and unregretted: no, not unregretted; for—

With the night, comes a slouching figure through the tunnel-court, to the outside of the iron gate. It holds the gate with its hands, and looks in between the bars; stands looking in for a little while.

It then, with an old broom it carries, softly sweeps the step, and makes the archway clean. It does so very busily and trimly; looks in again a little while; and so departs.

Jo, is it thou? Well, well! Though a rejected witness, who "can't exactly say" what will be done to him in greater hands than men's, thou art not quite in outer darkness. There is something like a distant ray of light in thy muttered reason for this:

"He wos wery good to me, he wos!"

Becoming accidentally and unfortunately possessed of information which involves the secret of Lady Dedlock, poor Jo is driven away from London by officers in the service of Mr. Tulkinghorn, and is always being told to "move on," no matter where he may seek a resting-place. Worn out at last, he steals into the city, avoiding even those who would befriend him, but is finally found and taken in charge by a kind physician (Mr. Woodcourt), who knows a portion of his story; and in the illness which follows is properly cared for. Jo desires to be laid in the strangers' burying-ground, near his unknown friend.

"He used fur to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he sez. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him now, and have come there to be laid along with him. . . . Will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thank'ee, sir. Thank'ee, sir. They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there as I used for to clean with my broom.—It's turned wery dark, sir. Is there any light a-comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. . . . The rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin'—a-gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anythink as you say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"Our Father."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good."

"Which art in Heaven."

"Art in Heaven—is the light a-comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. Hallowed be thy name!"

"Hallowed be—thy——"

The light is come upon the dark, benighted way. Dead!

Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with Heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day.

(Ch. xi., xvi., xix., xx., xxv., xxix., xxxii., xlvi., xlvii.)

JOBLING, TONY, otherwise "Weevle." A friend of Mr. Guppy's, and a law writer for Mr. Snagsby. "He has the faded appearance of a gentleman in embarrassed circumstances; even his light whiskers droop with something of a shabby air." (Ch. vii., xx., xxxii., xxxiii., xxxix., liv., lv., lxiv.)

KENGE, MR., called "Conversation Kenge." Senior member of the firm of Kenge and Carboy, solicitors; a portly, important-looking gentleman dressed in black, with a white cravat, large gold watch seals, a pair of gold eye-glasses, and a large seal ring upon his little finger. (Ch. iii., iv., xiii., xvii.–xx., xxiii., xxiv., xxxvii., xxxix., lxii., lxv.)

He appeared to enjoy beyond everything the sound of his own voice. I couldn't wonder at that, for it was mellow and full, and gave great importance to every word he uttered. He listened to himself with obvious satisfaction, and sometimes gently beat time to his own music with his head, or rounded a sentence with his hand.

KROOK, MR. Proprietor of a rag and bottle shop, and dealer in marine stores, bones, kitchen-stuff, waste paper, &c.; landlord to Miss Flite and Captain Hawdon; and only brother to Mrs. Smallweed. He is unmarried, old, eccentric, and much given to the use of intoxicating drinks. In person he is short, cadaverous, and withered; with his head sunk sideways between his shoulders, and the breath issuing in visible smoke from his mouth, as if he were on fire within. His only companion is a large gray cat, of a fierce disposition,

which is accustomed to sit on his shoulder. With this man, Mr. Jobling has an appointment for twelve o'clock on a certain night. Going into the room at the hour agreed upon, he finds it full of smoke, the window-panes and furniture covered with a dark, greasy deposit, more of which is discovered lying in a small heap of ashes on the floor before the fire. The explanation is that Krook has perished, a victim to spontaneous combustion.

This incident excited much controversy at the time of the publication of "Bleak House;" the possibility of spontaneous combustion being vehemently denied by Mr. G. H. Lewes and others. In his preface, Mr. Dickens maintains his ground, and brings forward a number of "notable facts" in support of his position. (Ch. v., x., xi., xiv., xix., xx., xxix., xxxii.)

LIZ. A brickmaker's wife. (Ch. viii., xxii., xxxi., xlvi., lvii.)

MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE, THE. *See* GRIDLEY, MR.

MELVILLESON, MISS M. A "noted siren," or vocalist, advertised under that name, though she has been married a year and a half, and has her baby clandestinely conveyed to The Sol's Arms every night to receive its natural nourishment during the entertainments. (Ch. xxxii., xxxiii., xxxix.)

MERCURY. A footman in the service of Sir Leicester Dedlock. (Ch. ii., xvi., xxix., xxxiii., xl., xlviii., liii., liv.)

MOONEY. A beadle. (Ch. xi.)

NECKETT, CHARLOTTE, called "CHARLEY." Elder daughter of Mr. Neckett, a sheriff's officer. She is a womanly, self-reliant girl of about thirteen or fourteen, who, after the death of her father, goes out to work to earn a livelihood for herself and a younger brother and sister.

She is visited by Mr. Jarndyce; and the following conversation ensues:

"Do you often go out?"

"As often as I can," said Charley, opening her eyes, and smiling, "because of earning sixpences and shillings!"

"And do you always lock the babies up when you go out?"

"To keep 'em safe, sir, don't you see?" said Charley. "Mrs. Blinder comes up now and then, and Mr. Gridley comes up sometimes, and perhaps I can run in sometimes, and they can play you know, and Tom an't afraid of being locked up, are you, Tom?"

"No-o!" said Tom, stoutly.

"When it comes on dark, the lamps are lighted down in the court, and they show up here quite bright—almost quite bright. Don't they, Tom?"

"Yes, Charley," said Tom, "almost quite bright."

"Then he's as good as gold," said the little creature—O! in such

a motherly, womanly way! "And when Emma's tired, he puts her to bed. And when he's tired, he goes to bed himself. And when I come home and light the candle, and has a bit of supper, he sits up again and has it with me. Don't you, Tom?"

"O yes, Charley!" said Tom. "That I do!"

And either in this glimpse of the great pleasure of his life, or in gratitude and love for Charley, who was all in all to him, he laid his face among the scanty folds of her frock, and passed from laughing into crying.

(Ch. xv., xxi., xxiii., xxx., xxxi., xxxv.–xxxvii., xliv., xlv., li., lxi., lxii., lxiv., lxvii.)

NECKETT, EMMA. Infant daughter of Mr. Neckett. (Ch. xv., xxiii., lxvii.)

NECKETT, MR. A sheriff's officer. (Ch. vi., xv.)

NECKETT, TOM. Mr. Neckett's only son; brother to "Charley" and Emma. (Ch. xv., xxiii., lxvii.)

NEMO. *See* HAWDON, CAPTAIN.

PARDIGGLE, MR. O. A., F.R.S. Husband of Mrs. Pardiggle; an obstinate-looking man, with a large waistcoat and stubbly hair, always talking in a loud bass voice about his mite, or Mrs. Pardiggle's mite, or their five boys' mites. (Ch. viii., xxx.)

PARDIGGLE, MRS. One of those charitable people who do little and make a great deal of noise. She is a School lady, a Visiting lady, a Reading lady, a Distributing lady, and on the Social Linen Box Committee, and many general committees. (Ch. viii., xv., xxx.)

PARDIGGLE, ALFRED. Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle, aged five years. He voluntarily enrols himself in the "Infant Bonds of Joy," and is pledged never, through life, to use tobacco in any form. (Ch. viii.)

PARDIGGLE, EGBERT. Eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle, aged twelve years. He sends out his pocket-money, to the amount of five and threepence, to the Tockahoopo Indians. (Ch. viii.)

PARDIGGLE, FELIX. Fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle, aged seven years; contributor of eightpence to the "Superannuated Widows." (Ch. viii.)

PARDIGGLE, FRANCIS. Third son of Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle, aged nine years; a contributor of one and sixpence halfpenny to the "Great National Smithers Testimonial." (Ch. viii.)

PARDIGGLE, OSWALD. Second son of Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle, aged ten and a half. He gives two and nine-

pence to the "Great National Smithers Testimonial." (Ch. viii.)

PERKINS, MRS. An inquisitive woman living near The Sol's Arms; neighbour to Mr. Krook. (Ch. xi., xx., xxxii., xxxiii., xxxix.)

PIPER, MRS. A woman who lives near Krook's rag and bottle shop, and who leads the court. (Ch. xi., xx., xxxii., xxxiii., xxxix.)

PRISCILLA. Mrs. Jellyby's servant girl; "always drinking." (Ch. iv., v.)

QUALE, MR. A friend of Mrs. Jellyby's; a loquacious young man with large shining knobs for temples, and his hair all brushed to the back of his head. He is a philanthropist, and has a project for teaching the coffee colonists of Borrioboola-Gha to teach the natives to turn pianoforte legs, and establish an export trade. (Ch. iv., v., xv., xxiii.)

RACHAEL, MRS. Servant to Miss Barbary; afterwards the wife of the Reverend Mr. Chadband.

ROSA. Lady Dedlock's maid; a dark-haired, shy village beauty, betrothed to Watt Rouncewell. (Ch. vii., xii., xvi., xviii., xxviii., xl., xlviii., lxiii.)

ROUNCEWELL, MRS. Sir Leicester Dedlock's housekeeper at Chesney Wold; a fine old lady, handsome, stately, and wonderfully neat. (Ch. vii., xii., xvi., xxviii., xxxiv., xl., lii., lv., lvi., lviii.)

ROUNCEWELL, MR. Her son; an ironmaster; father of Watt Rouncewell. (Ch. vii., xxviii., xl., xlviii., lxiii.)

ROUNCEWELL, GEORGE, called "MR. GEORGE." Another son; a wild young lad, who enlists as a soldier, and afterwards becomes keeper of a shooting-gallery in London. (Ch. vii., xxi., xxiv., xxvi., xxvii., xxxiv., xlvii., xlix., lii., lv., lvi., lviii., lxiii., lxvi.)

ROUNCEWELL, WATT. Her grandson, betrothed to Rosa. (Ch. vii., xii., xviii., xxviii., xl., xlviii., lxiii.)

SHROPSHIRE, THE MAN FROM. *See* GRIDLEY, MR.

SKIMPOLE, ARETHUSA. Mr. Skimpole's blue-eyed "Beauty" daughter, who plays and sings odds and ends, like her father. (Ch. xliii.)

SKIMPOLE, HAROLD. A protégé of Mr. John Jarndyce; a sentimentalist, brilliant, vivacious, and engaging, but thoroughly selfish and unprincipled; a genial caricature—so far as mere external peculiarities and mannerisms are con-

cerned—of Leigh Hunt. The likeness was instantly recognised; and Mr. Dickens, while admitting that he had "yielded to the temptation of too often making the character speak like his old friend," felt himself called upon to declare, that "he no more thought, God forgive him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature, than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture." (Ch. iv., viii., ix., xv., xviii., xxxi., xxxvii., xliii., xlvi., lvii., lxi.)

He was a little bright creature, with a rather large head; but a delicate face, and a sweet voice, and there was a perfect charm in him. All he said was so free from effort and spontaneous, and was said with such a captivating gaiety, that it was fascinating to hear him talk. . . . He had more the appearance, in all respects, of a damaged young man, than a well-preserved elderly one. There was an easy negligence in his manner, and even in his dress (his hair carelessly disposed, and his neck-kerchief loose and flowing, as I have seen artists paint their own portraits), which I could not separate from the idea of a romantic youth who had undergone some unique process of depreciation.

Mr. Skimpole is constantly getting into debt, and as constantly being helped out by somebody whom he never seriously thanks. He says of himself—

"I am constantly being bailed out, like a boat; or paid off like a ship's company. Somebody always does it for me. *I* can't do it, you know, for I never have any money; but Somebody does it. I get out by Somebody's means. I am not like the starling: I get out. If you were to ask me who Somebody is, upon my word, I couldn't tell you. Let us drink to Somebody. God bless him!"

Mr. Skimpole is arrested for debt. He turns the matter over to his friends, completely washing his hands of the entire affair, and smiles benevolently on them as they pay him out. His furniture is seized. He remonstrates with his landlord, informing him that the articles are not paid for, and that his friend Jarndyce will have to suffer if they are taken. No attention being paid to this, he is greatly amused at "the oddity of the thing," not understanding how a man can wish to pay himself "at another man's expense." On another occasion he tells Mr. Jarndyce—

"My butcher says to me, he wants that little bill. It's a part of the pleasant unconscious poetry of the man's nature, that he always calls it a 'little' bill—to make the payment appear easy to both of us. I reply to the butcher, 'My good friend, if you knew it you are paid. You haven't had the trouble of coming to ask for the little bill. You are paid. I mean it.'"

"But suppose," said my guardian, laughing, "he had meant the meat in the bill, instead of providing it?"

"My dear Jarndyce," he returned, "you surprise me. You take the butcher's position. A butcher I once dealt with, occupied that very ground. Says he, 'Sir, why did you eat spring lamb at eighteen-pence a pound?' 'Why did I eat spring lamb at eighteen-pence a pound, my honest friend?' said I, naturally amazed by the question. 'I like spring lamb!' This was so far convincing. 'Well, sir,' says he, 'I wish I had meant the lamb as you mean the money!' 'My good fellow,' said I, 'pray let us reason like intellectual beings. How could that be? It was impossible. You *had* got the lamb, and I have *not* got the money. You couldn't really mean the lamb without sending it in, whereas I can, and do, really mean the money without paying it!' He had not a word. There was an end of the subject."

SKIMPOLE, MRS. Wife of Harold Skimpole; a delicate, high-nosed invalid, suffering under a complication of disorders. (Ch. xliii.)

SKIMPOLE, KITTY. Mr. Skimpole's "Comedy" daughter, who sings a little, but don't play. (Ch. xliii.)

SKIMPOLE, LAURA. Mr. Skimpole's "Sentiment" daughter, who plays a little, but don't sing. (Ch. xliii.)

SMALLWEED, BARTHOLOMEW, jocularly called "SMALL" *and* "CHICK WEED." Grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Smallweed, twin brother of Judy, and a friend of Mr. William Guppy, on whom he sponges for dinners as often as he can. (Ch. xx., xxi., xxxiii., xxxix., lv., lxiii.)

He is a town-made article, of small stature and weazen features; but may be perceived from a considerable distance by means of his very tall hat. To become a Guppy is the object of his ambition. He dresses at that gentleman (by whom he is patronised), talks at him, walks at him, founds himself entirely on him. . . . He is a weird changeling, to whom years are nothing. He stands precociously possessed of centuries of owlish wisdom. If he ever lay in a cradle, it seems as if he must have lain there in a tail-coat. He has an old, old eye; . . . and he drinks and smokes, in a monkeyish way; and his neck is stiff in his collar; and he is never to be taken in; and he knows all about it, whatever it is.

SMALLWEED, GRANDFATHER. An old man who has been in the "discounting profession," but has become superannuated, and nearly helpless. His mind, however, is unimpaired, and still holds, as well as it ever did, the first four rules of arithmetic, and a certain small collection of the hardest facts. His favourite amusement is to throw at the head of his venerable partner a spare cushion, with which he is provided, whenever she makes an allusion to money—a subject on which he is particularly sensitive. The exertion this requires has the effect of always throwing him back into his chair like a broken puppet, and makes it necessary that he should undergo the two operations, at the hands of his grand-

daughter, of being shaken up like a great bottle, and poked and punched like a great bolster. (Ch. xxi., xxvi., xxvii., xxxiii., xxxiv., liv., lv., lxiii.)

SMALLWEED, GRANDMOTHER. His wife; so far fallen into a childish state as to have regained such infantine graces as a total want of observation, memory, understanding and interest, and an eternal disposition to fall asleep over the fire, and into it. (Ch. xxi., xxvi., xxvii., xxxiii., xxxiv., lxiii.)

SMALLWEED, JUDY. Granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Smallweed, and twin sister of Bartholomew. She is so indubitably his sister, that the two kneaded into one would hardly make a young person of average proportions. (Ch. xxi., xxvi., xxvii., xxxiii., xxxiv., lxiii.)

SNAGSBY, MR. A law stationer in Cook's Court, Cursitor Street; a mild, bald, timid man, tending to meekness and obesity, with a shining head and a scrubby clump of black hair sticking out at the back. Being a timid man, he is accustomed to cough with a variety of expressions, and so to save words. (Ch. x., xi., xix., xx., xxii., xxv., xxxiii., xlii., xlvii., liv., lix.)

SNAGSBY, MRS. His wife; a short shrewish woman, something too violently compressed about the waist, and with a nose, like a sharp autumn evening, inclining to be frosty towards the end. (Ch. x., xi., xix., xx., xxii., xxv., xxxiii, xlii., xlvii., liv., lix.)

> Mr. and Mrs. Snagsby are not only one bone and one flesh, but, to the neighbours thinking, one voice too. That voice, appearing to proceed from Mrs. Snagsby alone, is heard in Cook's Court very often. . . . Mr. Snagsby refers everything not in the practical mysteries of the business to Mrs. Snagsby. She manages the money, reproaches the tax-gatherers, appoints the time and places of devotion on Sundays, licenses Mr. Snagsby's entertainments, and acknowledges no responsibility as to what she thinks fit to provide for dinner. . . . Rumour, always flying, bat-like, about Cook's Court, and skimming in and out at everybody's windows, does say that Mrs. Snagsby is jealous and inquisitive; and that Mr. Snagsby is sometimes worried out of house and home, and that if he had the spirit of a mouse he wouldn't stand it.

SQUOD, PHIL. A man employed in Mr. George's shooting-gallery.

> He is a little man with a face all crushed together, who appears, from a certain blue and speckled appearance that one of his cheeks presents, to have been blown up, in the way of business, at some odd time or times. . . . On the speckled side of his face he has no eyebrow, and on the other side he has a bushy black one, which want of

uniformity gives him a very singular and rather sinister appearance. Everything seems to have happened to his hands that could possibly take place, consistently with the retention of all the fingers; for they are notched, and seamed, and crumpled all over. . . . He has a curious way of limping round the gallery with his shoulder against the wall, and tacking off at objects he wants to lay hold of, instead of going straight to them, which has left a smear all round the four walls, conventionally called "Phil's mark."

(Ch. xxi., xxiv., xxvi., xxxiv., xlvii., lvi., lxvi.)

STABLES, THE HONOURABLE BOB. Cousin to Sir Leicester Dedlock. (Ch. ii., xxviii., xl., lviii.)

SUMMERSON, ESTHER. Protégée of Mr. Jarndyce; afterwards the wife of Allan Woodcourt. She is the narrator of a part of the story, and is represented as a prudent, wise little body, a notable housewife, a self-denying friend, and a universal favourite. She proves to be an illegitimate daughter of Lady Dedlock and Captain Hawdon. (Ch. iii.–vi., viii., ix., xiii.–xv., xvii.–xix., xxiii., xxiv., xxix.–xxxi. xxxv.–xxxviii., xliii.–xlv., xlvii., l.–lii., liv., lvi., lvii., lix.–lxv., lxvii.)

SWILLS, LITTLE. A red-faced comic vocalist, engaged at the Harmonic meetings at The Sol's Arms. (Ch. xi., xix., xxxii., xxxiii., xxxix.)

TANGLE, MR. A lawyer who knows more about the case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce than anybody, and is supposed never to have read anything else since he left school. (Ch. i.)

THOMAS. Sir Leicester Dedlock's groom. (Ch. xl.)

TOUGHEY. *See* Jo.

TULKINGHORN, MR. An attorney-at-law, and a solicitor of the Court of Chancery, who is the legal adviser of Sir Leicester Dedlock.

The old gentleman s rusty to look at, but is reputed to have made good thrift out of aristocratic marriage settlements and aristocratic wills, and to be very rich. He is surrounded by a mysterious halo of family confidences; of which he is known to be the silent depository. . . . He is of what is called the old school—a phrase generally meaning any school that seems never to have been young—and wears knee-breeches tied with ribbons, and gaiters or stockings. One peculiarity of his black clothes, and of his black stockings, be they silk or worsted, is that they never shine. Mute, close, irresponsive to any glancing light, his dress is like himself. He never converses, when not professionally consulted. He is found sometimes, speechless but quite at home, at corners of dinner-tables in great country houses, and near doors of drawing-rooms, concerning which the fashionable intelligence is eloquent: where everybody knows him, and where half the Peerage stops to say, "How do you do, Mr. Tulkinghorn?" He receives these salutations with gravity, and buries them along with the rest of his knowledge.

Becoming acquainted with the early history of Lady Dedlock, he quietly informs her of the fact, and of his intention to reveal it to her husband, which causes her eventually to flee from home, and results in her death. Shortly after this disclosure, he is murdered in his room by a French waiting-maid, whom he has made use of to discover certain family secrets, and whom he refuses to reward to the amount she desires. (Ch. ii., vii., x.–xii., xv., xvi., xxii., xxiv., xxvii., xxix., xxxiii., xxxiv., xxxvi., xl.–xlii., xliv., xlvii., xlviii.)

TURVEYDROP, MR. "A very gentlemanly man, celebrated almost everywhere for his deportment." (Ch. xiv., xxiii., xxx., xxxviii., l., lvii.)

He was a fat old gentleman with a false complexion, false teeth, false whiskers, and a wig. He had a fur collar, and he had a padded breast to his coat, which only wanted a star or a broad blue ribbon to be complete. He was pinched in, and swelled out, and got up, and strapped down, as much as he could possibly bear. He had such a neckcloth on (puffing his very eyes out of their natural shape), and his chin and even his ears so sunk into it, that it seemed as though he must inevitably double up, if it were cast loose. He had, under his arm, a hat of great size and weight, shelving downward from the crown to the brim; and in his hand a pair of white gloves, with which he flapped it, as he stood poised on one leg, in a high-shouldered, round-elbowed state of elegance not to be surpassed. He had a cane, he had an eye-glass, he had a snuff-box, he had rings, he had wristbands, he had everything but any touch of nature; he was not like youth, he was not like age, he was not like anything in the world but a model of Deportment.

He had married a meek little dancing-mistress, with a tolerable connection (having never in his life before done anything but deport himself), and had worked her to death, or had, at the best, suffered her to work herself to death, to maintain him in those expenses which were indispensable to his position. At once to exhibit his Deportment to the best models, and to keep the best models constantly before himself, he had found it necessary to frequent all public places of fashionable and lounging resort; to be seen at Brighton and elsewhere at fashionable times; and to lead an idle life in the very best clothes. To enable him to do this, the affectionate little dancing-mistress had toiled and laboured, and would have toiled and laboured to that hour if her strength had lasted so long. For, . . . in spite of the man's absorbing selfishness, his wife (overpowered by his Deportment) had, to the last, believed in him, and had, on her death-bed, in the most moving terms, confided him to their son as one who had an inextinguishable claim upon him, and whom he could never regard with too much pride and deference. The son, inheriting his mother's belief, and having the Deportment always before him, had lived and grown in the same faith, and now, at thirty years of age, worked for his father twelve hours a day, and looked up to him with veneration on the old imaginary pinnacle.

TURVEYDROP, PRINCE. His son; so named in remembrance of the Prince Regent, whom Mr. Turveydrop the

elder adored on account of his deportment. He is a little blue-eyed fair man, of youthful appearance, with flaxen hair parted in the middle, and curling at the ends all round his head. He marries Miss Caddy Jellyby. (Ch. xiv., xvii., xxiii., xxx., xxxviii., l., lvii.)

VHOLES, MR. Richard Carstone's solicitor; a man who is always "putting his shoulder to the wheel," without any visible results, and is continually referring to the fact that he is a widower, with three daughters and an aged father in the Vale of Taunton, who are dependent on him for their support. (Ch. xxxvii., xxxix., xlv., li., lxi., lxii., lxv.)

> A sallow man, with pinched lips that looked as if they were cold, a red eruption here and there upon his face, tall and thin, about fifty years of age, high-shouldered and stooping. Dressed in black, black-gloved, and buttoned to the chin, there was nothing so remarkable in him as a lifeless manner and a slow, fixed way he had of looking . . . .

WEEVLE, MR. *See* JOBLING, TONY.

WISK, MISS. A friend of Mrs. Jellyby's, betrothed to Mr. Quale. Her "mission" is to show the world that woman's mission is man's mission, and that the only genuine mission of both man and woman is to be always moving declaratory resolutions about things in general at public meetings. (Ch. xxx.)

WOODCOURT, ALLAN. A young surgeon, who afterwards marries Esther Summerson. (Ch. xi., xiii., xiv., xvii., xxx., xxxv., xlvi., xlvii., l.–lii., lix.–lxi., lxiv., lxv., lxvii.)

WOODCOURT, MRS. His mother; a handsome old lady, small, sharp, upright, and trim, with bright black eyes; very proud of her descent from an illustrious Welsh ancestor, named Morgan-ap-Kerrig. (Ch. xvii., xxx., lx., lxii., lxiv.)

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I. The High Court of Chancery in session, with the suit of Jarndyce and Jarndyce; the Lord Chancellor postpones the hearing.—II. Mr. Tulkinghorn reports some new proceedings in the case to Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock; Lady Dedlock asks who copied an affidavit he reads; she swoons.—III. Esther Summerson narrates the history of her childhood, under the care of her godmother; she is informed of the stain upon her birth; she is introduced to Mr. Kenge; Miss Barbary dies, and Esther learns she was her aunt; Mr. Jarndyce's offer to educate Esther; on

her journey to Reading, Esther is roughly befriended by a gentleman in the coach; she spends six years in Miss Donny's establishment, when she is summoned to London by Mr. Jarndyce as a companion for his ward; Esther meets Ada Clare and Richard Carstone, and they go before the Lord Chancellor; Miss Flite bestows her blessing.—IV. Esther, Ada, and Richard go to Mrs. Jellyby's to spend the night, and find her very busy with African matters; Caddy Jellyby complains to Esther of the African business, and falls asleep with her head on Esther's lap.—V. The young people encounter Miss Flite again, who invites them to her lodgings, over Mr. Krook's, to whom she introduces them; Mr. Krook relates the story of Tom Jarndyce and his suicide; Miss Flite shows her birds; old Krook surprises Esther by writing out "Jarndyce" and "Bleak House" letter by letter.—VI. On the road to Bleak House the young people receive notes of welcome from Mr. Jarndyce; Esther recognises in Mr. Jarndyce her stage-coach friend of six years before; description of Bleak House; Esther receives the housekeeping keys; Mr. Skimpole is presented and his character described; Skimpole is arrested for debt, and released by Esther and Richard, who pay the debt; Mr. Jarndyce cautions them against Mr. Skimpole's weaknesses; Mr. Jarndyce experiences sudden changes in the wind.—VII. Mrs. Rouncewell, housekeeper at Chesney Wold, conversing with her grandson, receives a call from Mr. Guppy, who desires to see the house; he knows Lady Dedlock's picture, but don't know how he knows it; Mrs. Rouncewell relates to her grandson and Rosa the story of the Ghost's Walk.—VIII. Mr. Skimpole discourses on the bee; Mr. Jarndyce introduces Esther to the Growlery, and explains the Chancery business; Esther finds her advice sought in everything; Mrs. Pardiggle calls with her family; she explains her mission and her energy in it; Esther and Ada accompany Mrs. Pardiggle on her visit to the brickmaker's; Jenny's infant dies; sympathy of Jenny's friend, and Esther, and Ada.—IX. Richard's reasoning to prove that he makes money; Mr. Boythorn arrives at Bleak House; his account of his lawsuit with Sir Leicester Dedlock; Mr. Guppy calls upon Mr. Boythorn on business from Kenge and Carboy; he asks to see Esther alone, and "makes an offer," which she declines.—X. Mr. Tulkinghorn calls on Mr. Snagsby to ascertain who copied an affidavit in Jarndyce and Jarndyce; Mr. Snagsby conducts him to Krook's house, where the copyist lodges.—XI. Gaining admission to the lodger's room, Mr. Tulkinghorn finds him dead from an overdose of opium; Mr. Snagsby relates what he knows of the deceased; Mr. Tulkinghorn suggests a search for papers, but none are found; the coroner sets aside Jo's evidence; Jo watches the dead man's grave.—XII. Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, on the road home from Paris, receive Mr. Tulkinghorn's message that he had seen the person who copied the affidavit; Lady Dedlock takes notice of Rosa, which gives Hortense offence; Mr. Tulkinghorn arrives at Chesney Wold, and gives them an account of the dead copyist.—XIII. Richard, choosing a profession, decides to become a surgeon; Mr. Kenge recommends Mr. Bayham Badger, and Richard is placed with him; Esther is worried by Mr. Guppy's attentions; Mr. Jarndyce and his wards dine at Mr. Bayham Badger's; Ada confides to Esther her engagement to Richard; and they all consult Mr. Jarndyce.—XIV. Richard begins to trust to the success of the suit in Chancery; Caddy Jellyby calls upon Esther and Ada; she informs them of her engagement; Esther accompanies her to Mr. Turveydrop's academy, and is introduced to Prince Turveydrop; Mr. Turveydrop, senior, exhibits his "Deportment;" Caddy shows a desire to learn housekeeping; going to Miss Flite's

room to meet Mr. Jarndyce and Ada, Esther learns of the suicide of Mr. Krook's lodger; Mr. Allan Woodcourt appears as Miss Flite's medical attendant; Miss Flite receives a pension from an unknown source; Krook repeats the names of Miss Flite's birds; his attempts to teach himself to read.—XV. Mr. Skimpole's method of paying his debts; he informs Esther of the death of "Coavinses;" they all visit Bell Yard to find Neckett's children; how Charley takes care of her brother and sister; Mrs. Blinder explains the situation of the family; Mr. Gridley's suit in Equity; Mr. Skimpole's commentary on this state of things.—XVI. Jo, sweeping his crossing, is accosted by a lady, to whom, at her request, he points out the places associated with the dead copyist, and is rewarded with a sovereign.—XVII. Richard becomes languid in the profession he has chosen; he argues to Esther that it is of little consequence, being only a kind of probation until their suit is decided; he thinks "the law is the boy for him;" Mr. Jarndyce tells Esther all he knows of her early history; Mr. Woodcourt comes to take leave before going to India; Caddy Jellyby brings the flowers left by Mr. Woodcourt for Esther.—XVIII. Richard shows his careless disposition in money-matters; Mr. Skimpole's idea of property; they visit Mr. Boythorn, and receive a characteristic welcome; Esther experiences peculiar emotions on seeing Lady Dedlock in church; the same feelings return on meeting her in a lodge where they take shelter from the rain; how the pride of Hortense was wounded, and how she revenged herself.—XIX. Mr. and Mrs. Chadband take tea with the Snagsbys; Mr. Chadband discourses; a constable brings Jo to Mr. Snagsby's because he won't "move on;" Mr. Guppy appears on the scene; Jo tells the story of the lady and the sovereign; Mr. Chadband improves the occasion, and Jo "moves on."—XX. Mr. Guppy invites his friends Smallweed and Jobling to dine with him; Mr. Guppy proposes to Jobling to apply for copying to Snagsby, and also to take the vacant lodgings at Krook's; Mr. Guppy presents his friend to Krook under the name of Weevle, and he takes possession of the room.—XXI. The Smallweed family introduced; Mr. George calls to pay the interest on a loan from Mr. Smallweed's "friend in the City;" their talk concerning Captain Hawdon; returning to his shooting-gallery, George is received by Phil Squod.—XXII. Mr. Snagsby, repeating to Mr. Tulkinghorn Jo's story of the sovereign, is surprised to find Mr. Bucket in company; Mr. Bucket and Snagsby go to "Tom-all-Alone's" in search of Jo; they find Jenny and her friend; finding Jo, they return with him to Mr. Tulkinghorn's rooms, where Jo recognises the dress of the lady who bestowed the sovereign, but not the lady herself, she being personated by Mademoiselle Hortense.—XXIII. Mr. Jarndyce and his wards return to Bleak House; Hortense offers herself to Esther as lady's maid; Richard is again unsettled, and now makes choice of the army; Caddy consults Esther on breaking the news of her engagement to Mr. Turveydrop and Mrs. Jellyby; Mr. Turveydrop is overcome, but soon recovers; Mrs. Jellyby is too much absorbed in Borrioboola-Gha to show any interest in her daughter; Esther returns home and finds Charley engaged as her maid.—XXIV. Mr. Jarndyce desires Richard and Ada to cancel their engagement before Richard joins his regiment; Mr. George calls to teach Richard fencing, and thinks he has seen Esther before; Esther and Richard visit the Court of Chancery; Mr. Guppy introduces Mrs. Chadband, formerly Mrs. Rachael; Mr. George appears in search of Miss Flite, whom Gridley, who is hiding at George's to avoid arrest, wants to see; Esther and Richard accompany them to George's; Mr. Bucket obtains admittance in disguise; death of Gridley.

—XXV. Mrs. Snagsby becomes suspicious and jealous; Mr. Chadband "improves a tough subject;" Jo is fed by Guster, Mr. Snagsby's servant, and dismissed by Snagsby with the gift of half-a-crown.—XXVI. Mr. George and Phil Squod converse about the country; Phil's account of his early life; Mr. George is visited at his gallery by Grandfather Smallweed and Judy; Mr. Smallweed wants to obtain a specimen of Captain Hawdon's writing for a lawyer; Mr. George accompanies him to the lawyer, who proves to be Mr. Tulkinghorn.—XXVII. Mr. Tulkinghorn offers him a reward for the writing he possesses; Mr. George declines, but proposes to take a friend's advice; the "old girl" gives George Mr. Bagnet's opinion, which confirms his own; Mr. George returns to Mr. Tulkinghorn's, who uses high words to him in the presence of a clerk.—XXVIII. Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, after their visitors retire, give audience to Mrs. Rouncewell's son; he speaks of the attachment of his son for Rosa, and requests to be allowed to remove her from Chesney Wold; Sir Leicester declines; Lady Dedlock invites Rosa's confidence, and promises to make her happy if she can.—XXIX. The young man of the name of Guppy calls on Lady Dedlock; he mentions the remarkable resemblance of Esther Summerson to my lady, relates what he has discovered of her history—that her real name is Hawdon, and that he has found that the deceased law-writer's was the same; he promises to bring my lady Mr. Hawdon's papers, of which he will gain possession that night; Lady Dedlock's secret agony for her child.—XXX. Mrs. Woodcourt visits Bleak House; Caddy Jellyby spends three weeks at Bleak House, preparing for her wedding; Caddy and Prince are married.—XXXI. Charley informs Esther of the return of Jenny and Liz, and a sick boy with them; Esther and Charley go to Jenny's, and find Jo; he is terrified at Esther's resemblance to the lady who gave him the sovereign; they take Jo home, where they find Mr. Skimpole, who advises turning him into the street; Jo disappears in the night; Esther nurses Charley through a dangerous illness, and falls ill herself.—XXXII. Mr. Snagsby, passing through Cook's Court at night, calls Mr. Weevle's attention to a peculiar smell about the place; Mr. Guppy and Mr. Weevle, waiting the appointed time for receiving the packet of Captain Hawdon's letters from Krook, are disgusted by the taint in the atmosphere; keeping his appointment, they find Krook dead by spontaneous combustion.—XXXIII. Mr. Snagsby is followed to The Sol's Arms by his wife, who takes him home again; Mr. Guppy recommends Weevle to remain in Krook's house, and keep possession of the property; unexpected appearance of heirs to the estate in the persons of the Smallweed family; Mr. Guppy carries the news of Krook's death, and the probable destruction of the papers, to Lady Dedlock; retiring, he meets Mr. Tulkinghorn.—XXXIV. George receives due notice of the maturity of his loan from Grandfather Smallweed; Mr. Bagnet and his wife, coming in to renew his draft, find Mr. George in this dilemma: Mr. Bagnet gives his opinion, through the "old girl," that they had better see Mr. Smallweed at once; Mr. Smallweed refuses to renew the loan, and breaks the pipe of peace; they go to Mr. Tulkinghorn's, where they meet Mrs. Rouncewell coming out; to free himself from Smallweed's claims, Mr. George sells Mr. Tulkinghorn the specimen of Captain Hawdon's writing; George advises Woolwich to honour his mother.—XXXV. Esther's recovery; her first interview with Mr. Jarndyce; she receives a call from Miss Flite; Miss Flite's account of her case in Chancery, and her warning about Richard; the story of Mr. Woodcourt's heroic bravery.—XXXVI. Esther and Charley go to Mr. Boythorn's;

Esther first sees the reflection of her face scarred by the disease; Esther, resting in the wood, is met by Lady Dedlock, who owns her as her child, but tells her they must never meet again; Esther's first meeting with Ada since her recovery.—XXXVII. Richard sends for Esther to meet him at The Dedlock Arms; Mr. Skimpole appears as Richard's artless friend; Esther has an interview with Richard, who shows increasing dislike for Mr. Jarndyce, and increasing confidence in the early decision of the suit; Ada writes to Richard, praying him to relinquish his hope from the suit; Esther tries to give Mr. Skimpole an idea of responsibility; Mr. Vholes, Richard's new legal adviser, appears, Mr. Skimpole showing how he introduced him to Richard; Mr. Vholes informs Richard that his cause is coming on the next morning, and they return to town immediately.—XXXVIII. Esther goes to London; she calls on Caddy Jellyby, and dances with the apprentices: Esther and Caddy call on Mr. Guppy; Esther requests a private interview with Mr. Guppy, and cures that gentleman's passion by showing her face; she requests him to give up all idea of serving her through any discovery relating to her parentage.—XXXIX. Mr. Vholes's respectability; interview between Vholes and Richard, in which Vholes appears with "his shoulder to the wheel;" Mr. Guppy and Mr. Weevle go to Krook's house to remove Mr. Weevle's effects; they find Mr. Tulkinghorn looking on as the Smallweeds examine Krook's papers; Mr. Guppy declines to explain to Mr. Tulkinghorn the business he had with Lady Dedlock.—XL. Sir Leicester and his retinue return to Chesney Wold; Sir Leicester discusses with Volumnia the pending elections; Mr. Tulkinghorn arrives with the news of the defeat of Sir Leicester's party, and that Mr. Rouncewell and his son were very active in aiding that result; Mr. Tulkinghorn tells a story bearing on Rosa's position as Lady Dedlock's maid.—XLI. Mr. Tulkinghorn, on retiring to his room, is sought by Lady Dedlock; she asks how long he has known her secret, and how far it is known to others; she informs him of her design to leave Chesney Wold at once; he counsels her to remain just as before in all respects, and promises to take no steps to expose her without warning.—XLII. Mr. Snagsby complains to Mr. Tulkinghorn of the persecutions of Mademoiselle Hortense; Mr. Tulkinghorn threatens to have Hortense put in confinement if she continues her importunities.—XLIII. Esther suggests to her guardian that Mr. Skimpole is not a safe adviser for Richard; they visit Mr. Skimpole at his home; Mr. Skimpole introduces his family; he returns with Mr. Jarndyce to Bleak House; they receive a call from Sir Leicester Dedlock; Esther's agitation in his presence; Esther tells her guardian of the relationship between herself and Lady Dedlock.—XLIV. Mr. Jarndyce sends Esther a letter, with her permission, asking her to become the mistress of Bleak House; Esther destroys the flowers sent her by Mr. Woodcourt; she answers yes to Mr. Jarndyce's letter.—XLV. Mr. Vholes calls upon Mr. Jarndyce, and reports the sad state of Richard's affairs; Esther decides to go and see Richard at Deal, where he is stationed, and she sets out with Charley for her companion; she finds Richard looking worn and haggard; Richard grows more and more angry with Mr. Jarndyce as the cause of his trials, and convinces Esther of the necessity of his withdrawing from the army; Esther recognises Allan Woodcourt among some gentlemen landing from an Indiaman just arrived; she has an interview with him, and requests him to befriend Richard, which he promises to do.—XLVI. Going through Tom-all-Alone's, Mr. Woodcourt finds Jenny with a bruised head, which he dresses for her; they pursue and overtake Jo,

and Allan hears from Jenny the story of his having been taken in at Bleak House, and Esther catching his disease; Jo gives the reason of his escaping from Bleak House, and Allan takes charge of him.—XLVII. Jo tells Allan the story of the lady in the veil; Woodcourt consults Miss Flite to find a place of refuge for Jo, and she recommends George; Mr. George takes him in; George expresses to Mr. Woodcourt his feelings toward Tulkinghorn; Jo sends a message to Mr. Snagsby, who calls to see him; Jo makes his last request, and dies.—XLVIII. Lady Dedlock dismisses Rosa; Mr. Rouncewell calls, by Lady Dedlock's appointment, and she relinquishes Rosa to his care; Mr. Tulkinghorn, who is present at the interview, warns Lady Dedlock that he considers her course a departure from her promise, and that he shall soon undeceive Sir Leicester; Mr. Tulkinghorn goes home to his rooms, and in the morning is found murdered lying on the floor.—XLIX. Mr. Bagnet prepares a feast on his wife's birthday; George joins them in dull spirits, which he accounts for by Jo's death; Mr. Bucket adds himself to the party, and makes himself friendly; Bucket arrests George for the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorn.—L. Caddy Jellyby, who has an infant, and is ill, sends for Esther, and Mr. Jarndyce and Ada go with her to London; Caddy recovers under Mr. Woodcourt's medical care; Esther notices a change in Ada's manner towards her; Mr. Woodcourt applies to Vholes for Richard's address.—LI. He finds him next door; Esther and Ada visit Richard at his rooms; Ada acknowledges her secret marriage to Richard, and Esther returns alone; Esther tells Mr. Jarndyce.—LII. Mr. Woodcourt tells Mr. Jarndyce and Esther of the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorn and the arrest of Mr. George; the three visit him in prison; George is determined to stand by the exact truth, and have no lawyer; Mr. and Mrs. Bagnet also come to see George; George mentions the resemblance of Esther to a figure he saw on Mr. Tulkinghorn's stairs at the time of the murder.—LIII. Mrs. Bagnet reasons that George's mother is alive, and sets off for Lincolnshire in search of her; Mr. Bucket watches his wife and their lodger; Bucket receives anonymous letters containing Lady Dedlock's name; he informs Sir Leicester that he has the case nearly worked up.—LIV. Next morning, Mr. Bucket informs Sir Leicester that the case is complete; he proceeds to relate the conduct of Lady Dedlock, and her fear of Tulkinghorn, when they are interrupted by the arrival of Smallweed, the Chadbands, and Mrs. Snagsby, who demand to be paid for suppressing what they have learnt of Lady Dedlock's story; Bucket dismisses them, and admits Mademoiselle Hortense, whom he accuses of the murder, and shows how he has worked up the evidence.—LV. Mrs. Bagnet brings Mrs. Rouncewell, Mr. George's mother, to London; the mother and son in prison; Mrs. Rouncewell informs Lady Dedlock that she has found her son, and appeals to her for pity; Mr. Guppy requests an interview with Lady Dedlock, and informs her that Mr. Smallweed and others, probably, know all she would have concealed; flight of Lady Dedlock.—LVI. Sir Leicester is struck with paralysis; Mr. Bucket interprets his signs, and sets off in pursuit of Lady Dedlock; he goes to Mr. Jarndyce's house, and gets Esther to accompany him.—LVII. Bucket tracks Lady Dedlock to the brickmaker's at St. Alban's; they are told she went north, while Jenny went to London, and they follow on northward in search of her; Bucket at fault.—LVIII. He decides to follow the other one, and returns to London; what rumour says of Lady Dedlock; Sir Leicester insists on seeing Mrs. Rouncewell's son George; they watch through the day and night for Lady Dedlock's return; Esther and Mr. Bucket reach London.—LIX.

They trace the person they are following to Mr. Snagsby's, meeting Mr. Woodcourt by the way; they find a letter for Esther, written by Lady Dedlock; following Guster's directions, they find Lady Dedlock lying dead at the gate of the burying-ground.—LX. Esther learns from her guardian that Mr. Woodcourt has decided to remain in England; Miss Flite makes Richard her executor; Mr. Vholes discusses Richard's interests with Esther; Ada confides her secret to Esther.—LXI. Esther requests Mr. Skimpole not to go to Richard's any more, and attempts to remonstrate with him for betraying Jo to Bucket; Mr. Skimpole drops from this history; Allan Woodcourt declares his love to Esther.—LXII. Esther fixes the day for becoming mistress of Bleak House; Mr. Bucket introduces Mr. Smallweed, with a newly-discovered will in Jarndyce.—LXIII. George makes the acquaintance of his brother and his family.—LXIV. Mr. Jarndyce goes to Yorkshire to look after Mr. Woodcourt's business, and sends for Esther to follow him; he shows her the house he has prepared for Allan, which he has named Bleak House, and relinquishes her to Woodcourt; Mr. Guppy, backed by his mother and Mr. Jobling, renews his proposal.—LXV. Jarndyce and Jarndyce is over for good; Richard is reconciled to Mr. Jarndyce, and "begins the world."—LXVI. Sir Leicester's life at Chesney Wold.—LXVII. Esther closes her narrative.

HARD TIMES.

FOR THESE TIMES.

This tale was originally published in "Household Words;" the first chapter making its appearance in No. 210, for April, 1854, and the last in No. 229, for August 12, 1854. In the same year it was brought out independently, in one octavo volume of 352 pages, and was inscribed to Thomas Carlyle. In a letter to Mr. Charles Knight (quoted in his "Passages of a Working Life"), Mr. Dickens thus explains his design in writing this story:

"My satire is against those who see figures and averages, and nothing else—the representatives of the wickedest and most enormous vice of this time; the men who, through long years to come, will do more to damage the really useful truths of political economy than I could do (if I tried) in my whole life; the addled heads who would take the average of cold in the Crimea during twelve months as a reason for clothing a soldier in nankeen on a night when he would be frozen to death in fur, and who would comfort the labourer, in travelling twelve miles a day to and from his work, by telling him that the average distance of one inhabited place from another on the whole area of England is not more than four miles.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BITZER. A light-haired and light-eyed pupil of Mr. M'Choakumchild's, in Mr. Gradgrind's model school; crammed full of hard facts, but with all fancy, sentiment, and affection taken out of him.

His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face. His skin was so unwholesomely deficient in the natural tinge, that he looked as though, if he were cut, he would bleed white.

"Bitzer," said Thomas Gradgrind. "Your definition of a horse."

"Quadruped. Graminivorous. Forty teeth, namely twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, and twelve incisive. Sheds coat in the spring; in marshy countries, sheds hoofs, too. Hoofs hard, but requiring to be shod with iron. Age known by marks in mouth." Thus (and much more) Bitzer.

After he leaves school, Bitzer is employed as light porter and clerk at Mr. Bounderby's bank. When Mr. Gradgrind's son, after robbing the bank, endeavours to escape, he starts in pursuit, and pounces on him just as he is about to start for Liverpool.

"Bitzer," said Mr. Gradgrind, broken down, and miserably submissive to him, "have you a heart?"

"The circulation, sir," returned Bitzer, smiling at the oddity of the question, "couldn't be carried on without one. No man, sir, acquainted with the facts established by Harvey relating to the circulation of the blood, can doubt that I have a heart."

"Is it accessible," cried Mr. Gradgrind, "to any compassionate influence?"

"It is accessible to Reason, sir," returned the excellent young man. "And to nothing else."

(Bk. I., ch. ii., v.; Bk. II., ch. i., iv., vi., viii., ix., xi.; Bk. III., ch. vii.–ix.)

BLACKPOOL, MRS. Wife of Stephen Blackpool. Soon after her marriage, she takes to drinking, and goes on from bad to worse, until she becomes a curse to her husband, to herself, and to all around her. (Bk. I., ch. x.–xiii.; Bk. III., ch. ix.)

BLACKPOOL, STEPHEN. A simple, honest power-loom weaver, in Mr. Bounderby's factory. A rather stooping man, with a knitted brow, a pondering expression of face, and a hard-looking head, sufficiently capacious, on which his iron-gray hair lay long and thin. His lot is a hard one. Tied to a miserable, drunken wife, who has made his home a desolation and a mockery, and for whom he has long ceased to feel either respect or love, he finds himself unable to marry—as he would like to do—a woman (Rachael) who has been a kind and dear friend to him for many years; and he goes to Mr. Bounderby for advice.

"I ha' coom to ask yo, sir, how I am to be ridded o' this woman." Stephen infused a yet deeper gravity into the mixed expression of his attentive face. . . .

"What do you mean?" said Bounderby, getting up to lean his back against the chimney-piece. "What are you talking about? You took her for better for worse."

"I mun' be ridden o' her. I cannot bear't nommore. I ha' lived

under't so long, for that I ha' had'n the pity and comforting words o' th' best lass living or dead. Haply, but for her, I should ha' gone hottering mad."

"He wishes to be free, to marry the female of whom he speaks, I fear, sir," observed Mrs. Sparsit in an undertone, and much dejected by the immorality of the people.

"I do. The lady says what's right. I do. I were a coming to't. I ha' read i' th' papers that great fok (fair faw 'em a'! I wishes 'em no hurt!) are not bonded together for better for worst so fast, but that they can be set free fro' *their* misfortnet marriages, an' marry ower agen. When they dunnot agree, for that their tempers is ill-sorted, they has rooms o' one kind an another in their houses, above a bit, and they can live asunders. We fok ha' only one room, and we can't. When that won't do, they ha' gowd an other cash, an they can say 'This for yo' an that for me,' an they go their separate ways. We can't. Spite o' all that, they can be set free for smaller wrongs than mine. So, I mun be ridden o' this woman, and I want t' know how?"

"No how," returned Mr. Bounderby.

"If I do her any hurt, sir, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course there is."

"If I flee from her, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course there is."

"If I marry t'oother dear lass, there's a law to punish me?"

"Of course there is."

"If I was to live wi' her an not marry her—saying such a thing could be, which it never could or would, an her so good—there's a law to punish me, in every innocent child belonging to me?"

"Of course there is."

"Now, a' God's name," said Stephen Blackpool, "show me the law to help me!"

"Hem! there's a sanctity in this relation of life," said Mr. Bounderby, "and—and—it must be kept up."

"No, no, dunnot say that, sir. 'Tan't kep' up that way. Not that way. 'Tis kep' down that way. I'm a weaver, I were in a fact'ry when a chilt, but I ha' gotten een to see wi' and eern to year wi'. I read in th' papers every 'Sizes, every Sessions—and you read too—I know it!—with dismay—how th' supposed unpossibility o' ever getting unchained from one another, at any price, on any terms, brings blood upon this land, and brings many common married fok to battle, murder, and sudden death. Let us ha' this, right understood. Mine's a grievous case, an I want—if yo will be so good—t' know the law that helps me."

"Now, I tell you what!" said Mr. Bounderby, putting his hands in his pockets. "There *is* such a law."

Stephen, subsiding into his quiet manner, and never wandering in his attention, gave a nod.

"But it's not for you at all. It costs money. It costs a mint of money."

"How much might that be?" Stephen calmly asked.

"Why, you'd have to go to Doctors' Commons with a suit, and you'd have to go to a Court of Common Law with a suit, and you'd have to go to the House of Lords with a suit, and you'd have to get an Act of Parliament to enable you to marry again, and it would cost you (if it was a case of very plain sailing), I suppose from a thousand to fifteen hundred pound," said Mr. Bounderby. "Perhaps twice the money."

"There's no other law?"

"Certainly not."

"Why then, sir," said Stephen . . . . "*'tis* a muddle. 'Tis just a muddle a'toogether, an the sooner I am dead the better."

When the Coketown operatives enter into a combination against their employers, and establish certain "regulations," Stephen refuses to join them, and they all renounce and shun him. And when Mr. Bounderby questions him about the association (styled the "United Aggregate Tribunal"), calling the members "a set of rascals and rebels," he earnestly protests that they are acting from a sense of duty, and is angrily told to finish what he's at, and then look elsewhere for work. Stephen leaves Coketown in search of employment, but soon after returns, being falsely accused of complicity in the robbery at Mr. Bounderby's bank, and, on his way, he falls into an abandoned coal shaft ("Old Hell Shaft") hidden by thick grass, where he remains for some days, when he is accidentally discovered, and is rescued, alive, but dreadfully bruised, and so injured that he dies soon after being brought to the surface. (Bk. I., ch. x.–xiii.; Bk. II., ch. iv.–vi., ix.; Bk. III., ch. iv.–vi., *See* GRADGRIND, TOM.

BOUNDERBY, JOSIAH. A wealthy Coketown manufacturer, who marries the daughter of Mr. Gradgrind. (Bk. I., ch. iii.–ix., xi., xiv.–xvi.; Bk. II., ch. i.–xii.; Bk. III., ch. ii.–ix.) *See* GRADGRIND, LOUISA.

Mr. Bounderby was as near being Mr. Gradgrind's bosom-friend as a man perfectly devoid of sentiment can approach that spiritual relationship towards another man perfectly devoid of sentiment. So near was Mr. Bounderby,—or, if the reader should prefer it, so far off.

He was a rich man,—banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not: a big, loud man, with a stare, and a metallic laugh; a man made out of a coarse material, which seemed to have been stretched to make so much of him; a man with a great puffed head and forehead, swelled veins in his temples, and such a strained skin to his face, that it seemed to hold his eyes open, and lift his eyebrows up; a man with a pervading appearance on him of being inflated like a balloon, and ready to start; a man who could never sufficiently vaunt himself a self-made man; a man who was always proclaiming, through that brassy speaking-trumpet of a voice of his, his old ignorance and his old poverty; a man who was the Bully of humility.

A year or two younger than his eminently practical friend, Mr. Bounderby looked older; his seven or eight and forty might have had the seven or eight added to it again, without surprising anybody. He had not much hair. One might have fancied he had talked it off; and that what was left, all standing up in disorder, was in that condition from being constantly blown about by his windy boastfulness.

BOUNDERBY, MRS. LOUISA. *See* GRADGRIND, LOUISA.

CHILDERS, MR. E. W. B. A young man who is a member of Sleary's Circus Troupe, and is celebrated for his daring vaulting act as the Wild Huntsman of the North American Prairies. (Bk. I., ch. vi.; Bk. III., ch. vii., viii.)

His face, close-shaven, thin, and sallow, was shaded by a great quantity of dark hair brushed into a roll all round his head, and parted up the centre. His legs were very robust, but shorter than legs of good proportions should have been. His chest and back were as much too broad as his legs were too short. He was dressed in a Newmarket coat and tight-fitting trousers; wore a shawl round his neck; smelt of lamp-oil, straw, orange-peel, horses' provender, and sawdust; and looked a most remarkable sort of Centaur, compounded of the stable and the play-house. Where the one began, and the other ended, nobody could have told with any precision.

GORDON, EMMA. A member of Sleary's Circus Troupe, and a friend to Sissy Jupe. (Bk. I., ch. vi.; Bk. III., ch. vii.)

GRADGRIND, MR. THOMAS. A retired wholesale hardware merchant. (Bk. I., ch. i.–ix., xiv.–xvi.; Bk. II., ch. i.–iii., vii., ix., xi., xii.; Bk. III., ch. i.–ix.)

"Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing for anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir,—peremptorily Thomas—Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all supposititious, non-existent persons), but into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!"

In such terms Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general.

Visiting his model school in company with a Government officer of the same intensely practical, utilitarian stamp as himself, he tells the teacher, Mr. M'Choakumchild—

"Now, what I want is, Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!"

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of a schoolroom, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base, while his eyes found commodious cellarage

in two dark caves, overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum-pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders,—nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was,—all helped the emphasis.

Mr. Gradgrind's residence is a very matter-of-fact place, called Stone Lodge, situated on a moor within a mile or two of the great manufacturing town of Coketown.

A very regular feature on the face of the country, Stone Lodge was. Not the least disguise toned down or shaded off that uncompromising fact in the landscape. A great square house, with a heavy portico darkening the principal windows, as its master's heavy brows overshadowed his eyes. A calculated, cast up, balanced, and proved house. Six windows on this side of the door, six on that side; a total of twelve in this wing, a total of twelve in the other wing; four-and-twenty carried over to the back wings. A lawn and garden and an infant avenue, all ruled straight like a botanical account-book. Gas and ventilation, drainage and water-service, all of the primest quality. Iron clamps and girders, fireproof from top to bottom; mechanical lifts for the housemaids, with all their brushes and brooms; everything that heart could desire.

Mr. Gradgrind marries his eldest daughter, according to a mathematical plan which he has adopted, to his friend Mr. Bounderby, who is not only twenty years her senior, but is in every respect unsuited to her. The result of this ill-assorted union is unhappiness not only to the wife, but to her father as well, for whom a still sharper trial is in store. His eldest son, whom he has carefully trained, becomes dissipated, robs his employer, Mr. Bounderby, and brings disgrace on the hitherto unblemished name of Gradgrind. In his sore trouble, Mr. Gradgrind is consoled and strengthened by two of the most unpractical people in the world—Mr. Sleary, the manager of a circus, and Sissy Jupe, the daughter of a clown, both of whom he has repeatedly lectured on their utter want of worldly wisdom and practicality. Forced to admit that much of his misfortune is attributable to his own hard system of philosophy, he becomes a humbler and a wiser man, bending his hitherto inflexible theories to appointed circumstances; making his facts and figures subservient to Faith, Hope, and Charity, and no longer trying to grind that heavenly trio in his dusty little mills. *See* SLEARY (MR.), and JUPE (CECILIA).

GRADGRIND, MRS. Wife of Mr. Thomas Gradgrind. (Bk. I., ch. iv., ix., xv.; Bk. II., ch. ix.)

A little, thin, white, pink-eyed bundle of shawls, of surpassing feebleness, mental and bodily; who was always taking physic without any effect, and who, whenever she showed a symptom of coming to life, was invariably stunned by some weighty piece of fact tumbling on her.

GRADGRIND, ADAM SMITH. A younger son of Mr. Gradgrind. (Bk. I., ch. iv.)

GRADGRIND, JANE. Mr. Gradgrind's younger daughter. (Bk. I., ch. iv., xvi.; Bk. II., ch. ix.; Bk. III., ch. i.)

GRADGRIND, LOUISA. Eldest child of Mr. Gradgrind.

There was an air of jaded sullenness in . . . the girl; yet, struggling through the dissatisfaction of her face, there was a light with nothing to rest upon, a fire with nothing to burn, a starved imagination keeping life in itself somehow, which brightened its expression,—not with the brightness natural to cheerful youth, but with uncertain, eager, doubtful flashes, which had something painful in them, analogous to the changes of a blind face groping its way.

She becomes the wife of Josiah Bounderby, who says to the guests at the breakfast-table, after the marriage ceremony has been performed—

"I have watched her bringing-up, and I believe she is worthy of me. At the same time—not to deceive you—I believe I am worthy of her. So, I thank you, on both our parts, for the good-will you have shown towards us; and the best wish I can give the unmarried part of the present company, is this: I hope every bachelor may find as good a wife as I have found. And I hope every spinster may find as good a husband as my wife has found."

The current of their wedded life does not run smooth, however. Utter incompatibility of temper, utter want of mutual love or sympathy, pave the way for a plausible acquaintance—a polished, easy man of the world—to approach her with insidious declarations of love, and to propose an elopement. Resisting the temptation, she flees to her father's house, and implores him to save her. He recommends to her husband to allow her to stay there for a while, that she may have the opportunity she so much needs for repose and reflection; but Mr. Bounderby requires that she shall return to his bed and board by the next day noon; and, as she fails to do so, he refuses to have anything more to do with her, and leaves her in her father's charge. (Bk. I., ch. iii., iv., vi.–ix., xiv.–xvi.; Bk. II., ch. i.–iii., v.–xii.; Bk. III., ch. i.–ix.)

GRADGRIND, MALTHUS. A son of Mr. Gradgrind. (Bk. I., ch. iv.)

GRADGRIND, THOMAS. Mr. Gradgrind's youngest son; a selfish, ill-natured, sensual, mercenary whelp. He is employed as a clerk in Bounderby's Bank, and, being a dissipated and extravagant idler, robs it of some hundred and fifty pounds. For a time he succeeds in throwing suspicion upon an innocent factory operative, Stephen Blackpool; but his own guilt is soon established, and he flees from the country to avoid arrest and imprisonment. (Bk. I., ch. iii., iv., vii.–ix., xiv., xvi.; Bk. II., ch. i.–iii., v.–viii., x.–xii.; Bk. III., ch. ii.–ix.)

HARTHOUSE, MR. JAMES. A friend of Mr. Gradgrind's; a thorough gentleman, made to the model of the time, weary of everything, and putting no more faith in anything than Lucifer. He is "five-and-thirty, good-looking, good figure, good teeth, good voice, dark hair, bold eyes." (Bk. II., ch. i.–iii., v., vii.–xii.; Bk. III., ch. ii., iii.) *See* GRADGRIND (LOUISA), JUPE (CECILIA).

JUPE, CECILIA, or SISSY. The daughter of a clown. She has been kindly permitted to attend the school controlled by Mr. Gradgrind; but Mr. Bounderby thinks that she has a bad influence over the other children, and advises that the privilege should be withdrawn. The two gentlemen accordingly visit The Pegasus' Arms, at Pod's End, to inform her father of their intention; but they find that Signor Jupe—always a half-cracked man—having got old and stiff in the joints, so that he cannot perform his parts satisfactorily, and having got his daughter into the school, and therefore, as he seems to think, got her well provided for, has run off to parts unknown. Under these circumstances, Mr. Gradgrind decides to take charge of the girl, and educate and support her. She accompanies him home, and makes herself very useful and companionable in his family. When Louisa is about to fall into the meshes of Mr. Harthouse, Sissy visits that gentleman, and persuades and shames him into leaving the neighbourhood; and when Mr. Gradgrind's son is about to be arrested for the robbery of Bounderby's Bank, she sends him to her father's old employer, Mr. Sleary, who conceals him and gets him safely abroad. (Bk. I., ch. ii., iv.–ix., xiv., xv.; Bk. II., ch. ix.; Bk. III., ch. i., ii., iv.–ix.)

JUPE, SIGNOR. A clown in Sleary's circus; father of Sissy Jupe, and owner of the "highly-trained performing dog Merrylegs." (Bk. I., ch. ii., iii., v., vi., ix.; Bk. III., ch. ii., viii.) *See* JUPE, CECILIA.

KIDDERMINSTER, MASTER. A member of Sleary's Circus Troupe; a diminutive boy, with an old face, who

assists Mr. Childers in his daring vaulting act as the Wild Huntsman of the North American Prairies; taking the part of his infant son, and being carried upside down over his father's shoulder, by one foot, and held by the crown of his head, heels upwards, in the palm of his father's hand, according to the violent paternal manner in which wild huntsmen may be observed to fondle their offspring. (Bk. I., ch. vi.; Bk. II., ch. vii.)

M'CHOAKUMCHILD, MR. Teacher in Mr. Gradgrind's model school. (Bk. I., ch. i.–iii., ix., xiv.)

> He and some one hundred-and-forty other schoolmasters had been lately turned at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principles, like so many pianoforte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land surveying and levelling, vocal music, and drawing from models, were all at the ends of his ten chilled fingers. He had worked his stony way into Her Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council's Schedule B, and had taken the bloom off the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about all the watersheds of all the world (whatever they are), and all the histories of all the peoples, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two-and-thirty points of the compass. Ah! rather overdone, M'Choakumchild. If he had only learnt a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more!

MERRYLEGS. Signor Jupe's trained performing dog. (B. I., ch. iii., v.–viii.; Bk. III., ch. viii.)

PEGLER, MRS. Mother of Josiah Bounderby; a mysterious old woman, tall and shapely, though withered by time. Her son, growing rich, becomes ashamed of her, and gives her thirty pounds a year to keep away from him, and not claim any relationship with him; but the secret is at last divulged, under the most ridiculous circumstances, through the agency of the inquisitive Mrs. Sparsit. (Bk. I., ch. xii.; Bk. II., ch. vi., viii.; Bk. III., ch. iv., v.)

RACHAEL. A factory hand; a friend of Stephen Blackpool's. (Bk. I., ch. x.–xiii.; Bk. II., ch. iv., vi.; Bk. III., ch. iv.–vi., ix.)

SCADGERS, LADY. Great-aunt to Mrs. Sparsit; an immensely fat old woman with an inordinate appetite for butcher's meat, and a mysterious leg, which has refused to get out of bed for fourteen years. (Bk. I., ch. vii.; Bk. II., ch. viii.; Bk. III., ch. ix.)

SLACKBRIDGE. A trades-union agitator and orator. (Bk. II., ch. iv. ; Bk. III., ch. iv.)

SLEARY, JOSEPHINE. Daughter of a circus proprietor ; a pretty, fair-haired girl of eighteen, noted for her graceful Tyrolean flower act. (Bk. I., ch. vi. ; Bk. II., ch. vii.)

SLEARY, MR. Proprietor of a "Horse-riding," or circus ; a stout man, with one fixed eye and one loose eye, a voice (if it can be called so) like the efforts of a broken old pair of bellows, a flabby surface, and a muddled head, which is never sober, and never drunk. He is troubled with asthma, and his breath comes far too thick and heavy for the letter "s." (Bk. I., ch. vi., ix. ; Bk. III., ch. vii., viii.)

SPARSIT, MRS. Mr. Bounderby's housekeeper ; an elderly lady, highly connected, with a Coriolanian style of nose and dense black eyebrows. Mr. Bounderby gives her a hundred a year, disguising the payment under the name of an "annual compliment." (Bk. I., ch. vii., xi., xvi. ; Bk. II., ch. i., iii., vi., viii.–xi. ; Bk. III., ch. iii., v., ix.)

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I. Mr. Thomas Gradgrind discourses on fact to the school-children.—II. He examines Sissy Jupe, and expresses his dissatisfaction at the business of her father ; Mr. Gradgrind and his friend, addressing the school, insist upon the supremacy of fact.—III. Mr. Gradgrind's horror at finding his children peeping at the circus.—IV. Mr. Bounderby gives Mrs. Gradgrind an account of his bringing up ; Mr. Gradgrind enters with the children, and he and Bounderby decide that the presence of Sissy Jupe in the school has produced a bad effect, and that she should be dismissed.—V. Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby go to Coketown to carry out this design, when they meet Sissy in the street, and go with her to the house where her father is staying.—VI. Jupe is missing, and Sissy goes in search of him ; Mr. E. W. B. Childers suspects Jupe has run away, and so explains his absence ; finding Jupe does not return, Gradgrind offers Sissy a home under certain conditions, which she accepts.—VII. Mrs. Sparsit appears as Mr. Bounderby's housekeeper ; Mr. Gradgrind completes his plan of befriending Sissy Jupe, and takes her home with him to Stone Lodge.—VIII. Sympathy between Tom and Louisa, and Tom's plan of managing Bounderby through her influence.—IX. Sissy's account of her progress in school ; she tells Louisa about her father and his occupation ; Sissy's continued disappointment at hearing nothing from her father.—X. Stephen Blackpool, watching for Rachael as the hands leave the factories, misses her, but afterwards overtakes her on the way home ; leaving her, he proceeds home, and finds his drunken wife come back.—XI. Stephen consults

Mr. Bounderby how he can get rid of his wife by law, and is more than ever convinced that it "is a' a muddle."—XII. After leaving Mr. Bounderby's house, Stephen encounters a mysterious old woman, who is greatly interested in that gentleman's welfare.—XIII. Stephen finds Rachael tending his wife; Rachael prevents her from poisoning herself; Rachael's influence over Stephen.—XIV. Sissy Jupe is removed from school; Mr. Gradgrind becomes sensible that Louisa has grown quite a young woman; Tom gives Louisa a hint of how she may be useful to him.—XV. Mr. Gradgrind informs Louisa that Mr. Bounderby has offered to make her his wife, and she accepts him.—XVI. Mr. Bounderby informs Mrs. Sparsit of his approaching marriage, and provides for her removal to the bank; Mr. Bounderby makes a speech at his wedding-breakfast.

BOOK II.—Chapter I. Bitzer informs Mrs. Sparsit of his suspicions of Mr. Tom; Mr. James Harthouse calls at the bank to make inquiries for Mr. Bounderby.—II. Mr. Harthouse presents his letters of introduction to Mr. Bounderby, and is introduced to Mrs. Bounderby; Mr. Harthouse, watching for something to move Louisa, finds it in the appearance of Tom.—III. Harthouse draws from Tom some particulars in regard to his sister and her education.—IV. Slackbridge harangues the Coketown operatives; Stephen declines to enter into the proposed regulations of the workmen, and is shunned by all his old friends.—V. Bounderby sends for Stephen, who expresses to him and Harthouse his opinion of the action of the workmen, whom Stephen justifies, though he does not join them; Bounderby becomes angry with him, and discharges him.—VI. Stephen is surprised to meet Rachael in company with Mrs. Pegler, the mysterious old woman whom he had met before; he informs them of his discharge, and invites them to accompany him home; Mrs. Pegler speaks of the son whom she has lost, and shows great fear of meeting Mr. Bounderby; Louisa calls upon Stephen, accompanied by Tom, to express her sympathy, and to offer him assistance; Tom, under promise of doing him a service, asks Stephen to hang about the bank each evening before he leaves Coketown; Stephen leaves Coketown in search of work.—VII. Harthouse goes to Mr. Bounderby's country-house, and finds Louisa alone; he assumes an interest in Tom for the purpose of securing an influence over her; Harthouse accuses Tom of ingratitude to his sister, and he promises amendment.—VIII. The robbery of Bounderby's Bank, and the effect of the news upon Louisa; Stephen Blackpool is suspected of the crime on the evidence of Mrs. Sparsit and Bitzer, by whom he was seen hanging about the bank; Mrs. Sparsit shows her determination to pity Bounderby, and keeps her eye on Harthouse and Louisa; Louisa goes to Tom's room, and begs him to confide in her.—IX. Mrs. Sparsit's action throws Harthouse and Louisa more together; sickness and death of Mrs. Gradgrind; Mrs. Sparsit watches the growing intimacy of Harthouse with Louisa.—X. Harthouse tries to convince Louisa of Blackpool's guilt.—XI. Mrs. Sparsit, learning from Tom that he has an appointment to meet Mr. Harthouse at Coketown, suspects this is a plan to keep Tom out of the way, while Harthouse goes to meet Louisa alone in the absence of Mr. Bounderby; and, hastening off to the country-house, she finds them together, and overhears Harthouse's declaration of love; Mrs. Sparsit follows Louisa, through a drenching storm, to Coketown, and there loses sight of her.—XII. Louisa goes home to her father, tells him her story, and begs him to save her.

BOOK III.—Chapter I. Mr. Gradgrind begins to suspect some

defect in his system of education; Sissy comforts Louisa.—II. Mr. Harthouse, in doubt of what may happen next, receives a call from Sissy Jupe, who informs him he can never see Louisa again, and asks him, as the only reparation he can make, to leave the place immediately, which he decides to do.—III. Mrs. Sparsit informs Bounderby of her discoveries, and he takes her to Mr. Gradgrind's, where he learns what has become of Louisa; at Mr. Gradgrind's suggestion that Louisa should remain there for a time, Bounderby determines to leave her there altogether.—IV. Bounderby offers a reward for the apprehension of Stephen Blackpool; Rachael appeals to Louisa to confirm her story of Louisa's visit to Stephen, and promises that he shall be there in two days; Stephen fails to appear, and cannot be found.—V. Mrs. Sparsit captures old Mrs. Pegler, and takes her to Bounderby's house; she proves to be Bounderby's mother, and all his stories of his childhood falsehoods.—VI. Sissy and Rachael, walking in the fields, discover Stephen's hat at the mouth of an abandoned coal-shaft; help gathers, and Stephen is raised from the pit, still alive; he recognises Rachael, and asks Mr. Gradgrind to clear his name, as his son can tell him how; Stephen dies.—VII. Tom vanishes at a hint from Sissy; Louisa and Sissy inform Mr. Gradgrind of their previous suspicions of Tom, and that Sissy had sent him to Mr. Sleary to be hidden; Mr. Gradgrind, Louisa, and Sissy go to Mr. Sleary, then exhibiting not far from Liverpool, and arrange for Tom's escape from the country, in disguise, when their plan is interrupted by Bitzer.—VIII. Mr. Sleary, through the aid of his trained horse and dog, assists Tom to escape.—IX. Mrs. Sparsit takes leave of Mr. Bounderby; fate of the characters.

THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS.

[Published in "Household Words," in 1854.]

In the ancient city of Rochester, in Kent, i. an ancient house with this inscription over its quaint old door:

RICHARD WATTS, ESQ.
By his Will, dated 22 Aug. 157[illegible].
FOUNDED THIS CHARITY
FOR SIX POOR TRAVELLERS,
WHO, NOT BEING ROGUES, OR PROCTORS,
MAY RECEIVE GRATIS FOR ONE NIGHT
LODGING, ENTERTAINMENT,
AND FOURPENCE EACH.

On a certain Christmas eve, the narrator of the story—who describes himself as being a traveller, and withal as poor as he hopes to be—visits the Charity, and makes inquiries of the matron concerning the institution and its management. He finds that the prescribed number of travellers is forthcoming every night from year's end to year's end, but that they are not lodged in the house itself, occupying two little galleries at the back instead; neither are they provided with entertainment, as might be supposed, but buy what they can with their fourpences, and prepare their own suppers, a fire and cooking-utensils being furnished them for this purpose. Of the whole revenue of the establishment, only about a thirtieth part is expended for the objects commemorated in the inscription over the door; the rest being handsomely laid out in chancery, law-expenses, collectorship, receivership, poundage, and other appendages of management highly complimentary to the importance of the Six Poor Travellers, and essential to the dignity of the Board of Trustees. Having ascertained these facts, the narrator becomes desirous of treating the travellers on that night to a supper and a glass of hot wassail at his own expense. Consent being granted, he sets before them a most substantial and excellent meal, and after it is ended tells them—

THE STORY OF RICHARD DOUBLEDICK.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BEN. A waiter.

DOUBLEDICK, RICHARD. A young man who has run wild, and has been dismissed by the girl to whom he was betrothed. Made reckless by this well-deserved stroke, he enlists in a regiment of the line under an assumed name, becomes more dissipated than ever, and is constantly getting punished for some breach of discipline. Under the influence of the captain of his company, however, he becomes an altered man, rises rapidly from the ranks, and gains the reputation of being one of the boldest spirits in the whole army. At Badajos the captain falls, mortally wounded by a French officer; and from that moment Doubledick devotes himself to avenging the death of his friend, in case he should ever meet that French officer again. At Waterloo he is among the wounded, and for many long weeks his recovery is doubtful; but he is tenderly nursed by Mrs. Taunton, the mother of his lost friend, and by the young lady (Mary Marshall) to whom he had been engaged, and who now marries him. Three years afterwards, he has occasion to visit the South of France, to join Mrs. Taunton (who has gone thither for her health), and escort her home. He finds her the unwitting guest of the very officer who killed her son, and whose life he has vowed to have in return. But the frank and noble demeanour of the Frenchman, the innocent happiness of his pleasant home, and the warm regard which Mrs. Taunton has come to feel for him—all combine to suggest better thoughts and feelings; and Captain Doubledick secretly forgives him in the name of the divine Forgiver of injuries.

MARSHALL, MARY. A beautiful girl, betrothed to Richard Doubledick; afterwards estranged from but finally married to him.

TAUNTON, CAPTAIN. The captain of the company in which Private Richard Doubledick enlists.

TAUNTON, MRS. His mother.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

[Published in "Household Words," in December, 1855.]

This is the story of a gentleman, who, imagining himself to have been supplanted in the affections of a young lady, resolves to go straight to America—on his "way to the Devil." Before starting, however, he finds occasion to make a visit to a certain place on the farther borders of Yorkshire, and on the way thither he gets snowed up for a week at The Holly-Tree Inn, where he finds himself the only guest. Sitting by the fire in the principal room, he reads through all the books in the house; namely, a "Book of Roads," a little song-book terminating in a collection of toasts and sentiments, a little jest-book, an odd volume of "Peregrine Pickle," and "The Sentimental Journey," to say nothing of two or three old newspapers. These being exhausted, he endeavours to while away the time by recalling his experience of inns, and his remembrances of those he has heard or read of. He further beguiles the days of his imprisonment by talking, at one time or another, with the whole establishment, not excepting the "Boots," who, lingering in the room one day, tells him a story about a young gentleman not eight years old, who runs off with a young lady of seven to Gretna Green, and puts up at The Holly-Tree. When the roads are at last open, and just as the disconsolate traveller is on the point of resuming his journey, a carriage drives up, and out jumps his (as he supposes) successful rival, who is running away to Gretna too. It turns out, however, that the lady he has with him is not the one with whom the traveller is in love, but her cousin. The fugitives are hastened on their way: and the traveller retraces his steps without delay, goes straight to London, and marries the girl whom he thought he had lost for ever.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BOOTS. *See* Cobbs.

CHARLEY. Guest at The Holly-Tree Inn; a self-supposed rejected man; in love with Angela Leath.

COBBS. The "Boots" at The Holly-Tree Inn; formerly under-gardener at Mr. Walmers's.

EDWIN. Supposed rival of Charley, the guest at The Holly-Tree; betrothed to Emmeline.

EMMELINE. Cousin to Angela Leath. She elopes with her lover, Edwin, and is married to him at Gretna Green.

GEORGE. Guard of a coach.

LEATH, ANGELA. The lady-love and afterwards the wife of Charley (The Holly-Tree guest), who for a time deludes himself into thinking that she prefers his friend Edwin.

NORAH. Cousin to Master Harry Walmers, junior, with whom she runs away from home, intending to go to Gretna Green, and be married to him. She is, however, overtaken and carried home, and long afterwards becomes the wife of a captain; and finally dies in India.

WALMERS, MASTER HARRY, JUNIOR. A bright boy, not quite eight years old, who falls in love with his cousin, a little girl of seven, and starts with her for Gretna Green, to get married. Stopping at The Holly-Tree Inn in their journey, they are recognised by the "Boots," who had been in the service of the young gentleman's father. The landlord immediately sets off for York to inform the parents of the two little runaways of their whereabouts. They return late at night; and Mr. Walmers—

> The door being opened, goes in. Boots goes in too, holding the light, and he sees Mr. Walmers go up to the bedside, bend gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face. Then he stands looking at it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it (they do say he ran away with Mrs. Walmers); and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.
>
> "Harry, my dear boy! Harry!"
>
> Master Harry starts up and looks at him. Looks at Cobbs too. Such is the honour of that mite, that he looks at Cobbs, to see whether he has brought him into trouble.
>
> "I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home."
>
> "Yes, pa."
>
> Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished, and it swells more and more as he stands, at last, a-looking at his father: his father standing a-looking at him, the quiet image of him.
>
> "Please may I"—the spirit of that little creatur, and the way he kept his rising tears down!—"please, dear pa—may I—kiss Norah before I go?"
>
> "You may, my child."
>
> So he takes Master Harry in his hand, and Boots leads the way with the candle, and they come to that other bedroom, where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers,

Junior, is fast asleep. There the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, and gently draws it to him—a sight so touching to the chambermaids who are peeping through the door, that one of them calls out, "It's a shame to part 'em!"

Finally, Boots says, that's all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in a chaise, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers, Junior, that was never to be (she married a Captain long afterwards, and died in India), went off next day. In conclusion, Boots put it to me whether I hold with him in two opinions: firstly, that there are not many couples on their way to be married who are half as innocent of guile as those two children; secondly, that it would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could only be stopped in time, and brought back separately.

WALMERS, MR. The father of Master Harry; a gentleman living at the "Elmses," near Shooter's Hill, six or seven miles from London. "Boots" thus describes him:

He was a gentleman of spirit, and good-looking, and held his head up when he walked, and had what you may call Fire about him. He wrote poetry, and he rode, and he ran, and he cricketed, and he danced, and he acted, and he done it all equally beautiful. He was uncommon proud of Master Harry as was his only child; but he didn't spoil him neither. He was a gentleman that had a will of his own and a eye of his own, and that would be minded.

LITTLE DORRIT.

On the first day of December, 1856, the first number of this tale was issued; and the twentieth and last number made its appearance in June, 1857. The work was illustrated by Hablot K. Browne: and on its completion it was dedicated to the late Clarkson Stanfield, the eminent landscape-painter.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

AUNT, MR. F.'S. *See* Mr. F.'s Aunt.

BANGHAM, MRS. A charwoman and messenger; nurse of Mrs. Dorrit in the Marshalsea Prison. (Bk. I., ch. vi., vii.; Bk. II., ch. xix.)

BARNACLE, CLARENCE, called "Barnacle, Junior." Son of Mr. Tite Barnacle; an empty-headed young gentleman employed in the Circumlocution Office. (Bk. I., ch. x., xvii., xxxiv., xxxv.)

> [He] had a youthful aspect, and the fluffiest little whisker, perhaps, that ever was seen. Such a downy tip was on his callow chin, that he seemed half-fledged, like a young bird. . . . He had a superior eyeglass dangling round his neck, but unfortunately had such flat orbits to his eyes, and such limp little eyelids, that it wouldn't stick in when he put it up, but kept tumbling out against his waistcoat buttons with a click that discomposed him very much.

BARNACLE, LORD DECIMUS TITE. Uncle of Mr. Tite

Barnacle; a windy peer, high in the Circumlocution Office. (Bk. I., ch. xvii., xxv., xxxiv.; Bk. II., ch. vii., xxiv., xxviii.)

The Circumlocution Office was (as everybody knows without being told) the most important Department under Government. No public business of any kind could possibly be done at any time, without the acquiescence of the Circumlocution Office. Its finger was in the largest public pie, and in the smallest public tart. It was equally impossible to do the plainest right and to undo the plainest wrong, without the express authority of the Circumlocution Office. If another Gunpowder Plot had been discovered half-an-hour before the lighting of the match, nobody would have been justified in saving the parliament until there had been half-a-score of boards, half-a-bushel of minutes, several sacks of official memoranda, and a family-vault full of ungrammatical correspondence, on the part of the Circumlocution Office.

This glorious establishment had been early in the field, when the one sublime principle, involving the difficult art of governing a country, was first distinctly revealed to statesmen. It had been foremost to study that bright revelation, and to carry its shining influence through the whole of the official proceedings. Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving—HOW NOT TO DO IT. . . .

The Circumlocution Office went on mechanically, every day, keeping this wonderful, all-sufficient wheel of statesmanship, How not to do it, in motion. Because the Circumlocution Office was down upon any ill-advised public servant who was going to do it, or who appeared to be by any surprising accident in remote danger of doing it, with a minute, and a memorandum, and a letter of instructions, that extinguished him. It was this spirit of national efficiency in the Circumlocution Office that had gradually led to its having something to do with everything. Mechanicians, natural philosophers, soldiers, sailors, petitioners, memorialists, people with grievances, people who wanted to prevent grievances, people who wanted to redress grievances, jobbing people, jobbed people, people who couldn't get rewarded for merit, and people who couldn't get punished for demerit, were all indiscriminately tucked up under the foolscap paper of the Circumlocution Office.

Numbers of people were lost in the Circumlocution Office. Unfortunates with wrongs, or with projects for the general welfare (and they had better have had wrongs at first than have taken that bitter English recipe for certainly getting them), who in slow lapse of time and agony, had passed safely through other public departments, who, according to rule, had been bullied in this, overreached by that, and evaded by the other, got referred at last to the Circumlocution Office, and never reappeared in the light of day. Boards sat upon them, secretaries minuted upon them, commissioners gabbled about them, clerks registered, entered, checked, and ticked them off, and they melted away. In short, all the business of the country went through the Circumlocution Office, except the business that never came out of it; and *its* name was Legion.

* * * * * * *

In the great art How not to do it, Lord Decimus had long sustained the highest glory of the Barnacle family; and let any ill-advised member of either House but try How to do it by bringing in a Bill to do it, that Bill was as good as dead and buried when Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle rose up in his place, and solemnly said, soaring into indignant

majesty as the Circumlocution cheering soared around him, that he was yet to be told, My Lords, that it behoved him, as the Minister of this free country, to set bounds to the philanthropy, to cramp the charity, to fetter the public spirit, to contract the enterprise, to damp the independent self-reliance of its people.

BARNACLE, FERDINAND. Private secretary to Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle; a vivacious, well-looking, well-dressed, agreeable young fellow, on the more sprightly side of the family. Arthur Clennam, wishing to investigate Mr. Dorrit's affairs, with the view of releasing him, if possible, from the Marshalsea, inquires of Barnacle how he can obtain information as to the real state of the case.

"You'll find out what Department the contract was in, and then you'll find out all about it there."

"I beg your pardon. How shall I find out?"

"Why, you'll—you'll ask till they tell you. Then you'll memorialise that Department (according to regular forms which you'll find out) for leave to memorialise this Department. If you get it (which you may, after a time), that memorial must be entered in that Department, sent to be registered in this Department, sent back to be signed by that Department, sent back to be countersigned by this Department, and then it will begin to be regularly before that Department. You'll find out when the business passes through each of these stages, by asking at both Departments till they tell you."

"But surely this is not the way to do the business," Arthur Clennam could not help saying.

This airy young Barnacle was quite entertained by his simplicity in supposing for a moment that it was. This light-in-hand young Barnacle knew perfectly that it was not. This touch-and-go young Barnacle had "got up" the Department in a private secretaryship, that he might be ready for any little bit of fat that came to hand; and he fully understood the Department to be a politico-diplomatic hocus pocus piece of machinery for the assistance of the nobs in keeping off the snobs. This dashing young Barnacle, in a word, was likely to become a statesman, and to make a figure.

"When the business is regularly before that Department, whatever it is," pursued this bright young Barnacle, "then you can watch it from time to time through that Department. When it comes regularly before this Department, then you must watch it from time to time through this Department. We shall have to refer it right and left; and, when we refer it anywhere, then you'll have to look it up. When it comes back to us at any time, then you had better look *us* up. When it sticks anywhere, you'll have to try to give it a jog. When you write to another Department about it, and then to this Department about it, and don't hear anything satisfactory about it, why, then you had better—keep on writing."

(Bk. I., ch. x., xxxiv.; Bk. II., ch. xii., xxviii.)

BARNACLE, MR. TITE. A man of family, a man of place, and a man of gentlemanly residence, who usually coaches or crams the statesman at the head of the Circumlocution Office. (Bk. I., ch. ix., x., xxxiv.; Bk. II., ch. xii.)

BEADLE, HARRIET, called "TATTYCORAM." A girl taken from the Foundling Hospital by Mr. Meagles to be a maid to his daughter Minnie. She is a handsome girl, but headstrong and passionate. Mr. Meagles takes great pains to improve her disposition and character, and always advises her, when she is not in a good temper, to "take a little time," and to "count five-and-twenty." She proves insensible, however, to all his goodness and kind consideration, runs away after a time, and places herself under the protection of a certain Miss Wade; but in the end she returns, humble and penitent, to her benefactor's house.

"She was called, in the Institution, Harriet Beadle—an arbitrary name, of course. Now Harriet we changed into Hattey, and then into Tatty, because, as practical people, we thought even a playful name might be a new thing to her, and might have a softening and affectionate kind of effect; don't you see? As to Beadle, that I needn't say was wholly out of the question. If there is anything that is not to be tolerated on any terms; anything that is a type of Jack-in-office insolence and absurdity; anything that represents in coats, waistcoats, and big sticks, our English holding-on by nonsense after everyone has found it out—it is a beadle. . . . The name of Beadle being out of the question, and the originator of the Institution for these poor foundlings having been a blessed creature of the name of Coram, we gave that name to Pet's little maid. At one time she was Tatty, and at one time she was Coram, until we got into a way of mixing the two names together, and now she is always Tattycoram."

(Bk. I., ch. ii., xvi., xxvii., xxviii.; Bk. II., ch. ix., x., xx., xxxiii.

BLANDOIS. *See* RIGAUD.

BOB. Turnkey of the Marshalsea Prison; godfather to Little Dorrit. (Bk. I., ch. vi., vii.; Bk. II., ch. xix.)

CASBY, CHRISTOPHER. Landlord of Bleeding Heart Yard; a selfish, crafty impostor, who likes to be thought a benefactor to his species, and who grinds his tenants by proxy.

Patriarch was the name which many people delighted to give him. Various old ladies in the neighbourhood spoke of him as The Last of the Patriarchs. So gray, so slow, so quiet, so impassionate, so very bumpy in the head, Patriarch was the word for him. . . . His smooth face had a bloom upon it like ripe wall-fruit. What with his blooming face, and that head, and his blue eyes, he seemed to be delivering sentiments of rare wisdom and virtue. In like manner, his physiognomical expression seemed to teem with benignity. Nobody could have said where the wisdom was, or where the virtue was, or where the benignity was; but they all seemed to be somewhere about him.

(Bk. I., ch. xii., xiii., xxiii., xxiv., xxxv.; Bk. II., ch. ix., xxiii., xxxii.)

CAVALLETTO, JOHN BAPTIST. A fellow-prisoner with Rigaud at Marseilles; afterwards in Arthur Clennam's employ. (Bk. I., ch. i., xi., xxiii., xxv., xxix.; Bk. II., ch. xii., xxii., xxiii., xxviii., xxx.)

A sunburnt, quick, lithe little man, though rather thick-set. Earrings in his brown ears, white teeth lighting up his grotesque brown face, intensely black hair clustering about his brown throat.

CHIVERY, JOHN. A non-resident turnkey of the Marshalsea Prison. (Bk. I., ch. xviii., xix., xxii., xxv., xxxi., xxxv., xxxvi.; Bk. II., ch. xviii., xxvi., xxvii., xxix., xxxi., xxxiv.)

CHIVERY, YOUNG JOHN. His son; a lover of Little Dorrit.

Young John was small of stature, with rather weak legs, and very weak light hair. One of his eyes . . . was also weak, and looked larger than the other, as if it couldn't collect itself. Young John was gentle likewise. But he was great of soul. Poetical, expansive, faithful.

This sentimental youth, before ever he had told his love, had often meditated on the happiness that would result from his marriage to Little Dorrit, and on the loving manner in which they would "glide down the stream of time in pastoral and domestic happiness."

Young John drew tears from his eyes by finishing the picture with a tombstone in the adjoining churchyard, close against the prison wall, bearing the following touching inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of JOHN CHIVERY, Sixty years Turnkey, and Fifty years Head Turnkey, Of the neighbouring Marshalsea, Who departed this life, universally respected, on the thirty-first of December, One thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, Aged eighty-three years. Also of his truly beloved and truly loving wife, AMY, whose maiden name was DORRIT, who survived his loss not quite forty-eight hours, and who breathed her last in the Marshalsea aforesaid. There she was born, There she lived, There she died."

He finally musters up courage to approach Miss Dorrit in relation to the subject that is so near his heart. She, however, not only gives him no encouragement, but requests him very plainly (though with the utmost delicacy and consideration) never to refer to the matter again.

It was an affecting illustration of the fallacy of human projects, to behold her lover . . . . creeping along by the worst back streets, and composing as he went the following new inscription for a tombstone in St. George's Churchyard: "Here lie the mortal remains of JOHN CHIVERY, Never anything worth mentioning, Who died about the end of the year One thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, Of a broken

heart, Requesting with his last breath that the word AMY might be inscribed over his ashes, which was accordingly directed to be done, By his afflicted Parents."

John does not easily recover from the blow he has received; and when, long afterwards, he learns that Little Dorrit is to be married to Arthur Clennam, he is made very wretched, though he endeavours to bear the intelligence with manly fortitude. He cannot refrain, however, from composing on that ill-starred night the following monumental inscription:

STRANGER!
RESPECT THE TOMB OF
JOHN CHIVERY, JUNIOR,
WHO DIED AT AN ADVANCED AGE
NOT NECESSARY TO MENTION.
HE ENCOUNTERED HIS RIVAL IN A DISTRESSED STATE,
AND FELT INCLINED
TO HAVE A ROUND WITH HIM;
BUT, FOR THE SAKE OF THE LOVED ONE,
CONQUERED THOSE FEELINGS OF BITTERNESS
AND BECAME
MAGNANIMOUS.

(Bk. I., ch. xviii., xix., xxii., xxv., xxxi., xxxv., xxxvi.; Bk. II., ch. xviii., xix., xxvi., xxvii., xxix., xxxi., xxxiii., xxxiv.)

CHIVERY, MRS. Wife of John Chivery, and keeper of a small tobacco-shop round the corner of Horsemonger Lane. (Bk. I., ch. xviii., xxii., xxv.)

CLENNAM, ARTHUR. Reputed son, but really the adopted son of Mrs. Clennam. He gives this account of himself to Mr. Meagles:

"I am the son of a hard father and mother. I am the only child of parents who weighed, measured, and priced everything; for whom what could not be weighed, measured, and priced, had no existence. Strict people, as the phrase is, professors of a stern religion, their very religion was a gloomy sacrifice of tastes and sympathies that were never their own, offered up as a part of a bargain for the security of their possessions. Austere faces, inexorable discipline, penance in this world and terror in the next, nothing graceful or gentle anywhere, and the void in my cowed heart everywhere,—this was my childhood, if I may so misuse the word as to apply it to such a beginning of life."

At the age of twenty he had been sent to China to join his father, a merchant, who had been living in that country for some years, taking care of the business there, while his mother managed the business at home. He stays there till he is forty, and, his father then dying, he returns to London

to see his mother; but she receives him very coldly, as her old servant and confidential adviser, Flintwinch, also does. Finding a young woman in the house who is called "Little Dorrit," and who is employed by his mother to do needlework, and feeling a growing interest in her, he ascertains her history, and is the means of her father's release from the Marshalsea. Being afterwards unfortunate in business, he is arrested for debt, and is thrown into the same prison; but he finds a fast friend in Little Dorrit, and, when he at last gains his liberty, she marries him. (Bk. I., ch. ii., iii., v., vii.–x., xii.–xvii., xxii., xxiv.–xxviii., xxxi., xxxii., xxxiv.–xxxvi.; Bk. II., ch. iii., iv., viii.–xi., xiii., xx., xxii., xxiii., xxvi.–xxxiv.)

CLENNAM, MRS. The supposed mother of Arthur Clennam, who turns out, however, to have been the child of another woman whom his father had known before marrying Mrs. Clennam. She is a hard, stern woman, with cold gray eyes, cold gray hair, and an immovable face. Though an invalid, who has lost the use of her limbs, and is confined to a single room, she retains the full vigour of her mind, and is still, as she has always been, a thorough woman of business. An austere moralist, a religionist whose faith is in a system of gloom and darkness, of vengeance and destruction, she yet does not hesitate to suppress a will, by virtue of which two thousand guineas were to go to Little Dorrit on her coming of age. Finding that her guilt has been discovered, and is certain to be made known, she throws herself on the mercy of the girl she has so grievously wronged, and is freely forgiven. (Bk. I., ch. iii.–v., viii., xv., xxix., xxx.; Bk. II., ch. x., xvii., xxiii., xxviii., xxx., xxxi.)

CRIPPLES, MASTER. A white-faced boy, son of Mr Cripples. (Bk. I., ch. ix.)

CRIPPLES, MR. Teacher of an academy for "evening tuition." (Bk. I., ch. ix.)

DAWES. A rosy-faced, gay, good-humoured nurse, who is Miss Wade's special antipathy.

DORRIT, AMY, called "Little Dorrit." Daughter of Mr. William Dorrit. She becomes the wife of Arthur Clennam. (Bk. I., ch. iii., v.–ix., xii.–xvi., xviii.–xxv., xxvii., xxix., xxxi., xxxii., xxxv., xxxvi.; Bk. II., ch. i.–viii., xi., xiv., xv., xix., xxiv., xxvi., xxvii., xxix.–xxxi., xxxiii., xxxiv.)

DORRIT, EDWARD, called "TIP." The brother of Little Dorrit; a spendthrift and an idler, for whom his sister is always calculating and planning. (Bk. I., ch. vi.–viii., xii., xviii., xx., xxii., xxiv., xxxi., xxxv., xxxvi.; Bk. II., ch. i., iii., v., xi., xv., xix., xxiv., xxix., xxxiii., xxxiv.)

Tip tired of everything. With intervals of Marshalsea lounging . . . . his small second mother, aided by her trusty friend, got him into a warehouse, into a market-garden, into the hop trade, into the law again, into an auctioneer's, into a brewery, into a stockbroker's, into the law again, into a coach-office, into a waggon-office, into the law again, into a general dealer's, into a distillery, into the law again, into a wool house, into a dry goods house, into the Billingsgate trade, into the foreign fruit trade, and into the docks. But whatever Tip went into, he came out of tired, announcing that he had cut it.

DORRIT, FANNY. Daughter of Mr. William Dorrit, and elder sister of Amy, or "Little Dorrit." She is, for a time, a ballet-dancer, but finally marries Mr. Edmund Sparkler, and rules him with a rod of iron. (Bk. I., ch. vi.–ix., xviii., xx., xxxi., xxxv., xxxvi.; Bk. II., ch. i.–iii., v.–vii., xi., xiv.–xvi., xviii., xix., xxiv., xxxiii., xxxiv.)

DORRIT, MR. FREDERICK. Brother to Mr. William Dorrit. (Bk. I., ch. vii.–ix., xix., xx., xxvi.; Bk. II., ch. i., iv., v., xix.)

There was a ruined uncle in the family group—ruined by his brother, the Father of the Marshalsea, and knowing no more how than his ruiner did, but accepting the fact as an inevitable certainty. . . . Naturally a retired and simple man, he had shown no particular sense of being ruined, at the time when that calamity fell upon him, further than that he left off washing himself when the shock was announced, and never took to that luxury any more. He had been a very indifferent musical amateur in his better days; and when he fell with his brother, resorted for support to playing a clarionet as dirty as himself in a small theatre orchestra.

DORRIT, MR. WILLIAM. A prisoner for debt in the Marshalsea; a shy, retiring man, well-looking, though in an effeminate style, with a mild voice, curling hair, and irresolute hands.

The affairs of this debtor were perplexed by a partnership, of which he knew no more than that he had invested money in it; by legal matters of assignment and settlement, conveyance here and conveyance there, suspicion of unlawful preference of creditors in this direction, and of mysterious spiriting away of property in that; and as nobody on the face of the earth could be more incapable of explaining any single item in the heap of confusion than the debtor himself, nothing comprehensible could be made of his case. To question him in detail, and endeavour to reconcile his answers, to closet him

with accountants and sharp practitioners learned in the wiles of insolvency and bankruptcy, was only to put the case out at compound interest of incomprehensibility. The irresolute fingers fluttered more and more ineffectually about the trembling lip on every such occasion, and the sharpest practitioners gave him up as a hopeless job.

His young wife joins him with their two children; and in a few months another child is born to them, a girl, from whom the story takes its name. When this child is eight years old, the wife dies. Years pass by, and Dorrit becomes gray-haired and venerable, and is known in the prison as the Father of the Marshalsea—a title he grows to be very vain of. From an early period his daughter devotes herself to the task of being his support and protection, becoming, in all things but precedence, the head of the fallen family, and bearing in her own heart its anxieties and shames. After twenty-five years spent within the prison walls, Mr. Dorrit proves to be heir-at-law to a great estate that has long remained unknown of, unclaimed, and accumulating. He leaves the Marshalsea a rich man; but that quarter of a century behind its bars has done its work; and he leaves it with a failing intellect, and makes himself ridiculous by his pride, by the lofty airs he gives himself, and by his unwillingness to recall at any time the old days of his poverty and confinement. He declines slowly but surely, and at last dies in a palace at Rome, fancying it to be the Marshalsea. (Bk. I., ch. vi.–ix., xviii., xix., xxii., xxiii., xxxi., xxxii., xxxv., xxxvi.; Bk. II., ch. i.–iii., v.–vii., xii., xiii., xv.–xix.)

DOYCE, DANIEL. An engineer and inventor, who becomes the partner of Arthur Clennam. (Bk. I., ch. x., xii., xvi., xvii., xxiii., xxvi., xxviii., xxxiv.; Bk. II., ch. viii., xiii., xxii., xxvi., xxxiv.)

F.'S AUNT, MR. *See* MR. F.'S AUNT.

FINCHING, MRS. FLORA. Daughter of Christopher Casby; a wealthy widow of some thirty-eight or forty years of age, sentimental and affected, but thoroughly good-hearted. She talks with the most disjointed volubility, pointing her conversation with nothing but commas, and very few of them.

Most men will be found sufficiently true to themselves to be true to an old idea. It is no proof of an inconstant mind, but exactly the opposite, when the idea will not bear close comparison with the reality; and the contrast is a fatal shock to it. Such was Clennam's case. In his youth he had ardently loved this woman, and had heaped upon her all the locked-up wealth of his affection and imagination. . . . Ever since that memorable time, though he had, until the night of his arrival as completely dismissed her from any association with his Present or Future as if she had been dead (which she might easily have been, for

anything he knew), he had kept the old fancy of the past, unchanged, in its old sacred place. And now, after all, the Last of the Patriarchs coolly walked into the parlour, saying, in effect, "Be good enough to throw it down and dance upon it: this is Flora."

Flora, always tall, had grown to be very broad too, and short of breath; but that was not much. Flora, whom he had left a lily, had become a peony; but that was not much. Flora, who had seemed enchanting in all she said and thought, was diffuse and silly: that was much. Flora, who had been spoiled and artless long ago, was determined to be spoiled and artless now: that was a fatal blow.

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"Oh good gracious me I hope you never kept yourself a bachelor so long on my account!" tittered Flora; "but of course you never did why should you, pray don't answer, I don't know where I'm running to, oh do tell me something about the Chinese ladies whether their eyes are really so long and narrow always putting me in mind of mother-of-pearl fish at cards and do they really wear tails down their back and plaited too or is it only the men, and when they pull their hair so very tight off their foreheads don't they hurt themselves, and why do they stick little bells all over their bridges and temples and hats and things or don't they really do it!" Flora gave him another of her old glances. Instantly she went on again, as if he had spoken in reply for some time:

"Then it's all true and they really do! good gracious, Arthur!—pray excuse me—old habit—Mr. Clennam far more proper—what a country to live in for so long a time, and with so many lanterns and umbrellas too, how very dark and wet the climate ought to be and no doubt actually is, and the sums of money that must be made by those two trades where everybody carries them and hangs them everywhere, the little shoes too and the feet screwed back in infancy is quite surprising, what a traveller you are!"

In this ridiculous distress, Clennam received another of the old glances, without in the least knowing what to do with it.

"Dear dear," said Flora, "only to think of the changes at home Arthur—cannot overcome it, seems so natural, Mr. Clennam far more proper—since you became familiar with the Chinese customs and language which I am persuaded you speak like a Native if not better for you were always quick and clever though immensely difficult no doubt, I am sure the tea chests alone would kill *me* if I tried, such changes Arthur—I am doing it again, seems so natural, most improper—as no one could have believed, who could have ever imagined Mrs. Finching when I can't imagine it myself!"

"Is that your married name?" asked Arthur, struck, in the midst of all this, by a certain warmth of heart that expressed itself in her tone when she referred, however oddly, to the youthful relation in which they had stood to one another. "Finching?"

"Finching oh yes isn't it a dreadful name, but as Mr. F. said when he proposed to me which he did seven times and handsomely consented I must say to be what he used to call on liking twelve months after all, he wasn't answerable for it and couldn't help it could he, Excellent man, not at all like you but excellent man!"

(Bk. I., ch. xiii., xxiii., xxiv., xxxv.; Bk. II., ch. ix., xvii., xxiii., xxxiv.)

FLINTWINCH, AFFERY. An old servant of Mrs. Clennam's; wife of Jeremiah Flintwinch. She is apt to fall into a dreamy sleep-waking state, much to the displeasure of her husband, who tells her, "If you ever have a dream of this sort again, it'll be a sign of your being in want of physic, and I'll give you such a dose, old woman—such a dose!" (Bk. I., ch. iii.–v., xv., xxix., xxx.; Bk. II., ch. x., xvii., xxiii., xxx., xxxi.)

FLINTWINCH, EPHRAIM. Jeremiah's "double" and confederate. (Bk. I., ch. iv.; Bk. II., ch. xxx.)

FLINTWINCH, JEREMIAH. Servant and afterwards partner of Mrs. Clennam. He is a short, bald old man, bent and dried, with a one-sided crab-like manner of locomotion.

His neck was so twisted, that the knotted ends of his white cravat usually dangled under one ear; his natural acerbity and energy, always contending with a second nature of habitual repression, gave his features a swollen and suffused look; and, altogether, he had a weird appearance of having hanged himself at one time or other, and of having gone about ever since, halter and all, exactly as some timely hand had cut him down.

(Bk. I., ch. iii.–v., xv., xxix., xxx.; Bk. II., ch. x., xvii., xxiii., xxviii., xxx., xxxi.)

GENERAL, MRS. A widow-lady of forty-five, whom Mr. Dorrit engages to "form the mind" and manners of his daughters.

In person, Mrs. General, including her skirts, which had much to do with it, was of a dignified and imposing appearance; ample, rustling, gravely voluminous, always upright behind the proprieties. She might have been taken—had been taken—to the top of the Alps and the bottom of Herculaneum, without disarranging a fold in her dress, or displacing a pin. If her countenance and hair had rather a floury appearance, as though from living in some transcendently genteel Mill, it was rather because she was a chalky creation altogether, than because she mended her complexion with violet-powder, or had turned gray. If her eyes had no expression, it was probably because they had nothing to express. If she had few wrinkles, it was because her mind had never traced its name or any other inscription on her face. A cool, waxy, blown-out woman, who had never lighted well.

Mrs. General had no opinions. Her way of forming a mind was to prevent it from forming opinions. She had a little circular set of mental grooves, or rails, on which she started little trains of other people's opinions, which never overtook one another, and never got anywhere. Even her propriety could not dispute that there was impropriety in the world; but Mrs. General's way of getting rid of it was to put it out of sight, and make believe that there was no such thing. This was another of her ways of forming a mind—to cram all articles of difficulty into cupboards, lock them up, and say they had no existence. It was the easiest way, and, beyond all comparison, the properest.

Mrs. General was not to be told of anything shocking. Accidents,

miseries, and offences were never to be mentioned before her. Passion was to go to sleep in the presence of Mrs. General, and blood was to change to milk and water. The little that was left in the world when all these deductions were made, it was Mrs. General's province to varnish. In that formation process of hers she dipped the smallest of brushes into the largest of pots, and varnished the surface of every object that came under consideration. The more cracked it was, the more Mrs. General varnished it.

Observing that Amy Dorrit calls Mr. Dorrit "father," Mrs. General informs her that "papa" is a preferable mode of address.

"Father is rather vulgar, my dear. The word Papa, besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism, are all very good words for the lips; especially prunes and prism. You will find it serviceable in the formation of a demeanour, if you sometimes say to yourself in company—on entering a room, for instance — Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism, prunes and prism."

"Pray, my child," said Mr. Dorrit, "attend to the—hum—precepts of Mrs. General."

Poor little Dorrit, with a rather forlorn glance at that eminent varnisher, promised to try.

"You say, Amy," pursued Mr. Dorrit, "that you think you require time. Time for what?"

Another pause.

"To become accustomed to the novelty of my life, was all I meant," said Little Dorrit, with her loving eyes upon her father; whom she had very nearly addressed as poultry, if not prunes and prism too, in her desire to submit herself to Mrs. General and please him.

(Bk. II., ch. i.–v., vii., xi., xv., xix.)

GOWAN, HENRY. An artist, who marries Miss Minnie Meagles. (Bk. I., ch. xvii., xxvi., xxviii., xxxiii., xxxiv.; Bk. II., ch. i., iii.–viii., xi., xiv., xvii., xx., xxi., xxxiii.)

The Gowan family were a very distant ramification of the Barnacles; and . . . the Paternal Gowan, originally attached to a legation abroad, had been pensioned off as a Commissioner of nothing particular somewhere or other, and had died at his post with his drawn salary in his hand, nobly defending it to the last extremity. In consideration of this eminent public service, the Barnacle then in power had recommended the Crown to bestow a pension of two or three hundred a year on his widow; to which the next Barnacle in power had added certain shady and sedate apartments in the Palace at Hampton Court, where the old lady still lived, deploring the degeneracy of the times, in company with several other old ladies of both sexes. Her son, Mr. Henry Gowan, inheriting from his father, the Commissioner, that very questionable help in life, a very small independence, had been difficult to settle; the rather as public appointments chanced to be scarce, and his genius during his earlier manhood was of that exclusively agricultural character which applies itself to the cultivation of wild oats. At last he had declared that he would become a Painter; partly because

he had always had an idle knack that way, and partly to grieve the souls of the Barnacles-in-chief who had not provided for him. So it had come to pass successively, first, that several distinguished ladies had been frightfully shocked; then that portfolios of his performances had been handed about o' nights, and declared with ecstasy to be perfect Claudes, perfect Cuyps, perfect phenomena; then that Lord Decimus had bought his picture, and had asked the President and Council to dinner at a blow, and had said with his own magnificent gravity, "Do you know, there appears to me to be really immense merit in that work?" and, in short, that people of condition had absolutely taken pains to bring him into fashion. But somehow it had all failed. The prejudiced public had stood out against it obstinately. They had determined not to admire Lord Decimus's picture. They had determined to believe, that in every service, except their own, a man must qualify himself, by striving, early and late, and by working heart and soul, might and main.

GOWAN, MRS. His mother; a courtly old lady, a little lofty in her manner. (Bk. I., ch. xvii., xxvi., xxxiii., xxxiv.; Bk. II., ch. v., viii.)

GOWAN, MRS. HENRY. *See* MEAGLES, MINNIE.

HAGGAGE, DOCTOR. A poor debtor in the Marshalsea; a hoarse, puffy, red-faced, dirty, brandy-drinking, medical scarecrow, who assists Little Dorrit into the world. (Bk. I., ch. vi., vii.)

JENKINSON. A messenger at the Circumlocution Office. (Bk. I., ch. x.)

LAGNIER. *See* RIGAUD.

MAGGY. A granddaughter of Mrs. Bangham's, and a *protégée* of Little Dorrit's; afterwards an assistant to Mrs. Plornish. (Bk. I., ch. ix., xiv., xx., xxii., xxiv., xxxi., xxxii., xxxv., xxxvi.; Bk. II., ch. iii., iv., xiii., xxix., xxxiii., xxxiv.)

She was about eight-and-twenty, with large bones, large features, large feet and hands, large eyes, and no hair. Her large eyes were limpid and almost colourless; they seemed to be very little affected by light, and to stand unnaturally still. There was also that attentive, listening expression in her face, which is seen in the faces of the blind; but she was not blind, having one tolerably serviceable eye. Her face was not exceedingly ugly, though it was only redeemed from being so by a smile,—a good-humoured smile, and pleasant in itself, but rendered pitiable by being constantly there.

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"When Maggy was ten years old," said Little Dorrit, watching her face while she spoke, "she had a bad fever, sir; and she has never grown any older ever since."

"Ten years old," said Maggy, nodding her head. "But what a nice hospital! So comfortable; wasn't it? Oh, so nice it was! Such a Ev'nly place!"

"She had never been at peace before, sir," said Dorrit, turning

towards Arthur for an instant, and speaking low, "and she always runs off upon that."

"Such beds there is there!" cried Maggy. "Such lemonades! Such oranges! Such d'licious broth and wine! Such Chicking! Oh, AIN'T it a delightful place to go and stop at!"

"So Maggy stopped there as long as she could," said Dorrit in her former tone of telling a child's story; the tone designed for Maggy's ear, "and at last, when she could stop there no longer, she came out. Then, because she was never to be more than ten years old, however long she lived"—

"However long she lived," echoed Maggy.

"And because she was very weak; indeed, was so weak, that, when she began to laugh she couldn't stop herself, which was a great pity"—

(Maggy mighty grave of a sudden.)

"Her grandmother did not know what to do with her, and for some years was very unkind to her indeed. At length, in course of time, Maggy began to take pains to improve herself, and to be very attentive and very industrious; and, by degrees, was allowed to come in and out as often as she liked, and got enough to do to support herself, and does support herself. And that," said Little Dorrit, clapping the two great hands together again, "is Maggy's history, as Maggy knows!"

MAROON, CAPTAIN. One of Mr. Edward Dorrit's creditors. (Bk. I., ch. xii.)

MARSHALSEA, FATHER OF THE. *See* DORRIT, MR. WILLIAM.

MEAGLES, MR. A retired banker, good-natured and benevolent, and always priding himself on being a practical man. (Bk. I., ch. ii., x., xii., xvi., xvii., xxiii., xxvi.–xxix., xxxiii., xxxiv.; Bk. II., ch., viii.–x., xxxiii., xxxiv.)

MEAGLES, MRS. His wife; a comely and healthy woman, with a pleasant English face, which, like her husband's, has been looking at homely things for five-and-fifty years or more, and shines with a bright reflection of them. (Bk. I., ch. ii., xvi., xvii., xxviii., xxxiii., xxxiv.; Bk. II., ch. viii., ix., xxxiii., xxxiv.)

MEAGLES, MINNIE, called "PET." Their daughter, afterwards the wife of Mr. Henry Gowan. (Bk. I., ch. ii., xvi., xvii., xxvi., xxviii., xxxiv.; Bk. II., ch. i., iii., iv.–viii., xi., xxviii., xxxiii.)

Pet was about twenty. A fair girl with rich brown hair hanging free in natural ringlets. A lovely girl, with a frank face and wonderful eyes; so large, so soft, so bright, set to such perfection in her kind good head! She was round and fresh and dimpled and spoilt, and there was in Pet an air of timidity and dependence which was the best weakness in the world, and gave her the only crowning charm a girl so pretty and pleasant could have been without.

MERDLE, MR. A London banker, who, after a remarkably successful career, becomes a bankrupt and commits suicide. (Bk. I., ch. xxi., xxxiii.; Bk. II., ch. v., vii., xii.–xvi., xviii., xix., xxiv., xxv., xxviii.)

Mr. Merdle was immensely rich; a man of prodigious enterprise; a Midas without the ears, who turned all he touched to gold. He was in everything good, from banking to building. He was in Parliament, of course. He was in the City, necessarily. He was Chairman of this, Trustee of that, President of the other. The weightiest of men had said to projectors, "Now, what name have you got? Have you got Merdle?" And the reply being in the negative, had said, "Then I won't look at you." . . .

He was the most disinterested of men—did everything for Society, and got as little for himself, out of all his gain and care, as a man might.

That is to say, it may be supposed that he got all he wanted, otherwise, with unlimited wealth, he would have got it. But his desire was, to the utmost, to satisfy Society (whatever that was), and take up all its drafts upon him for tribute. He did not shine in company; he had not very much to say for himself; he was a reserved man, with a broad, overhanging, watchful head, that particular kind of dull red colour in his cheeks which is rather stale than fresh, and a somewhat uneasy expression about his coat-cuffs as if they were in his confidence, and had reasons for being anxious to hide his hands. In the little he said, he was a pleasant man enough; plain, emphatic about public and private confidence, and tenacious of the utmost deference being shown by everyone, in all things, to Society. In this same Society (if that were it which came to his dinners, and to Mrs. Merdle's receptions and concerts), he hardly seemed to enjoy himself much, and was mostly to be found against walls, and behind doors. Also when he went out to it, instead of its coming home to him, he seemed a little fatigued, and, upon the whole, rather more disposed for bed; but he was always cultivating it, nevertheless, and always moving in it, and always laying out money on it with the greatest liberality.

MERDLE, MRS. His wife, and mother of Mr. Edmund Sparkler; a very fashionable lady.

The lady was not young and fresh from the hand of Nature, but was young and fresh from the hand of her maid. She had large, unfeeling, handsome eyes, and dark, unfeeling, handsome hair, and a broad, unfeeling, handsome bosom, and was made the most of in every particular. Either because she had a cold, or because it suited her face, she wore a rich white fillet tied over her head, and under her chin. And if ever there were an unfeeling, handsome chin, that looked as if, for certain, it had never been, in familiar parlance, "chucked" by the hand of man, it was the chin curbed up so tight and close by that laced bridle.

(Bk. I., ch. xx., xxi., xxxiii.; Bk. II., ch. iii., v., vii., xii., xiv.–xvi., xix., xxiv., xxv., xxxiii.)

MR. F.'S AUNT. A singular old lady, who is a legacy left to Mrs. Flora Finching by her deceased husband.

This was an amazing little old woman, with a face like a staring wooden doll too cheap for expression, and a stiff yellow wig perched unevenly on the top of her head, as if the child who owned the doll had driven a tack through it anywhere, so that it only got fastened on. Another remarkable thing in this little old woman was, that the same child seemed to have damaged her face in two or three places with some blunt instrument in the nature of a spoon; her countenance, and particularly the tip of her nose, presenting the phenomena of several dints, generally answering to the bowl of that article. A further remarkable thing in this little old woman was, that she had no name but Mr. F.'s Aunt. . . .

The major characteristics discoverable by the stranger in Mr. F.'s Aunt were extreme severity and grim taciturnity, sometimes interrupted by a propensity to offer remarks, in a deep warning voice, which, being totally uncalled for by anything said by anybody, and traceable to no association of ideas, confounded and terrified the mind. Mr. F.'s Aunt may have thrown in these observations on some system of her own, and it may have been ingenious, or even subtle; but the key to it was wanted.

(Bk. I., ch. xiii., xxiii., xxiv., xxxv.; Bk. II., ch. ix., xxxiv.)

NANDY, JOHN EDWARD. Father to Mrs. Plornish; an old man with a weak, piping voice, though his daughter considers him "a sweet singer." (Bk. I., ch. xiii.; Bk. II., ch. xiii., xxvi., xxvii.)

PANCKS, MR. Mr. Casby's collector of rents.

He was dressed in black and rusty iron-gray; had jet-black beads of eyes, a scrubby little black chin, wiry black hair striking out from his head in prongs, like forks or hair-pins, and a complexion that was very dingy by nature, or very dirty by art, or a compound of nature and art. He had dirty hands and dirty broken nails, and looked as if he had been in the coals; he was in a perspiration, and snorted and sniffed and puffed and blew like a little labouring steam-engine.

Though the agent of a man who, despite his benevolent and patriarchal air, is a hard, avaricious old sinner, and though, in accordance with his instructions, he periodically squeezes and harasses his employer's tenants, he is by no means a cruel or ungenerous man. Indeed, he is so chafed and exasperated by the disagreeable nature of his work, and by the hypocrisy of his "proprietor," that he makes up his mind to seek some other occupation. Meeting Mr. Casby, one day, in Bleeding Heart Yard,

Going close up to the most venerable of men, and halting in front of the bottle-green waistcoat [he] made a trigger of his right thumb and

forefinger, applied the same to the brim of the broad-brimmed hat, and, with singular smartness and precision, shot it off the polished head as if it had been a large marble.

Having taken this little liberty with the Patriarchal person, Mr. Pancks further astounded and attracted the Bleeding Hearts by saying in an audible voice, "Now, you sugary swindler, I mean to have it out with you!"

Mr. Pancks and the Patriarch were instantly the centre of a press, all eyes and ears: windows were thrown open, and door-steps were thronged.

"What do you pretend to be?" said Mr. Pancks. "What's your moral game? What do you go in for? Benevolence; an't it? You benevolent!" Here Mr. Pancks, apparently without the intention of hitting him, but merely to relieve his mind and expand his superfluous power in wholesome exercise, aimed a blow at the bumpy head, which the bumpy head ducked to avoid. This singular performance was repeated, to the ever-increasing admiration of the spectators, at the end of every succeeding article of Mr. Pancks's oration.

"I have discharged myself from your service," said Pancks, "that I may tell you what you are. You're one of a lot of impostors that are the worst lot of all the lots to be met with. . . . You're a driver in disguise, a screwer by deputy, a wringer, and squeezer, and a shaver by substitute! You're a philanthropic sneak! You're a shabby deceiver!"

(The repetition of the performance at this point was received with a burst of laughter.)

"Ask these good people who's the hard man here. They'll tell you Pancks, I believe."

This was confirmed with cries of "Certainly!" and "Hear!"

"But I tell you, good people—Casby! This mound of meekness, this lump of love, this bottle-green smiler—this is your driver!" said Pancks. "If you want to see the man who would flay you alive, here he is! Don't look for him in me, at thirty shillings a week, but look for him in Casby, at I don't know how much a year."

"Good!" cried several voices. "Hear Mr. Pancks!"

"Hear Mr. Pancks?" cried that gentleman (after repeating the popular performance). "Yes, I should think so! It's almost time to hear Mr. Pancks! Mr. Pancks has come down into the Yard to-night on purpose that you should hear him. Pancks is only the Works; but here's the Winder!"

The audience would have gone over to Mr. Pancks as one man, woman, and child, but for the long, gray, silken locks, and the broad-brimmed hat.

"Here's the Stop," said Pancks, "that sets the tune to be ground. And there is but one tune, and its name is Grind, Grind, Grind! Here's the Proprietor, and here's his Grubber. . . . He provides the pitch, and I handle it, and it sticks to me. Now," said Mr. Pancks, closing upon his late Proprietor again, from whom he had withdrawn a little for the better display of him to the Yard, "as I am not accustomed to speak in public, and as I have made a rather lengthy speech, all circumstances considered, I shall bring my observations to a close by requesting you to get out of this."

The Last of the Patriarchs had been so seized by assault, and required so much room to catch an idea in, and so much more room to turn it in, that he had not a word to offer in reply. He appeared to be

meditating some patriarchal way out of his delicate position, when Mr. Pancks once more, suddenly applying the trigger to his hat, shot it off again with his former dexterity. On the preceding occasion, one or two of the Bleeding Heart Yarders had obsequiously picked it up, and handed it to its owner; but Mr. Pancks had now so far impressed his audience, that the Patriarch had to turn, and stoop for it himself.

Quick as lightning Mr. Pancks, who for some moments had had his right hand in his coat-pocket, whipped out a pair of shears, swooped upon the Patriarch behind, and snipped off short the sacred locks that flowed upon his shoulders. In a paroxysm of animosity and rapidity, Mr. Pancks then caught the broad-brimmed hat out of the astounded Patriarch's hand, cut it down into a mere stewpan, and fixed it on the Patriarch's head.

Before the frightful results of this desperate action Mr. Pancks himself recoiled in consternation. A bare-polled, goggle-eyed, big-headed, lumbering personage stood staring at him, not in the least impressive, not in the least venerable, who seemed to have started out of the earth to ask what was become of Casby. After staring at this phantom in return, in silent awe, Mr. Pancks threw down his shears, and fled for a place of hiding, where he might lie sheltered from the consequences of his crime. Mr. Pancks deemed it prudent to use all possible despatch in making off, though he was pursued by nothing but the sound of laughter in Bleeding Heart Yard, rippling through the air, and making it ring again.

(Bk. I., ch. xii., xiii., xxiii.–xxv., xxvii., xxix., xxxii., xxxiv., xxxv.; Bk. II., ch. ix., xi., xiii., xvii., xx., xxii., xxvi., xxviii.–xxx., xxxii., xxxiv.)

PET. *See* MEAGLES, MINNIE.

PLORNISH, MR. A plasterer living in Bleeding Heart Yard, one of Mr. Casby's tenants, and a friend of Little Dorrit's; a smooth-cheeked, fresh-coloured, sandy-whiskered man of thirty, long in the legs, yielding at the knees, foolish in the face, flannel-jacketed, lime-whitened. (Bk. I., ch. vi., ix., xii., xxiii., xxiv., xxxi., xxxvi.; Bk. II., ch. iv., xiii., xxvii., xxix.)

PLORNISH, MRS. His wife; a young woman, made somewhat slatternly in herself and her belongings by poverty; and so dragged at by poverty and the children together, that their united forces have already dragged her face into wrinkles. (Bk. I., ch. vi., xii., xxiii., xxxi.; Bk. II., ch. iv., xiii., xxvi., xxvii., xxix., xxx.)

RIGAUD, alias BLANDOIS, *alias* LAGNIER. A *chevalier d'industrie*, with polished manners, but a scoundrel's heart. Having murdered his wife, and been lodged in a French jail, he contrives to effect his escape, and flees to England. Gaining a knowledge of Mrs. Clennam's frauds, he tries to wring

from her a very large amount of hush-money, but is killed by the sudden falling of the house in which he is waiting for her.

His eyes, too close together. . . . were sharp rather than bright. . . . They had no depth or change, they glittered, and they opened and shut. So far, and waiving their use to himself, a clockmaker could have made a better pair. He had a hook nose, handsome after its kind, but too high between the eyes by probably just as much as his eyes were too near to one another. For the rest, he was large and tall in frame, had thin lips, where his thick moustache showed them at all, and a quantity of dry hair, of no definable colour in its shaggy state, but shot with red.

(Bk. I., ch. i., xi., xxix., xxx.; Bk. II., ch. i., iii., vi., vii., ix., x., xvii., xx., xxii., xxiii., xxviii., xxx., xxxi., xxxiii.)

RUGG, MISS ANASTASIA. Daughter of Mr. Rugg. She has little nankeen spots, like shirt buttons, all over her face; and her yellow tresses are rather scrubby than luxuriant. (Bk. I., ch. xxv.; Bk. II., ch. xxvi., xxviii.)

Miss Rugg was a lady of a little property, which she had acquired, together with much distinction in the neighbourhood, by having her heart severely lacerated, and her feelings mangled, by a middle-aged baker, resident in the vicinity, against whom she had, by the agency of Mr. Rugg, found it necessary to proceed at law to recover damages for a breach of promise of marriage. The baker having been, by the counsel for Miss Rugg, witheringly denounced on that occasion up to the full amount of twenty guineas, at the rate of about eighteen-pence an epithet, and having been cast in corresponding damages, still suffered occasional persecution from the youth of Pentonville; but Miss Rugg, environed by the majesty of the law, and having her damages invested in the public securities, was regarded with consideration.

RUGG, MR. A general agent, accountant, and collector of debts, who is Mr. Pancks's landlord. He has a round white visage—as if all his blushes had been drawn out of him long ago—and a ragged yellow head like a worn-out hearth-broom. (Bk. I., ch. xxv., xxxii., xxxv., xxxvi.; Bk. II., ch. xxvi., xxviii., xxxiv.)

SPARKLER, MR. EDMUND. Son of Mrs. Merdle by her first husband. He marries Fanny Dorrit, considering her to be "a young lady with no nonsense about her." (Bk. I., ch. xx., xxi., xxxiii.; Bk. II., ch. iii., vi., vii., xii., xiv.–xvi., xviii., xxiv., xxxiii.)

Mrs. Merdle's first husband had been a colonel, under whose auspices the bosom had entered into competition with the snows of North America, and had come off at little disadvantage in point of

whiteness, and at none in point of coldness. The colonel's son was Mrs. Merdle's only child. He was of a chuckle-headed, high-shouldered make, with a general appearance of being not so much a young man as a swelled boy. He had given so few signs of reason, that a byword went among his companions, that his brain had been frozen up in a mighty frost which prevailed at St. John's, New Brunswick, at the period of his birth there, and had never thawed from that hour. Another byword represented him as having in his infancy, through the negligence of a nurse, fallen out of a high window on his head, which had been heard, by responsible witnesses, to crack. It is probable that both these representations were of *ex post facto* origin; the young gentleman (whose expressive name was Sparkler) being monomaniacal in offering marriage to all manner of undesirable young ladies, and in remarking of every successive young lady to whom he tendered a matrimonial proposal, that she was "a doosed fine gal—well educated too—with no biggodd nonsense about her."

SPARKLER, MRS. EDMUND. *See* DORRIT, FANNY.

STILTSTALKING, LORD LANCASTER. A gray old gentleman of dignified and sullen appearance, whom the Circumlocution Office had maintained for many years as a representative of the Britannic majesty abroad. (Bk. I., ch. xxvi.)

This noble Refrigerator had iced several European courts in his time, and had done it with such complete success, that the very name of Englishman yet struck cold to the stomachs of foreigners who had the distinguished honour of remembering him at a distance of a quarter of a century.

TATTYCORAM. *See* BEADLE, HARRIET.

TICKIT, MRS. Mr. Meagles's cook and housekeeper. She makes Buchan's "Domestic Medicine" her constant *vade mecum*, though she is believed never to have consulted it to the extent of a single word in her life. (Bk. I., ch. xvi., xxxiv.; Bk. II., ch. ix., xxxiii.)

TINKLER. Mr. William Dorrit's valet. (Bk. II., ch. iii., v., xv., xix.)

TIP. *See* DORRIT, EDWARD.

WADE, MISS. A woman with a sullen and ungovernable temper, a self-tormentor, who fancies that wrongs and insults are heaped upon her on every side. Finding a kindred spirit in Tattycoram, the adopted child of Mr. Meagles, she entices the girl to leave that excellent couple, and live with her, and, when she has done so, makes and keeps her as miserable, suspicious, and tormenting as herself. But Tattycoram grows

tired of such a life, and at length returns, repentant and grateful, to her old master and mistress.

One could hardly see the face, so still and scornful, set off by the arched dark eyebrows and the folds of dark hair, without wondering what its expression would be if a change came over it. That it could soften or relent appeared next to impossible. That it could deepen into anger or any extreme of defiance, and that it must change in that direction, when it changed at all, would have been its peculiar impression upon most observers. It was dressed and trimmed into no ceremony of expression. Although not an open face, there was no pretence in it. I am self-contained and self-reliant; your opinion is nothing to me; I have no interest in you, care nothing for you, and see and hear you with indifference—this it said plainly. It said so in the proud eyes, in the lifted nostril, in the handsome but compressed and even cruel mouth. Cover either two of those channels of expression, and the third would have said so still. Mask them all, and the mere turn of the head would have shown an unsubduable nature.

(Bk. I., ch. ii., xvi., xxvii., xxviii.; Bk. II., ch. ix., x., xx., xxi., xxxiii.)

WOBBLER, MR. A clerk in the secretarial department of the Circumlocution Office. (Bk. I., ch. x.)

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I. Rigaud and Cavalletto, in prison in Marseilles, have their food brought them by the jailer and his little daughter; Rigaud gives Cavalletto the reason of his imprisonment; Rigaud is carried out to his trial.—II. Mr. Meagles is impatient at the detention in quarantine; Mr. Meagles gives Arthur Clennam an account of Tattycoram, and how they adopted her; confidence between Mr. Meagles and Mr. Clennam, in which some of the circumstances in the history of each are narrated; Miss Wade's indifference at parting with her fellow-travellers; her influence over Tattycoram, who shows signs of discontent.—III. Arthur Clennam arrives home on a dismal Sunday evening, after an absence of twenty years; he is received without any emotion by the old serving-man, Jeremiah Flintwinch, and as coldly welcomed by his mother; Affery gives Arthur some hints of the relations existing between his mother and Flintwinch, and tells him how she came to marry Jeremiah; Arthur has his memory of an old sweetheart revived.—IV. Mrs. Flintwinch sees, "in a dream," Jeremiah and his "Double," whom he entrusts with an iron box, and dismisses from the house.—V. Arthur Clennam consults with his mother in regard to the business of

the house; he intimates his suspicions that his father had unhappily committed a wrong against someone without making reparation; she threatens to renounce him if he ever renews the theme; Arthur relinquishes his share of the business, which the widow bestows upon Jeremiah; Little Dorrit appears in attendance on Mrs. Clennam; Arthur resolves to watch her, and know more of her story.—VI. Mr. Dorrit and his family enter the Marshalsea; Little Dorrit is born; death of Mrs. Dorrit; Mr. Dorrit becomes the Father of the Marshalsea.—VII. Little Dorrit becomes the pet of the prison, and, as she grows older, the principal support of her father, and the head of the fallen family; Tip, after repeated failures to succeed in business, comes back to the Marshalsea as a prisoner; Arthur traces Little Dorrit to the Marshalsea.—VIII. He encounters Frederick Dorrit, who takes him into the prison, and introduces him to Mr. Dorrit; Mr. Dorrit gives him the history of a delicate action; Mr. Clennam is locked in, and spends the night in prison.—IX. Arthur sends Little Dorrit a request to meet him at her uncle's lodgings; he questions her about the family reverses in the hope of releasing Mr. Dorrit; they meet Maggy in the street, and who Maggy is.—X. The Circumlocution Office, and its principle of How not to do it; Arthur Clennam makes inquiries at the Circumlocution Office about Mr. Dorrit's creditors, but gets no information; he encounters Mr. Meagles and Daniel Doyce; who Daniel Doyce is, and how he came in the Circumlocution Office; the party go to Bleeding Heart Yard.—XI. Rigaud, released by the law, arrives in Chalons, and stops at a cabaret, where he hears his character discussed, and his crime denounced, by the guests; going to bed, he recognises in the man who shares his room his old companion, Cavalletto; Cavalletto escapes from him in the morning.—XII. Clennam finds Mr. and Mrs. Plornish, friends of Little Dorrit; through Mr. Plornish he compromises for Tip's debts, and secures his release.—XIII. Arthur renews his acquaintance with Mr. Casby; meets Mr. Pancks, Mr. Casby's agent, and has the Flora of his early love and after-recollections destroyed by an interview with the actual Flora; Arthur's introduction to "Mr. F.'s Aunt," who makes some very pertinent remarks; Arthur and Mr. Pancks return to the city together; leaving Pancks, Arthur encounters Cavalletto, borne on a litter, his leg broken, and accompanies him to a hospital; Arthur's sorrowful meditations are interrupted by the entrance of Little Dorrit and Maggy.—XIV. She tells him Tip is released, and how she would thank his benefactor if allowed to know him; her suspicions that Flintwinch has watched her, and followed her home; she begs Arthur not to bestow any gift upon her father; Little Dorrit and Maggy spend the night in the street.—XV. Mrs. Flintwinch dreams again, and hears an angry conversation between her husband and Mrs. Clennam.—XVI. Mr. Clennam goes to Twickenham to renew his acquaintance with the Meagleses, and overtakes Daniel Doyce going there also; Mr. Meagles shows them his house and curiosities; Arthur questions whether he should allow himself to fall in love with Pet, and decides in the negative; Tattycoram relates her interview with Miss Wade; Clennam proposes to Mr. Meagles to recommend him as a partner to Daniel Doyce.—XVII. Clennam meets Henry Gowan at the Ferry, and afterwards at Mr. Meagles's house; Mr. Gowan proposes to introduce a friend; Arthur inquires of Doyce who Gowan is; Barnacle, jun., appears as Gowan's friend; Arthur does not like the intimacy between Henry Gowan and Minnie.—XVIII. Young John Chivery forms an attachment for Little Dorrit; he presents a little testimonial to the Father of the Marshalsea; he follows Amy in her

walk, and is on the point of making a declaration, when she checks him, and disappoints his hopes.—XIX. Contrast between the brothers William and Frederick Dorrit; Mr. Chivery's vexation; Mr. Dorrit explains to Amy the cause of Chivery's vexation; he becomes despondent, and she comforts him.—XX. Little Dorrit seeks her sister at the theatre, where she is engaged as a dancer, during a rehearsal; Fanny introduces her to Mrs. Merdle, the lady who gave her a bracelet; Mrs. Merdle gives Little Dorrit the circumstances of her son's attachment to Fanny, and the understanding she and Fanny have upon the subject.—XXI. Who the Merdles were, and their position in society; a dinner-party at Mr. Merdle's, and that gentleman's complaint.—XXII. Mr. Clennam does not find favour with the Father of the Marshalsea; Mrs. Chivery shows Arthur her son's despondency, and explains the cause; Arthur and Little Dorrit meet on the bridge, and Maggy joins them with notes from Mr. Dorrit and Tip, requesting loans.—XXIII. Clennam becomes a partner in Mr. Doyce's business; Flora and "Mr. F.'s Aunt" visit him in his counting-room; they are followed by Mr. Casby and Pancks; Flora takes an interest in Little Dorrit; "Mr. F.'s Aunt" makes a demonstration, and is taken out by Mr. Pancks; Mr. Pancks shows an absorbing interest in the Dorrit family, and questions Arthur about them; Mr. Pancks goes through Bleeding Heart Yard collecting rents, but does not satisfy his proprietor.—XXIV. Little Dorrit goes to work for Flora; Flora gives her the history of her old attachment to Arthur; Mr. Pancks surprises Little Dorrit by his skill in fortune-telling; Amy tells Maggy the story of the beautiful princess, and the little woman who had a secret.—XXV. Mr. Pancks, Mr. Rugg, and young John Chivery dine together, and appear to be engaged in a conspiracy which interests Little Dorrit; Mr. Pancks calls upon Cavalletto, and Mrs. Plornish acts as interpreter.—XXVI. Doyce and Clennam discuss the intimacy of Henry Gowan at the cottage; Mr. Gowan expresses his opinion of the world; Arthur visits, at her son's request, Mrs. Gowan at Hampton Court; she questions him about the Meagleses, and he assures her that they are not pleased by her son's attentions to Pet, and have hoped to break off the engagement.—XXVII. Mr. Meagles informs Clennam of Tattycoram's sudden disappearance; their thoughts both turn to Miss Wade as the probable cause; they seek Miss Wade, and find Tattycoram with her, but cannot induce her to return home with Mr. Meagles.—XXVIII. Mr. Clennam encounters Minnie alone, and, as they walk home through the avenue, he anticipates her confidence, invokes a blessing on her marriage with Gowan, and promises to be a friend to her father when she is away; Mr. Meagles delicately intimates to Arthur his suspicion of the hopes he once cherished in regard to Pet. —XXIX. Mr. Pancks calling at Mrs. Clennam's, she understands that it is to see Little Dorrit, who is there; Mrs. Clennam is unusually gentle towards Amy; Affery, shut out in the street, is accosted by a traveller, who climbs into the window, and opens the door for her.—XXX. The stranger announces himself to Jeremiah as Blandois, and produces a letter of introduction to Clennam and Co.; Mr. Blandois, having dined at a neighbouring tavern, returns to pay his respects to Mrs. Clennam; the visitor shows particular interest in Mrs. Clennam's watch, with its peculiar monogram; at his request he is shown through the old house; he appears delighted with the house, and takes singular freedoms with Jeremiah.—XXXI. Mr. John Edward Nandy is introduced; Little Dorrit takes him with her to the Marshalsea, to the indignation of Miss Fanny and the grief of her father; the father becomes reconciled, and be-

stows his patronage upon Nandy; Tip and Miss Fanny show "a proper spirit" in their conduct towards Arthur.—XXXII. Arthur secures an interview alone with Little Dorrit, and confides to her the story of the love he had overcome; he urges her to entrust to him any secret grief or care she may have; Mr. Pancks appears in a state of great excitement, which half frightens Amy, but which Clennam understands: Mr. Pancks imparts his discovery to Clennam.—XXXIII. Mrs. Merdle advises Mrs. Gowan on the requirements of society in regard to her son's marriage; Mrs. Merdle complains to her husband that he carries his business too much with him.—XXXIV. Mr. Henry Gowan explains to Clennam the disappointment he has suffered; marriage of Henry Gowan and Minnie Meagles, attended by all the Barnacles.—XXXV. Mr. Dorrit proves heir-at-law to a great estate, Mr. Pancks having traced out the evidence; Pancks narrates all the particulars to Arthur, who carries the news immediately to Little Dorrit; her first thought is of her father, and they go to tell him; emotion with which Mr. Dorrit receives the news of his good fortune.—XXXVI. Mr. Dorrit and family prepare for leaving the prison, and Mr. Dorrit gives an entertainment to the collegians; at the moment of departure, the family is disgraced by Amy, who has fainted in her shabby dress, and is carried to the carriage in that condition by Arthur.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I. The Dorrit party, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gowan, and Blandois meet at the Convent of the Great St. Bernard; Mrs. Gowan, having received an injury on the road, faints away, and her husband carries her to her room; Amy seeks Minnie Gowan in her room, and gives her a letter from Clennam; leaving the room, Amy encounters Blandois in the dark gallery; Blandois registers his name under the others in the Travellers' Book.—II. Who Mrs. General was, and how Mr. Dorrit engaged her to "form the minds" of his daughters. —III. Mr. Dorrit and Fanny are indignant at Amy for seeking the acquaintance of a friend of Clennam; the Dorrit party leave the convent, watched in their descent by Blandois; at Martigny, Mr. Dorrit has an altercation with the innkeeper, who has allowed one of the rooms engaged for him to be used by other travellers; the travellers prove to be Mrs. Merdle and Mr. Sparkler, and the lady appeases Mr. Dorrit by her apology; the party moves on to Venice.—IV. Amy writes to Clennam, and relates her interview with Minnie Gowan.—V. Mr. Dorrit takes the liberty to suggest to Mrs. General that there is something wrong in Amy; Mr. Dorrit begs Amy to accommodate herself better to the circumstances of her station; he speaks of the old days in the Marshalsea, and accuses her of always recalling them by her manner; the Gowans being in Venice, Mr. Dorrit, after consulting Mrs. General, consents to recognise their acquaintance; Mr. Frederick is moved to protest against the way in which Amy is treated.—VI. Mr. Gowan decides to encourage the acquaintance of Blandois, who has accompanied them to Venice; Fanny and Amy call upon the Gowans; in Gowan's studio, Blandois is attacked by Gowan's dog; returning home, they are attended by Mr. Sparkler, and Fanny tells Amy how she means to receive his attentions; Mr. Dorrit decides to bestow his patronage upon Henry Gowan, and engages him to paint his portrait; Gowan loses his dog.—VII. Fanny suspects Mrs. General of matrimonial designs on Mr. Dorrit; Gowan accepts, in his deprecating way, Mr. Dorrit's commission; Blandois prevents the confidence between Amy and Mrs. Gowan; the family goes to Rome, and Mrs. Merdle renews the acquaintance "begun at Martigny."—VIII. Doyce explains to Clennam the invention he has

cherished for years, and Arthur determines to urge its claims at the Circumlocution Office; the dowager Mrs. Gowan calls upon the Meagleses, and reminds them, that, considering the sacrifice her son has made, "it never does" for people of such different antecedents to try to get on together.—IX. Mr. Meagles informs Arthur of his intention to go abroad and see Pet, and Arthur urges him to do so; Mrs. Tickit sees Tattycoram; soon after, Arthur himself sees her in company with Miss Wade and Blandois; Blandois leaves them, and Arthur sees them enter Mr. Casby's house, but on gaining admission to the house, and inquiring for them, Casby gives him vague answers.—X. Arthur, on the way to see his mother, is jostled in the street by Blandois, and is greatly astonished, on following him, to find him seeking admittance to Mrs. Clennam's house; Arthur objects to his presence there, but Mrs. Clennam informs him that Blandois has business with them; Blandois hints darkly at the feeling existing between Clennam and Co.—XI. Little Dorrit writes again to Arthur, with further intelligence of the Gowans and of her own family.—XII. A dinner is given at Mr. Merdle's, attended by Bar, Bishop, &c., and the Barnacles, the object being to secure a meeting for five minutes between Mr. Merdle and Lord Decimus, the consequence of which is the appointment of Edmund Sparkler, Esquire, as one of the lords of the Circumlocution Office.—XIII. Everybody talks of Mr. Merdle and of his enterprises; Mr. Pancks calls at Mr. Plornish's shop after a trying day; singular performances of Cavalletto, consequent on his seeing Rigaud, and trying to avoid him; Clennam calls at the Plornishes on his return home; Pancks accompanies Clennam home, and argues in favour of the Merdle enterprises, in which he has himself invested.—XIV. How the news of Mr. Sparkler's appointment was received by his friends in Italy; Fanny "takes Amy's advice" as to the end of her intercourse with Mr. Sparkler, and decides, for the sake of securing a more defined position, and of asserting herself against his mother, that she will encourage him; Fanny, attended by Mr. Sparkler, informs Amy of their engagement.—XV. Mr. Dorrit finds Mrs. Merdle charmed with Mr. Sparkler's choice; Fanny expresses herself tired of Mrs. General; Mr. Dorrit remonstrates, and insists upon the engagement being announced to her; Fanny "looks to Amy" for advice in regard to the time of her marriage, and decides that it shall be soon; Fanny is married, and leaves for England; Mr. Dorrit joins her at Florence, and Amy and Mrs. General are left at Rome.—XVI. Mrs. Sparkler is established in the rooms of Mrs. Merdle; Mr. Merdle calls upon Mr. Dorrit at his hotel, and offers to assist Mr. Dorrit in investing his money.—XVII. Mrs. Finching calls upon Mr. Dorrit, and informs him of the disappearance of Blandois, who has never been seen since he entered the house of Mrs. Clennam, and asks him to look out for him on his return to Italy; Mr. Dorrit goes to Mrs. Clennam's to ask about Blandois; Mrs. Affery is again frightened by the noises.—XVIII. Young John Chivery calls to pay his respects to Mr. Dorrit, much to that gentleman's indignation; passing through Paris, Mr. Dorrit selects two little gifts for a lady.—XIX. Mr. Dorrit arrives at Rome late in the evening, and finds his brother and Amy alone; he thinks his brother greatly broken; they receive an invitation to Mrs. Merdle's farewell assembly; Mr. Dorrit begins an important conversation with Mrs. General, the conclusion of which, at her request, he postpones; at Mrs. Merdle's party, Mr. Dorrit's mind wanders; he fancies himself again the Father of the Marshalsea, and welcomes the company to that institution; his brother and Amy get him home, and, after ten days of wandering, Mr. Dorrit dies; Mr.

Frederick Dorrit dies by the bedside of his dead brother.—XX. Arthur Clennam gains an interview with Miss Wade at her lodgings in Calais; he seeks news of Blandois, but she will give him none; her hatred of the Gowans; her influence over Tattycoram.—XXI. Miss Wade's history, as written out by herself for Mr. Clennam's perusal; Doyce receives an appointment as engineer from a foreign power.—XXII. Before leaving England, Clennam gives him a statement of their business, and Doyce cautions him against speculating; Doyce's departure; Clennam, unconsciously repeating the tune he had heard Blandois sing, is surprised to hear Cavalletto continue it; Cavalletto tells Arthur where he knew Rigaud, and who he was, and Arthur despatches him in search of the missing man.—XXIII. Arthur informs his mother what he has heard regarding Blandois; Arthur secures an opportunity of speaking privately to Affery, who tells him the house is full of mysteries, but will say no more until he bids her "tell her dreams" before his mother and Jeremiah.—XXIV. Mrs. Sparkler passes a long day with her husband; they receive a call from Mr. Merdle; who, on leaving, borrows Fanny's penknife.—XXV. Mr. Merdle is found dead in a bath, having committed suicide with Fanny's knife; the chief butler gives notice; Mr. Merdle's "complaint" proves to be forgery and robbery.—XXVI. Clennam finds his firm ruined by the failure of Merdle's Bank, resigns everything into the hands of their creditors, and exonerates Doyce from blame; Arthur is arrested and taken to the Marshalsea; young John Chivery conducts him into the old room, but declines to shake hands with him.—XXVII. Young John invites Arthur to take tea with him, and opens his eyes in regard to Little Dorrit's feelings for him; young John composes his final epitaph.—XXVIII. Ferdinand Barnacle calls upon Arthur in prison; Rugg calls, but is unable to move Arthur's decision to remain where he is; Rigaud enters Arthur's room, followed by Cavalletto and Pancks; Cavalletto relates how he found him; Rigaud gives his reasons for disappearing; he sends a note to Mrs. Clennam, naming a time for the adjustment of their business; Flintwinch comes in person to answer the note.—XXIX. Arthur's health fails in the prison; Little Dorrit comes to him, having just returned to London, and heard of his misfortunes; she offers him all her wealth to free him from embarrassment, but he declines, and requests her to avoid him; young John brings Little Dorrit's parting-message to Arthur.—XXX. Rigaud, closely followed by Cavalletto and Pancks, keeps his appointment with Clennam and Co.; Pancks calls upon Affery in Arthur's name to "tell her dreams;" partly by Rigaud relating what he knows, and partly through Affery's "dreams," it is told that Mrs. Clennam is not Arthur's mother; that he is her husband's child by a woman whom he loved, but was forced by his uncle to give up; that Mrs. Clennam forced her husband to give up to her the object of his love, whom she also forced to relinquish her child, to be reared as, and believed to be, Mrs. Clennam's own son; that Mrs. Clennam had suppressed a codicil to Gilbert Clennam's will, by which Little Dorrit would have received two thousand guineas; that Jeremiah had intrusted the papers establishing these facts to his brother's keeping, and that they had fallen into Rigaud's hands; Rigaud threatens, if his terms for silence are not accepted, to put copies of these papers in Arthur's hands; Mrs. Clennam starts up regardless of her paralytic state, and rushes out of the house, followed by Affery and Jeremiah.—XXXI. Mrs. Clennam's interview with Little Dorrit in the prison; fall of the old house, burying Blandois in its ruins.—XXXII. Mr. Pancks exposes his patron to the Bleeding Hearts.—XXXIII. Mr. Meagles sets

himself to hunting up the box containing the papers Rigaud had stolen; his interview with Miss Wade, who denies all knowledge of them; he returns to England unsuccessful, but is followed by Tattycoram, who brings the missing box, and begs to be taken back; Mr. Meagles starts off again in search of Doyce.—XXXIV. Little Dorrit informs Arthur that her father's property was all lost by Mr. Merdle's failure, and he now will share her fortune with her; Flora's last act of friendship, and the crowning defiance of "Mr. F.'s Aunt;" Doyce returns with Mr. Meagles, exonerates Arthur, and offers to renew the partnership; Little Dorrit gives Arthur a folded paper to burn; Arthur and Little Dorrit are married.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

THE first portion of this story was published in the first number of "All the Year Round," dated April 30, 1859. It was concluded in No. 31, for November 26, 1859. It was also issued in eight monthly parts, with two illustrations in each, by Hablot K. Browne. On its completion, it was published as an independent volume by Chapman and Hall, and was inscribed to Lord John Russell, "in remembrance of many public services and private kindnesses."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BARSAD, JOHN. *See* PROSS, SOLOMON.

CARTON, SYDNEY. A dissipated, reckless drudge for Mr. Stryver; a man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away. (Bk. I., ch. ii.–vi., xi., xiii., xx., xxi.; Bk. III., ch. viii., ix., xi., xii., xiii., xv.)

It had once been noted at the Bar, that while Mr. Stryver was a glib man, and an unscrupulous, and a ready, and a bold, he had not that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements, which is among the most striking and necessary of the advocate's accomplishments. But, a remarkable improvement came upon him as to this. The more business he got, the greater his power seemed to grow of getting at its pith and marrow; and however late at night he sat carousing with

Sydney Carton, he always had his points at his fingers' ends in the morning.

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together, between Hilary Term and Michaelmas, might have floated a king's ship. Stryver never had a case in hand anywhere, but Carton was there, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the ceiling of the court. They went the same circuit, and even there they prolonged their usual orgies late into the night, and Carton was rumoured to be seen at broad day, going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings like a dissipated cat. At last it began to get about among such as were interested in the matter, that, although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity.

Charles Darnay having been on trial for his life on a charge of treason, and Miss Lucie Manette having been one of the witnesses in the case, Mr. Stryver, who has been the prisoner's counsel, jokes Carton about his manifest interest in the young lady. And although Carton affects to be utterly indifferent to her, and speaks almost contemptuously of her, he is, in fact, fascinated by her beauty, and falls more and more deeply in love with her as he comes to know more of her goodness and purity. Feeling that he is quite unworthy of her, and knowing that she is betrothed to Darnay, he seeks her for the double purpose of declaring his love, and bidding her farewell for ever.

If Sydney Carton ever shone anywhere, he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often, during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and morose lounger there. When he cared to talk, he talked well; but, the cloud of caring for nothing, which overshadowed him with such a fatal darkness, was very rarely pierced by the light within him. . . .

On a day in August, . . . Sydney's feet . . . became animated by an intention, and, in the working out of that intention, they took him to the Doctor's door.

He was shown upstairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But, looking up at his face in the interchange of the first few common-places, she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton!"

"No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of, or by, such profligates?"

"Is it not—forgive me; I have begun the question on my lips—a pity to live no better life?"

"God knows it is a shame!"

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gently at him again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice, too, as he answered:

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower, and be worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand. The table trembled in the silence that followed.

She had never seen him softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so, without looking at her, and said:

"Pray forgive me, Miss Manette. I break down before the knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me?"

"If it will do you any good, Mr. Carton, if it would make you happier it would make me very glad!"

"God bless you for your sweet compassion!"

He unshaded his face after a little while, and spoke steadily.

"Don't be afraid to hear me. Don't shrink from anything I say. I am like one who died young. All my life might have been."

"No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that the best part of it might still be; I am sure that you might be much, much worthier of yourself."

"Say of you, Miss Manette, and although I know better—although in the mystery of my own wretched heart I know better—I shall never forget it!"

She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself which made the interview unlike any other that could have been holden.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have returned the love of the man you see before you—self-flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day and hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring you to misery, bring you to sorrow and repentance, blight you, disgrace you, pull you down with him. I know very well that you can have no tenderness for me; I ask for none; I am even thankful that it cannot be."

"Without it, can I not save you, Mr. Carton? Can I not recall you—forgive me again!—to a better course? Can I in no way repay your confidence? I know this is a confidence," she modestly said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears, "I know you would say this to no one else. Can I turn it to no good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

He shook his head.

"To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a very little more, all you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation I have not been so degraded but that the sight of you with your father, and of this home made such a home by you, has stirred old shadows that I thought had died out of me. Since I knew you, I have been troubled by a remorse that I thought would never reproach me again, and have heard whispers from old voices, impelling me upward, that I thought were silent for ever. I have had unformed ideas of striving afresh, beginning anew, shaking off sloth and sensuality, and fighting out the abandoned fight. A dream, all a dream, that ends in nothing, and leaves the sleeper where he lay down, but I wish you to know that you inspired it."

"Will nothing of it remain? Oh, Mr. Carton, think again! Try again!"

"No, Miss Manette; all through it, I have known myself to be quite undeserving. And yet I have had the weakness, and have still the weakness, to wish you to know with what a sudden mastery you kindled me, heap of ashes that I am, into fire—a fire, however, inseparable in its nature from myself, quickening nothing, lighting nothing, doing no service, idly burning away. . . . Let me carry through the rest of my

misdirected life, the remembrance that I opened my heart to you, last of all the world; and that there was something left in me at this time which you could deplore and pity."

"Which I entreated you to believe, again and again, most fervently, with all my heat, was capable of better things, Mr. Carton!"

"Entreat me to believe it no more, Miss Manette. I have proved myself, and I know better. I distress you; I draw fast to an end. Will you let me believe, when I recall this day, that the last confidence of my life was reposed in your pure and innocent breast, and that it lies there alone, and will be shared by no one?"

"If that will be a consolation to you, yes."

"Not even by the dearest one ever to be known to you?"

"Mr. Carton," she answered, after an agitated pause, "the secret is yours, not mine; and I promise to respect it."

"Thank you. And again, God bless you."

He put her hand to his lips, and moved towards the door. . . .

"My last supplication of all, is this; and with it, I will relieve you of a visitor with whom I well know you have nothing in unison, and between whom and you there is an impassable space. It is useless to say it, I know, but it rises out of my soul. For you, and for any dear to you, I would do anything. If my career were of that better kind that there was any opportunity or capacity of sacrifice in it, I would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you. Try to hold me in your mind, at some quiet times, as ardent and sincere in this one thing. The time will come, the time will not be long in coming, when new ties will be formed about you—ties that will bind you yet more tenderly and strongly to the home you so adorn—the dearest ties that will ever grace and gladden you. O Miss Manette, when the little picture of a happy father's face looks up in yours, when you see your own bright beauty springing up anew at your feet, think now and then that there is a man who would give his life, to keep a life you love beside you!"

The words are prophetic. Her husband, Darnay, having been summoned to Paris, and on his arrival arrested, thrown into prison, and condemned to death, is rescued by Carton, who greatly resembles him, and who takes his place and dies in his stead, having faithfully promised one of the officers of the prison that he will protect him from punishment for his complicity in Darnay's escape by submitting to be guillotined without revealing the fraud. Darnay (called in Paris Evrémonde) is drugged, and rendered insensible, as he cannot otherwise be made a party to the escape; and he is then removed, dressed in Carton's clothes, to a carriage, the suspicions of the guard having been lulled by telling them that the prisoner's visitor has been overcome by parting from his friend.

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. . . . Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clock struck Two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he divined their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and

finally his own. A gaoler, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room, at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing: some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion; but these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

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Along the Paris streets, the death-carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. . . .

As the sombre wheels . . . go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the ploughs go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle, that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupation of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. . . .

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some observe these things, and all things on their last roadside, with an impassive stare; others, with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again, there are some so heedful of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theatres, and in pictures. Several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature, of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror, that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for, it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down . . . He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him . . . Here and there in the long street of St. Honoré, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming-up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy and prison-sheep. He looks into the first of them; not there. He looks into the second; not there. He already asks himself, "Has he sacrificed me?" when his face clears, as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries, "Down, Evrémonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the Spy entreats him, timidly.

"And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit: it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonde!" the face of Evrémonde is for a moment turned towards him. Evrémonde then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way. . . .

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away.

CLY, ROGER. An Old Bailey spy, partner of Solomon Pross, and formerly servant to Charles Darnay. (Bk. II., ch. iii., xiv.; Bk. III., ch. viii., xv.)

CRUNCHER, JERRY. An odd-job-man at Tellson's Bank, in London, who is also a resurrection-man. His wife, a pious woman, is greatly distressed by her knowledge of the horrible nature of his nightly occupation; and, as her remonstrances prove to be unavailing, she resorts to prayers and supplications to Heaven to aid her in the reformation of her husband. This is very distasteful to Mr. Cruncher—so much so, indeed, that he sometimes resorts to violence to prevent it.

Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane, like a Harlequin at home. At first he slept heavily, but, by degrees, began to roll and surge in bed, until he rose above the surface, with his spiky hair looking as if it must tear the sheets to ribbons. At which juncture, he exclaimed, in a voice of dire exasperation:

"Bust me, if she ain't at it agin!"

A woman of orderly and industrious appearance rose from her knees in a corner, with sufficient haste and trepidation to show that she was the person referred to.

"What!" said Mr. Cruncher, looking out of bed for a boot. "You're at it agin, are you?"

After hailing the morn with this second salutation, he threw a boot at the woman as a third. It was a very muddy boot, and may introduce the odd circumstance connected with Mr. Cruncher's domestic economy, that, whereas, he often came home after banking hours with clean boots, he often got up next morning to find the same boots covered with clay.

"What," said Mr. Cruncher, varying his apostrophe after missing his mark—"what are you up to, Aggerawayter?"

"I was only saying my prayers."

"Saying your prayers! You're a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying agin me?"

"I was not praying against you; I was praying for you."

"You weren't. And if you were, I won't be took the liberty with. Here! your mother's a nice woman, young Jerry, going a praying agin your father's prosperity. You've got a dutiful mother, you have, my son. You've got a religious mother, you have, my boy: going and flopping herself down, and praying that the bread-and-butter may be snatched out of the mouth of her only child."

Master Cruncher (who was in his shirt) took this very ill, and, turning to his mother, strongly deprecated any praying away of his personal board.

"And what do you suppose, you conceited female," said Mr. Cruncher, with unconscious inconsistency, "that the worth of *your* prayers may be? Name the price that you put *your* prayers at!"

"They only come from the heart, Jerry. They are worth no more than that."

"Worth no more than that," repeated Mr. Cruncher. "They ain't worth much, then. Whether or no, I won't be prayed agin, I tell you. I can't afford it. I'm not a going to be made unlucky by *your* sneaking. If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favour of your husband and child, and not in opposition to 'em. If I had had any but a unnat'ral wife, and this poor boy had had any but a unnat'ral mother, I might have made some money last week instead of being counterprayed and countermined and religiously circumwented into the worst of luck. B-u-u-ust me!" said Mr. Cruncher, who all this time had been putting on his clothes, "if I ain't, what with piety and one blowed thing and another, been chousted this last week into as bad luck as ever a poor devil of a honest tradesman met with! Young Jerry, dress yourself, my boy, and while I clean my boots keep a eye upon your mother now and then, and if you see any signs of more flopping, give me a call. For, I tell you," here he addressed his wife once more, "I won't be gone agin, in this manner. I am as rickety as a hackney-coach, I'm as sleepy as laudanum, my lines is strained to that degree that I shouldn't know, if it wasn't for the pain in 'em, which was me and which somebody else, yet I'm none the better for it in pocket; and it's my suspicion that you've been at it from morning to night to prevent me from being the better for it in pocket, and I won't put up with it, Aggerawayter, and what do you say now?" . . . Mr. Cruncher betook himself to his boot-cleaning and his general preparation for business. In the meantime, his son . . . kept the required watch upon his mother. He greatly disturbed that poor woman at intervals, by darting out of his sleeping-closet, where he made his toilet, with a suppressed cry of "You are going to flop, mother. —Halloa, father!" and, after raising this fictitious alarm, darting in again with an undutiful grin.

Mr. Cruncher's temper was not at all improved when he came to his breakfast. He resented Mrs. Cruncher's saying grace with particular animosity.

"Now, Aggerawayter! What are you up to? At it agin?"

His wife explained that she had merely "asked a blessing."

"Don't do it!" said Mr. Cruncher, looking about, as if he rather expected to see the loaf disappear under the efficacy of his wife's petitions. "I ain't a going to be blest out of house and home. I won't have my wittles blest off my table. Keep still!"

Participating in the horrors of the outbreak in Paris, whither he has gone in company with Mr. Long, Jerry is so impressed with the uncertainty of human life, that he resolves to reform; and he communicates his resolution to Miss Pross in this wise:

"Would you do me the favour, miss, to take notice o' two promises and wows wot it is my wishes fur to record in this here crisis?"

"Oh, for gracious sake!" cried Miss Pross, still wildly crying, "record them at once, and get them out of the way, like an excellent man."

"First," said Mr. Cruncher, who was all in a tremble, and who spoke with an ashy and solemn visage, "them poor things well out o' this, never no more will I do it, never no more!"

"I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher," returned Miss Pross, "that you never will do it again, whatever it is, and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is."

"No, miss," returned Jerry, "it shall not be named to you. Second: them poor things well out o' this, and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher's flopping, never no more!"

"Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be," said Miss Pross, striving to dry her eyes and compose herself, "I have no doubt it is best that Mrs. Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence.—O my poor darlings!"

"I go so far as to say, miss, morehover," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with a most alarming tendency to hold forth as from a pulpit—"and let my words be took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself—that wot my opinions respectin' flopping has undergone a change, and that wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be a flopping at the present time."

"There, there, there! I hope she is, my dear man," cried the distracted Miss Pross, "and I hope she finds it answering her expectations."

(Bk. I., ch. ii., iii.; Bk. II., ch. i.–iii., vi., xiv., xxiv.; Bk. III., ch. vii.–ix., xiv.)

CRUNCHER, YOUNG JERRY. His son and assistant. (Bk. II., ch. i., ii., xiv.; Bk. III., ch. ix.)

Young Jerry, while yet a mere boy, and not in the secret of his father's night-excursions, forms an idea of the nature of the business.

"Father," said Young Jerry, as they walked along—taking care to keep at arm's length and to have the stool well between them—"what's a Resurrection-Man?"

Mr. Cruncher came to a stop on the pavement before he answered, "How should I know?"

"I thought you knowed everything, father," said the artless boy.

"Hem! Well," returned Mr. Cruncher, going on again, . . . "he's a tradesman."

"What's his goods, father?" asked the brisk Young Jerry.

"His goods," said Mr. Cruncher, after turning it over in his mind, "is a branch of Scientific goods."

"Persons' bodies, ain't it, father?" asked the lively boy.

"I believe it is something of that sort," said Mr. Cruncher.

"Oh, father, I should so like to be a Resurrection-Man when I'm quite growed up!"

Mr. Cruncher was soothed, but shook his head in a dubious and moral way. "It depends upon how you dewelop your talents. Be careful to dewelop your talents, and never to say no more than you can help to nobody, and there's no telling at the present time what you may not come to be fit for." As Young Jerry, thus encouraged, went on a few yards in advance, to plant the stool in the shadow of the Bar, Mr. Cruncher added to himself, "Jerry, you honest tradesman, there's hopes wot that boy will yet be a blessing to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!"

CRUNCHER, MRS. Wife of Jerry Cruncher; called by him "Aggerawayter." (Bk. II., ch. i., ii., xiv.; Bk. III., ch. ix., xiv.) *See* CRUNCHER, JERRY.

DARNAY, CHARLES. *See* ST. EVRÉMONDE, CHARLES.

DARNAY, MRS. LUCIE. *See* MANETTE, LUCIE.

DEFARGE, MADAME THÉRÈSE. Wife of Monsieur Defarge, and leader of the Saint Antoine rabble of women in the Revolution. She is a well-made woman, with a watchful eye that seldom seems to look at anything, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. She is killed in an encounter with Miss Manette's maid, Miss Pross, who refuses to admit her into a room in which her mistress is supposed to be. (Bk. I., ch. v., vi.; Bk. II., ch. vii., xv., xvi., xxi., xxii.; Bk. III., ch. iii., v., vi., viii.–x., xii., xiv., xv.)

Of a strong and fearless character, of shrewd sense and readiness, of great determination, of that kind of beauty which not only seems to impart to its possessor firmness and animosity, but to strike into others an instinctive recognition of those qualities; the troubled time would have heaved her up, under any circumstances. But, imbued from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong, and an inveterate hatred of a class, opportunity had developed her into a tigress. She was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had the virtue in her, it had quite gone out of her.

DEFARGE, MONSIEUR ERNEST. Keeper of a wine-shop in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, and ringleader of the revolutionists in that quarter of the city. At his house, Doctor Manette is temporarily placed after being released from the Bastille; and it is he who finds the record which the old man had written and secreted in the prison, and who produces it in court against Darnay. (Bk. I., ch. v., vi.; Bk. II., ch. vii., xv., xvi., xxi., xxii.; Bk. III., ch. i., iii., vi., ix., x., xii., xiv., xv.)

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humoured-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

EVRÉMONDE, CHARLES. *See* ST. EVRÉMONDE, CHARLES.

GABELLE, MONSIEUR THÉOPHILE. A postmaster and some kind of taxing functionary united. (Bk. II., ch. viii., ix., xxiii., xxiv.; Bk. III., ch. i., vi.)

GASPARD. Assassin of the Marquis St. Evrémonde. (Bk. I., ch. v.; Bk. II., ch. vii., xv., xvi.)

JACQUES ONE. A prominent assistant of Defarge in the French Revolution. (Bk. I., ch. v.; Bk. II., ch. xv., xxi., xxiii.)

JACQUES TWO. Another revolutionist, who is also an assistant of Defarge. (Bk. I., ch. v.; Bk. II., ch. xv., xxi., xxiii.)

JACQUES THREE. An associate of Defarge, and a member of the revolutionary jury; a cannibal-looking, bloody-minded man. (Bk. I., ch. v.; Bk. II., ch. xv., xxi.–xxiii.; Bk. III., ch. xii., xiv.)

JACQUES FOUR. A name given to himself by Monsieur Defarge as one of the Saint Antoine revolutionists. *See* DEFARGE, MONSIEUR ERNEST.

JACQUES FIVE. An associate of Defarge; a mender of roads, afterwards a wood-sawyer. (Bk. II., ch. viii., ix., xv., xvi., xxiii.; Bk. III., ch. v., ix., xiv., xv.)

JOE. A coachman. (Bk. I., ch. ii.)

LORRY, MR. JARVIS. A confidential clerk at the banking house of Tellson and Company, in London. He is a friend of the Manettes, and their companion during the terrible scenes of the Revolution in Paris. (Bk. I., ch. ii.–vi.; Bk. II., ch. ii.–iv., vi., xii., xvi.–xxi., xxiv.; Bk. III., ch. ii.–vi., viii., ix., xi.–xiii., xv.)

> Very orderly and methodical he looked, with a hand on each knee, and a loud watch ticking a sonorous sermon under his flapped waistcoat, as though it pitted its gravity and longevity against the levity and evanescence of the brisk fire. He had a good leg, and was a little vain of it, for his brown stockings fitted sleek and close, and were of a fine texture; his shoes and buckles, too, though plain were trim. He wore an odd little sleek crisp flaxen wig, setting very close to his head: which wig, it is to be presumed, was made of hair, but which looked far more as though it were spun from filaments of silk or glass. His linen, though not of a fineness in accordance with his stockings, was as white as the tops of the waves that broke upon the neighbouring beach, or the specks of sail that glinted in the sunlight far at sea. A face habitually suppressed and quieted, was still lighted up under the quaint wig by a pair of moist bright eyes that it must have cost their owner, in years gone by, some pains to drill to the composed and reserved expression of Tellson's Bank. He had a healthy colour in his cheeks, and his face, though lined, bore few traces of anxiety. But, perhaps the confidential bachelor clerks in Tellson's Bank were principally occupied with the cares of other people; and perhaps second-hand cares, like second-hand clothes, come easily off and on.

MANETTE, DOCTOR ALEXANDER. A physician of Paris, confined for eighteen years in the Bastille, because, in his professional capacity he had become acquainted with the secret crimes of a noble family. Released just before the outbreak of the Revolution, he goes to England, whither his wife and daughter had preceded him, and where the former had died. Restored to his child, who nurses him with tender solicitude, he gradually recovers the use of his faculties, which had become greatly impaired during his long imprisonment. About this time a young French nobleman, disgusted with the tyranny of the class to which he belongs, renounces his title and fortune, expatriates himself, and settles in England, where he passes under the name of Charles Darnay. He there becomes acquainted with and marries the daughter of Doctor Manette. Having been summoned back to Paris at the outbreak of the Revolution, to release from prison, by his testimony, an old and faithful servant of his family, he is himself thrown into La Force immediately upon his arrival, as a proscribed emigrant. His wife and her father follow him, however, and Doctor Manette, whose popularity is very high, succeeds in securing his acquittal. Yet in a few days he is re-accused and re-arrested, the charge against him being that he is aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, denounced enemies of the Republic; and the evidence against him is a paper written by Doctor Manette, when a prisoner in the Bastille, and secreted by him in a hole in the chimney of his cell. This document, which had been discovered at the capture of the prison, recites the story of the good doctor's sufferings, details the abominable iniquities of the St. Evrémonde family (to which Darnay belongs), and ends by denouncing them and their descendants, to the last of the race, to the times when all such things shall be answered for. Darnay is condemned to death; but, through the heroic self-devotion of Sydney Carton, he is saved from such a fate, and is taken to England by his wife and her father, where they all lead a peaceful, prosperous, and happy life, and pass at last to a tranquil death. (Bk. I., ch. ii.–vi.; Bk. II., ch. ii.–iv., vi., ix., x., xii., xiii., xvi.–xxi., xxiv.; Bk. III., ch. ii.–vii., ix.–xii., xiv., xv.)

MANETTE, LUCIE. His daughter; afterwards the wife of Charles Darnay. (Bk. I., ch. iv.–vi.; Bk. II., ch. ii.–vi., ix.–xiii., xvi.–xxi., xxiv.; Bk. III., ch. iii.–vii., ix.–xii., xiv., xv.)

A young lady of . . . a short, slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes . . . and a forehead with a singular

capacity (remembering how young and smooth it was) of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity, or wonder, or alarm, or merely of a bright fixed attention, though it included all the four expressions.

PROSS, MISS. Miss Lucie Manette's maid; sister of Solomon Pross. She is a grim, wild-looking woman, with red face and hair, brawny arms, abrupt manners, and singular habits: yet—

Beneath the surface of her eccentricity, one of those unselfish creatures—found only among women—who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing slaves, to youth, when they have lost it, to beauty that they never had, to accomplishments that they were never fortunate enough to gain, to bright hopes that never shone upon their own sombre lives.

When the Manettes escape from Paris, Miss Pross remains behind to conceal their flight, and, in trying to do so, gets involved in a hand-to-hand conflict with Madame Defarge, a ruthless and desperate woman, who is on their track. In the struggle, Madame Defarge draws a pistol and attempts to shoot her antagonist; but Miss Pross strikes it at the moment of firing, and the charge takes effect on the Frenchwoman, killing her instantly. Miss Pross hurries from the house, closely veiled; takes a carriage which has been in waiting for her, and succeeds in escaping safely to England. (Bk. I., ch. iv.; Bk. II., ch. vi., x., xvii.–xix., xxi.; Bk. III., ch. ii., iii., vii., viii., xiv.)

PROSS, SOLOMON, called also "JOHN BARSAD." A heartless scoundrel, who strips his sister of everything she possesses, as a stake to speculate with, and then abandons her in her poverty to support herself as she can. He becomes a spy and secret informer in the service of the English Government, and afterwards a turnkey in the Conciergerie in Paris. (Bk. I., ch. iii., vi.; Bk. II., ch. xvi.; Bk. III., ch. viii., ix., xi., xiii.–xv.)

ST. EVRÉMONDE, MARQUIS. Uncle of Charles Darnay; twin brother, joint inheritor, and next successor of the elder marquis. (Bk. II., ch. vii.–ix.; Bk. III., ch. x.)

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, haughty in manner, and with a face like a fine mask. A face of a transparent paleness; every feature in it clearly defined; one set expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed otherwise, was very slightly pinched at the top of each nostril. In those two compressions, or dints, the only little change that the face ever showed, resided. They persisted in changing colour sometimes, and they would be occasionally dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation; then, they gave a look of treachery, and cruelty, to the whole countenance. Examined with attention, its capacity of helping such a look was to be found in

the line of the mouth, and the lines of the orbits of the eyes, being much too horizontal and thin; still, in the effect the face made, it was a handsome face, and a remarkable one.

ST. EVRÉMONDE, MARQUIS. Twin brother of the younger marquis, and father of Charles Darnay. (Bk. III., ch. x.)

ST. EVRÉMONDE, MARQUISE. His wife; a young lady, handsome, engaging, and good, but not happy in her marriage. (Bk. III., ch. x.)

ST. EVRÉMONDE, CHARLES, called "CHARLES DARNAY." His son; a French *émigré*, afterwards married to Lucie Manette. (Bk. II., ch. ii.–vi., ix., x., xvi.–xviii., xx., xxi., xxiv.; Bk. III., ch. i.–vii., ix.–xv.) *See* MANETTE, DOCTOR ALEXANDER.

ST. EVRÉMONDE, LUCIE. His daughter. (Bk. II., ch. xxi.; Bk. III., ch. ii., iii., v.–vii., xi., xiii., xiv.)

STRYVER, MR. A London barrister; counsel for Charles Darnay, and patron of Sydney Carton. (Bk. II., ch. ii.–v., xi., xxi., xxiv.) *See* CARTON, SYDNEY.

A man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older than he was, stout, loud, red, bluff, and free from any drawback of delicacy, had a pushing way of shouldering himself (morally and physically) into companies and conversations, that argued well for his shouldering his way up in life.

TELLSON AND COMPANY. An old and eminent banking firm in London. (Bk. I., ch. iii., iv.; Bk. II., ch. i., iii., vii., ix.)

Tellson's Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious. It was an old-fashioned place, moreover, in the moral attribute that the partners in the House were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its incommodiousness. They were even boastful of its eminence in those particulars, and were fired by an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable. This was no passive belief, but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business. Tellson's (they said) wanted no elbow-room, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no embellishment. Noakes and Co.'s might, or Snooks Brothers' might; but Tellson's, thank Heaven!—— . . .

After bursting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak rattle in its throat, you fell into Tellson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop, with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your cheque shake as if the wind rustled it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower-bath of mud from Fleet Street, and

which were made the dingier by their own iron bars proper, and the heavy shadow of Temple Bar. If your business necessitated your seeing "the House," you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back, where you meditated on a misspent life, until the House came with its hands in its pockets, and you could hardly blink at it in the dismal twilight. Your money came out of, or went into, wormy old wooden drawers, particles of which flew up your nose and down your throat when they were opened and shut. Your bank-notes had a musty odour, as if they were fast decomposing into rags again. Your plate was stowed away among the neighbouring cesspools, and evil communications corrupted its good polish in a day or two. Your deeds got into extemporised strong rooms made of kitchens and sculleries, and fretted all the fat out of their parchments into the banking-house air.

TOM. Coachman of the Dover mail. (Bk. I., ch. ii.)

VENGEANCE, THE. One of the leading Revolutionists among the Saint Antoine women; lieutenant to Madame Defarge. (Bk. II., ch. xxii.; Bk. III., ch. ix., xii., xiv., xv.)

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I. Social condition of England and France in 1775.—II. The Dover Mail climbing Shooter's Hill; a messenger overtakes it with a despatch for Mr. Jarvis Lorry; he receives a very singular message to carry back; his perplexity over it.—III. Mr. Lorry's dream as he rode through the night.—IV. How he looked, and what he did at The Royal George, at Dover; Miss Manette comes; he tells her, as "a matter of business," that her father, whom she supposed dead, has been imprisoned many years, but is now free at Paris; she is stunned by the intelligence.—V. A wine-cask bursts in Saint Antoine, and a crowd try to secure the wine; Defarge, the wine-shop keeper, leads Mr. Lorry and Miss Manette to the garret where her father is making shoes.—VI. Doctor Manette's appearance and voice; how he came to understand shoemaking; Lucie tries to recall to his mind long-forgotten incidents; they take him from the garret, and out of France.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I. Tellson's Bank a triumph of inconvenience; Jerry Cruncher at home; is greatly disturbed by Mrs. Cruncher's "flopping;" with young Jerry goes to his station near Tellson's, and chews straws till called to go on an errand.—II. He is sent to the Old Bailey, where Charles Darnay is put on trial for treason.—III. The attorney-general's speech; testimony of John Barsad and Roger Cly, of Mr. Lorry, of Miss Manette, of Doctor Manette; strange likeness of Sydney Carton, the barrister, to the prisoner; Darnay is acquitted.—IV. Receives his friends' congratulations; Carton and Darnay dine together.—V. Stryver as lion, and Carton as jackal; Carton "works

up" two cases for Stryver.—VI. Doctor Manette's house near Soho Square; Mr. Lorry goes there one fine Sunday; talks with Miss Pross; the doctor and Lucie come home; Mr. Darnay calls, and tells of a curious fact he heard while confined in the Tower, by which the doctor is much startled; Carton calls; their conversation before and during a thunderstorm.—VII. Monseigneur, a French lord, takes his chocolate; character of the people who frequented his rooms; Marquis St. Evrémonde drives over and kills Gaspard's child; Defarge comes, and a stout woman, knitting.—VIII. The marquis goes to his country-seat; the poverty-stricken village near it; a road-mender tells the marquis of seeing a spectral-looking man swinging by the carriage-drag; a poor woman, whose husband has died of want, petitions the marquis for a bit of stone or wood to mark his grave.—IX. He reaches the château, and soon his nephew, Charles Darnay, comes; their conversation; the sleepless night and the waking morning; the marquis is found assassinated.—X. Charles Darnay teaches in England; tells Doctor Manette his love for Lucie.—XI. Conversation between Stryver and Carton about Stryver's plan to marry Miss Manette.—XII. Stryver, on his way to tell her his intention, stops at Tellson's, communicates his plan to Mr. Lorry, who advises him not to do it; Mr. Lorry, after seeing Miss Manette, reiterates his advice, and is astounded by the nonchalance of Stryver.—XIII. Sydney Carton confesses to Miss Manette that she is the last dream of his life, and that even her influence cannot redeem him from the ruin he has brought on his career and character.—XIV. The funeral of Roger Cly, first followed, then managed, by a fierce mob; Jerry, having notified his wife that he shall "work" her for "flopping," if ill success attend his efforts, goes out "fishing" after midnight; young Jerry follows; sees him, joined by two other men, enter a graveyard; they raise a coffin, and young Jerry flees home in deadly fear, fancying himself closely pursued by the coffin; Cruncher, returning unsuccessful, takes his wife to task for it; next morning, on their way to Tellson's, young Jerry asks his father about the business of a "resurrection-man."—XV. Wine-drinking at Defarge's, madame keeping shop; Defarge and the road-mender enter, and soon follow the three Jacques to the garret once occupied by Doctor Manette; the road-mender tells of Gaspard, the assassin of Marquis St. Evrémonde; his arrest eleven months after the murder; his imprisonment in the marquis's castle; his execution; Defarge and madame go with the road-mender on Sunday to Versailles to see the king and nobility; the road-mender is enthusiastic in his loyal demonstrations.—XVI. Defarge tells madame that John Barsad has been commissioned as government-spy for Saint Antoine, and describes him; madame reassures Defarge's failing courage; Barsad comes to the wine-shop; madame puts a rose in her hair, and the customers all go out, leaving him talking with her; he feigns much sympathy for Gaspard; addresses Defarge—who comes in—as *Jacques*, but is corrected; he tells them that Miss Manette is going to marry Charles Darnay.—XVII. Doctor Manette and Lucie under the plane-tree the evening before her marriage; he assures her of his entire satisfaction that she is to be married: tells her the thoughts and fancies he had of her while in prison.—XVIII. Mr. Lorry gives her his parting bachelor-blessing; the marriage; Darnay and Lucie leave for Warwickshire; something Darnay had told the doctor just before the marriage brings back his old bewilderment, and he returns to making shoes; expedients adopted by Mr. Lorry to restore him, and not to mar Lucie's wedding-tour.—XIX. The tenth morning,

Mr. Lorry finds the doctor recovered; has a long conversation with him on the cause of his malady, and obtains his consent to remove the shoemaker's bench and tools during his absence.—XX. Carton asks and obtains permission of Darnay to come to his house occasionally; Lucie tells Darnay that Carton is better at heart than he seems, and begs for kind and generous treatment of him.—XXI. Echoes of little feet in Lucie's life; Carton's manner when visiting the Darnays; Stryver shoulders himself into wealth, marries a rich widow, takes her three sons to be taught by Darnay, who declines the patronage; Mr. Lorry calls at Darnay's, one July evening, quite irritated by his unusual day's work; the same day the people of Saint Antoine rise in revolution; Defarge leads them in repeated furious assaults on the Bastille; when it is taken, he forces the turnkey to conduct him to North Tower, where Doctor Manette had been confined; apparently finds nothing; the governor is stabbed by the mob, and Madame Defarge hews off his head.—XXII. Foulon, who had once told the famished people to eat grass, is taken, briefly tried, and hanged.—XXIII. A grim, shaggy man comes where the road-mender is at work, learns the situation of the marquis's castle, then falls asleep; that night, the castle is burned; the villagers refuse to aid in extinguishing the fire, but ring the bell, and illuminate their houses.—XXIV. Monseigneur, representative of the French nobility, escaped from Paris, at Tellson's; Mr. Lorry announces to Darnay his plan of going to Paris to secure from Tellson's Paris Bank some important books and papers; Darnay sees a letter addressed to him by his real name (Evrémonde); the depreciating remarks of Monseigneur, and the coarse bullying remarks of Stryver; letter from Gabelle in prison at Paris, imploring Darnay's assistance; Darnay resolves to go to Paris; sees Mr. Lorry off, writes letters to Lucie and Doctor Manette, and next night starts on his journey.

BOOK III.—Chapter I. He meets obstacles constantly from citizen-patriots; finally is furnished with escorts; just escapes with life from the mob at Beauvais; arrives at Paris; is at once consigned to the prison of La Force; Defarge accompanies him, asking some questions, but declaring that he will do nothing for him; at the prison, a company of refined and courteous prisoners welcome him; he is put in a cell, and left to his maddening thoughts.—II. Tellson's Bank at Paris; Doctor Manette and Lucie rush into Mr. Lorry's room, to his utter surprise; he tells Lucie that he knows of no harm having befallen Darnay; puts her in a safer room, then looks out of a window with Doctor Manette on a yard where scores of fierce men and women are grinding weapons dulled by murdering prisoners; Doctor Manette, safe because he has himself been a Bastille prisoner, rushes into the crowd, makes himself known, and is hurried away to La Force to save Darnay.—III. Mr. Lorry procures lodgings for Lucie, her daughter, and Miss Pross; Defarge brings him a note from the doctor, stating that Darnay is safe; Madame Defarge and The Vengeance look carefully at Lucie and her child, but give little heed to her plea for kindness to Darnay.—IV. What the doctor said and heard while trying to save Darnay; his perfect self-possession and resolution; the sharp female called La Guillotine; Lucie's steady devotion to her household duties.—V. She goes daily to a spot where the doctor had told her Darnay could see her, though she could not see him; the horrible dance of the Carmagnole.—VI. Darnay is summoned before the Tribunal; his answers; the testimony of Gabelle, Doctor Manette, and Mr. Lorry; he is acquitted; the crowd carry him home in triumph.—VII. Miss Pross and Cruncher prepare for an unusually elaborate marketing in honour of

the release of Darnay; he is again arrested on the accusation of Defarge, madame, and another.—VIII. Miss Pross, marketing with Jerry, meets her brother Solomon in The Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity; he goes with her into the street, and is just getting rid of her, when Jerry half-recognises him, and Sydney Carton calls him by name, "Barsad;" by a half-threat, Carton induces Barsad to go with him to Mr. Lorry's; convinces him that he knows so much of his villany as to have him in his power; Barsad declares Cly dead, and Jerry vehemently denies it.—IX. Mr. Lorry questions Jerry as to his knowledge of Cly's being alive, and learns that Jerry is an "Agricultooral character;" Carton tells Mr. Lorry he has arranged with Barsad, who is one of the turnkeys at the Conciergerie, to be admitted to Darnay once if it should go ill with him; they talk of Lucie, of the days when they were children at their mothers' knees; Carton talks with a wood-sawyer about the guillotine; procures some drugs from a chemist; walks the streets all night, repeating again and again the words read at his father's grave; Darnay again before the Tribunal; the prosecutor states that Darnay is denounced by Monsieur and Madame Defarge, also by Doctor Manette; the doctor, denying the statement, is stopped, and obliged to sit down; Defarge testifies to having found in North Tower a paper written by Doctor Manette in prison in 1767—X.—in which the doctor sets forth how, in December, 1757, he was overtaken by two men; was compelled to go with them to a country-seat two miles out of Paris, where he found a patient, a young woman, who in her delirium, at regular intervals, shrieked, and said, "My husband, my father, and my brother," then counted twelve; how, in the same place, he found another patient, a boy of seventeen, dying of a sword-wound, who told the doctor, in the presence of the two unfeeling St. Evrémonde brothers, how brutally these nobles treat their tenants, that the delirious young woman is his sister, that her husband was worked to death in order that the younger brother might obtain possession of her; that he had hidden his younger sister, then tried to kill the younger noble, and was mortally wounded; the young woman dies; the doctor writes all the circumstances to the minister; the wife of Marquis St. Evrémonde calls on the doctor, and expresses her great desire to do what she can to atone for the gross wrongs of her husband and his brother; the doctor is imprisoned. On this testimony, Darnay is swiftly condemned to die within twenty-four hours.—XI. Darnay and Lucie meet a few moments in the court-room; Carton carries Lucie to a carriage, thence to her room; arranges to have Doctor Manette make another effort to save Darnay, and meet him at Mr. Lorry's at nine o'clock that night.—XII. Carton goes to Defarge's wine-shop; hears Madame Defarge, Jacques Three, and The Vengeance urge the utter extermination of all the family of Evrémonde; Defarge opposes this, for the doctor's sake; Madame declares herself the younger sister of the woman and boy killed by the Evrémondes; at midnight, the doctor enters Mr. Lorry's room crazy, demanding his bench again; Carton finds a passport in his case; tells Mr. Lorry what he heard Madame Defarge say; arranges with him to have everything ready to start for England next day at two P.M.; then bids him "Good-bye."—XIII. Darnay's last night in the Conciergerie; he becomes composed; writes letters to Lucie, Doctor Manette, and Mr. Lorry; dreams of his happy home near Soho Square; wakes, and counts the hours calmly; at one o'clock Sydney Carton comes in; Carton dictates a letter for Darnay to write, and, with drugs procured at the chemist's, renders him unconscious; changes clothes with him; then Barsad carries Darnay out as if overcome with grief; Carton meets

a sweet-faced seamstress in the hall where the day's victims are gathered, and promises to hold her hand as they ride to execution; the carriage, with Mr. Lorry, Doctor Manette, Darnay, Lucie, and the child, reaches the Barrier; the papers are examined; they drive as fast as they dare, not to excite suspicion, but are not pursued.—XIV. Madame Defarge, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three determine that Lucie shall be denounced; having directed The Vengeance to reserve for her a seat at the execution, Madame Defarge goes to see Lucie, to be able to bear witness that she impeached the justice of the Republic; Jerry and Miss Pross consult as to the best place for them to start from; Jerry goes; Madame Defarge enters the house, and demands to see Lucie; Miss Pross defiant; neither understands a word the other says; at last they grapple, and in the struggle madame is shot by her own pistol; Miss Pross locks the door, throws the key into the river, joins Jerry, and they start for England, the crash of the pistol-shot ringing in her ears, and to ring there for ever.—XV. Sydney Carton's ride in a tumbril to the guillotine; The Vengeance is greatly excited because Madame Defarge does not come; Carton cheers and comforts the seamstress, they kiss, and are executed; the prophetic thoughts Carton may have had of the future of his friends and foes.

HUNTED DOWN.

THIS tale was written specially for *The New York Ledger*, in which paper it appeared in the numbers for August 20 and 27 and September 3, 1859 (Vol. XV., No. 24-26), illustrated with seven woodcuts. It was republished in 1860 in "All the Year Round," 4th and 11th of August (1st series, No. 67 and 68).

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

ADAMS, MR. Clerk in the life assurance office of which Mr. Sampson is the chief manager.

BANKS, MAJOR. A character assumed by Mr. Meltham in furtherance of his plans against Mr. Slinkton.

BECKWITH, MR. ALFRED. *See* MELTHAM, MR.

MELTHAM, MR. Actuary of the Inestimable Life Assurance Company. He falls in love with one of Mr. Julius Slinkton's nieces, a lovely girl, whose life is insured in his office. She soon dies from the effects of a slow poison secretly administered to her by her uncle; and Mr. Meltham, having become thoroughly assured of the villain's guilt, devotes himself thenceforth to the single object of hunting him down. Resigning his situation, he causes a report of his death to be put into circulation, assumes the name of Mr. Alfred Beckwith, takes rooms in the Middle Temple, opposite those of Mr. Slinkton—to whom he is personally unknown—and makes them a trap for him. Affecting to be a confirmed drunkard, he deludes the murderer into thinking that it would be an easy thing to obtain an insurance on his life for two thousand

pounds, and then to do him to death with brandy, or, brandy not proving quick enough, with something quicker. Slinkton's plotting, however, is well understood all along, and he is gradually led on to his ruin. The fitting time having arrived, he is confronted with the evidences of his guilt, when, finding himself brought to bay, he swallows some of the powerful poison which he always carries with him, and falls down a dead man.

NINER, MISS MARGARET. Mr. Slinkton's niece. She is saved from falling a victim to the wickedness of her uncle by the efforts of Mr. Sampson and Mr. Meltham, who reveal to her his real character, and induce her to leave him for ever.

SAMPSON, MR. Chief manager of a life assurance company, and narrator of the story, in which he is also one of the actors.

SLINKTON, MR. JULIUS. A gentleman, educated, well-bred, and agreeable, who professes to be on the point of going into orders, but who is, in reality, a consummate hypocrite and villain. He effects an insurance for two thousand pounds on the life of Mr. Alfred Beckwith, and then attempts to poison him in order to get the money; but, being foiled in his object, he destroys himself.

UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

In December, 1860, seventeen papers, on a variety of topics, which had previously appeared at intervals in "All the Year Round," were published in a collective form, under the above title, by Chapman and Hall. A second edition, with illustrations, in which the number of sketches was increased to twenty-eight, was brought out in the latter part of 1868.

The Uncommercial Traveller introduces himself to the reader in these words:

"I am both a town traveller and a country-traveller, and am always on the road. Figuratively speaking, I travel for the great house of Human Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the fancy goods way. Literally speaking, I am always wandering here and there from my rooms in Covent Garden, London—now about the city streets, now about the country byroads—seeing many little things, and some great things, which, because they interest me, I think may interest others."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

ANDERSON, JOHN. A tramp, whose only improvidence appears to have been that he has spent the last of his little all upon soap. (XI. *Tramps.*)

ANDERSON, MRS. His wife; a woman spotless to behold. (XI. *Tramps.*)

ANTONIO. A swarthy young Spanish guitar-player. (V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*)

BATTENS, MR. A virulent old pensioner at Titbull's. (XXVII. *Titbull's Almshouses.*)

BONES, MR. BANJO. A comic Ethiopian minstrel, with a blackened face and a limp sugar-loaf hat. (V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*)

BONES, MRS. BANJO. His wife; a professional singer. (V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*)

CARLAVERO, GIOVANNI. Keeper of a small wine-shop, in a certain small Italian town on the Mediterranean. He had been a political offender, sentenced to imprisonment for life, but was afterwards released through the zealous intervention of a generous English nobleman. Desirous of testifying his gratitude to his benefactor, whom he has not seen since his liberation, he sends him by Mr. Dickens an immense demijohn of wine, the first produce of his little vineyard. With infinite difficulty this frail and enormous bottle, holding some half-dozen gallons, is safely carried to England; but the wine turns to vinegar before it reaches its destination. Yet "the Englishman," says Mr. Dickens, "told me, with much emotion in his face and voice, that he had never tasted wine that seemed to him so sweet and sound; and long afterwards the bottle graced his table." (XXVIII. *The Italian Prisoner.*)

CHIPS. A shipwright who sells himself to the Devil for half a ton of copper, a bushel of tenpenny nails, an iron pot, and a rat that can speak. He gets disgusted with the rat, and tries to kill it, but does not succeed, and is punished by being subjected to a swarm and plague of rats, who finally compass his destruction by eating through the planks of a ship in which he has been "pressed" for a sailor. (XV. *Nurse's Stories.*)

CLEVERLY, SUSANNAH. A Mormon emigrant; a young woman of business. (XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*)

CLEVERLY, WILLIAM. Her brother; also a Mormon emigrant. (XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*)

DIBBLE, MR. SAMPSON. A Mormon emigrant; a very old man, who is stone-blind. (XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*)

DIBBLE, MRS. DOROTHY. His wife, who accompanies him. (XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*)

FACE-MAKER, MONSIEUR THE. A corpulent little man with a comical face. He is heralded as "the great changer of countenances, who transforms the features that Heaven has bestowed upon him into an endless succession of surprising and extraordinary visages, comprehending all the contortions, energetic and expressive, of which the human face is capable, and all the passions of the human heart, as love, jealousy, revenge, hatred, avarice, despair." (XXV. *In the French-Flemish Country.*)

FLANDERS, SALLY. A former nurse of the Uncommercial Traveller, and widow of Flanders, a small master-builder. (XXVI. *Medicine-Men of Civilization.*)

FLIPFIELD, MR. A friend of the Uncommercial Traveller's. (XIX. *Birthday Celebrations.*)

FLIPFIELD, MRS. His mother. (XIX. *Birthday Celebrations.*)

FLIPFIELD, MISS. His elder sister. She is in the habit of speaking to new acquaintances, in pious and condoning tones, of all the quarrels that have taken place in the family from infancy. (XIX. *Birthday Celebrations.*)

FLIPFIELD, MR. TOM, called "THE LONG-LOST." A brother of Mr. Flipfield's. After an absence of many years in foreign parts, he returns home, and is warmly welcomed by his family and friends; but he proves to be an "antipathetical being, with a peculiar power and gift of treading on everybody's tenderest place;" and everybody wishes that he could be instantly transported back to the foreign parts which have tolerated him so long. (XIX. *Birthday Celebrations.*)

GLOBSON, BULLY. A schoolmate of the Uncommercial Traveller's; a big fat boy, with a big fat head, and a big fat fist. (XIX. *Birthday Celebrations.*)

GRAZINGLANDS, MR. ALEXANDER. A midland county gentleman, of a comfortable property, on a visit to London. (VI. *Refreshments for Travellers.*)

GRAZINGLANDS, MRS. ARABELLA. His wife; the pride of her division of the county. (VI. *Refreshments for Travellers.*)

JACK, DARK. A negro sailor. (V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*)

JACK, MERCANTILE. A representative of the sailors employed in the merchant marine. (V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*)

JOBSON, JESSE, NUMBER TWO. A Mormon emigrant, the head of a family of eight persons. (XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*)

KINCH, HORACE. An inmate of the King's Bench Prison, where he dies. (XIII. *Night Walks.*)

He was a likely man to look at, in the prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suitably married, and had healthy and pretty children. But, like some fair-loooking houses or fair-looking ships, he took the Dry Rot. . . . . Those who knew him had not nigh done saying, "So well off, so comfortably established, with such hope before him" . . . when lo! the man was all Dry Rot and dust.

KINDHEART, MR. An Englishman of an amiable nature, great enthusiasm, and no discretion. (XXVI. *Medicine-Men of Civilization.*)

KLEM, MR. A weak old man, meagre and mouldy, who is never to be seen detached from a flat pint of beer in a pewter pot. (XVI. *Arcadian London.*)

KLEM, MRS. His wife; an elderly woman, labouring under a chronic sniff, and having a dejected consciousness that she is not justified in appearing on the surface of the earth. (XVI. *Arcadian London.*)

KLEM, MISS. Their daughter, apparently ten years older than either her father or mother. (XVI. *Arcadian London.*)

MELLOWS, MR. J. Landlord of The Dolphin's Head. (XXII. *An Old Stage-Coaching House.*)

MERCY. A nurse who relates diabolical stories to the Uncommercial Traveller, when a child, with a fiendish enjoyment of his terrors. (XV. *Nurse's Stories.*)

MITTS, MRS. A pensioner at Titbull's; a tidy, well-favoured widow, with a propitiatory way of passing her hands over and under one another. (XXVII. *Titbull's Almshouses.*)

MURDERER, CAPTAIN. A diabolical wretch, admitted into the best society, and possessing immense wealth. His mission is matrimony, and the gratification of a cannibal appetite with tender brides. (XV. *Nurse's Stories.*)

OAKUM-HEAD. A refractory female pauper, who "would be very thankful to be got into a place, or got abroad." (III. *Wapping Workhouse.*)

ONOWENEVER, MRS. Mother of a young lady ardently loved by the Uncommercial Traveller in his youth. (XIX. *Birthday Celebrations.*)

> It is unnecessary to name Her more particularly; She was older than I, and had pervaded every chink and crevice of my mind for three or four years. I had held volumes of Imaginary Conversations with her mother on the subject of our union, and I had written letters more in number than Horace Walpole's to that discreet woman, soliciting her daughter's hand in marriage. I had never had the remotest intention of sending any of those letters; but to write them, and after a few days tear them up, had been a sublime occupation.

PANGLOSS. An official friend of the Uncommercial Traveller's lineally descended from the learned doctor of the same name,

who was tutor to Candide. (VIII. *The Great Tasmania's Cargo.*)

In his personal character, he is as humane and worthy a gentleman as any I know; in his official capacity, he unfortunately preaches the doctrines of his renowned ancestor, by demonstrating on all occasions that we live in the best of all possible official worlds.

PARKLE, MR. A friend of the Uncommercial Traveller's. (XIV. *Chambers.*)

QUICKEAR. A policeman. (V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*)

QUINCH, MRS. The oldest pensioner at Titbull's; a woman who has "totally lost her head." (XXVII. *Titbull's Almshouses.*)

REFRACTORY, CHIEF. A surly, discontented female pauper, with a voice in which the tonsils and uvula have gained a diseased ascendency. (III. *Wapping Workhouse.*)

REFRACTORY, NUMBER TWO. Another pauper of the same character. (III. *Wapping Workhouse.*)

SAGGERS, MRS. One of the oldest pensioners at Titbull's, who has split the small community in which she lives into almost as many parties as there are dwellings in the precinct, by standing her pail outside her dwelling. (XXVII. *Titbull's Almshouses.*)

SALCY, P., FAMILY. A troupe of dramatic artists, fifteen in number, under the management of Monsieur P. Salcy. (XXV. *In the French-Flemish Country.*)

SHARPEYE. A policeman. (V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*)

SPECKS, JOE. An old schoolfellow of the Uncommercial Traveller; afterwards a physician in Dullborough (where most of us come from who come from a country town). (XII. *Dullborough Town.*)

SPECKS, MRS. His wife, formerly Lucy Green; an old friend of the Uncommercial Traveller's. (XII. *Dullborough Town.*

SQUIRES, OLYMPIA. An old flame of the Uncommercial Traveller's. (XIX. *Birthday Celebrations.*)

Olympia was most beautiful (of course), and I loved her to that degree, that I used to be obliged to get out of my little bed in the night, expressly to exclaim to Solitude, "O, Olympia Squires!"

STRAUDENHEIM. A shopkeeper at Strasburg; a large-lipped, pear-nosed old man, with white hair and keen eyes, though near-sighted. (VII. *Travelling Abroad.*)

SWEENEY, MRS. A professional laundress, in figure extremely like an old family umbrella. (XIV. *Chambers.*)

TESTATOR, MR. An occupant of a very dreary set of chambers, in Lyons Inn, which he furnishes with articles he finds locked up in one of the cellars, and having no owner, so far as is known to anyone. He is afterwards visited, late at night, by a man considerably sodden with liquor, who examines every article, claims them all as his own, and promises to call again the next morning, punctually at ten o'clock, but who fails to do so. (XIV. *Chambers.*)

Whether he was a ghost, or a spectral illusion of conscience, or a drunken man who had no business there, or the drunken rightful owner of the furniture, with a transitory gleam of memory; whether he got safe home, or had no home to get to; whether he died of liquor on the way, or lived in liquor ever afterwards; he never was heard of more.

TRAMPFOOT. A policeman. (V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*)

VENTRILOQUIST, MONSIEUR THE. A performer attached to a booth at a fair. He is a thin and sallow man of a weakly aspect. (XXV. *In the French-Flemish Country.*)

VICTUALLER, MR. LICENSED. Proprietor of a singing-house frequented by sailors; a sharp and watchful man, with tight lips, and a complete edition of Cocker's Arithmetic in each eye. (V. *Poor Mercantile Jack.*)

WEEDLE, ANASTASIA. A pretty Mormon emigrant, elected by universal suffrage the beauty of the ship. (XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*)

WILTSHIRE. A simple, fresh-coloured farm labourer, of eight-and-thirty. (XX. *Bound for the Great Salt Lake.*)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

THIS tale originally appeared in "All the Year Round;" the first chapter being contained in the number for December 1, 1860. On its completion, in 1861, it was published by Chapman and Hall, in three volumes, with illustrations by Marcus Stone; and was "affectionately inscribed to Chauncy Hare Townshend."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

AGED, THE. *See* WEMMICK, MR., SENIOR.

AMELIA. One of Mr. Jaggers's clients. (Ch. xx.)

AVENGER, THE. *See* PEPPER.

BARLEY, CLARA. Daughter of Old Bill Barley; a very pretty, slight, dark-eyed girl of twenty or so, of natural and winning manners, and a confiding and amiable disposition. She is betrothed to Herbert Pocket, whom she afterwards marries. (Ch. xlvi., lv., lviii., lix.)

BARLEY, OLD BILL. A bedridden purser; a sad old rascal, always more or less drunk, and tormented by the gout in his right hand—and everywhere else. (Ch. xlvi., lviii.)

BIDDY. An orphan; second cousin to Mr. Wopsle, being his "great-aunt's granddaughter." She is a good, honest girl, poor in purse and condition, but with a wealth of true womanliness which makes Joe Gargery, whose second wife she becomes, very rich indeed. (Ch. vii., xvi.–xix., xxxv., lviii., lix.)

BRANDLEY, MRS. A widow-lady at Richmond, with whom Estella is placed by Miss Havisham. (Ch. xxxviii.)

CAMILLA, MR. JOHN or RAYMOND. A relative of Miss Havisham's; a toady and a humbug. (Ch. xi., xxv.)

CAMILLA, MRS. His wife; sister to Mr. Pocket. She professes a great deal of love for Miss Havisham, and calls on her husband to testify that her solicitude for that lady is gradually undermining her to the extent of making one of her legs shorter than the other. (Ch. xi., xxv.)

CLARRIKER. A young merchant or shipping broker. (Ch. lii., lviii.)

COILER, MRS. A toady neighbour of Mr. and Mrs. Pocket's; a widow-lady of that highly sympathetic nature, that she agrees with everybody, blesses everybody, and sheds smiles or tears on everybody, according to circumstances. (Ch. xxiii.)

COMPEYSON. A convict, and "the worst of scoundrels." He proves to be the man who professed to be Miss Havisham's lover. Magwitch gives the following account of him to Pip:

> "Compeyson took me on to be his man and pardner. And what was Compeyson's business in which we was to go pardners? Compeyson's business was the swindling, handwriting forging, stolen bank-note passing, and such-like. All sorts of traps as Compeyson could set with his head, and keep his own legs out of and get the profits from and let another man in for, was Compeyson's business. He'd no more heart than a iron file, he was as cold as death, and he had the head of the Devil. . . . Not to go into the things that Compeyson planned, and I done—which 'ud take a week—I'll simply say to you, dear boy . . . that that man got me into such nets as made me his black slave. I was always in debt to him, always under his thumb, always a working, always a getting into danger. He was younger than me, but he'd got craft, and he'd got learning, and he overmatched me five hundred times told and no mercy."

He is at length committed for felony, is sentenced to seven years' imprisonment; and is finally killed in a struggle with Magwitch. (Ch. iii., v., xlii., xlv., xlvii., l., liii.–lvi.)

DRUMMLE, BENTLEY, called "THE SPIDER." A sulky, old-looking young man of a heavy order of architecture; idle, proud, niggardly, reserved, and suspicious. He is a fellow-boarder with Pip at Mr. Pocket's, and his rival for the hand of Estella, whom he marries and treats with great cruelty. (Ch. xxiii., xxv., xxxviii., xliii., xliv., xlviii.)

ESTELLA. The adopted daughter of Miss Havisham, and the heroine of the story. She proves to be the daughter of Abel Magwitch (or Provis), Pip's benefactor. Her foster-mother tells Pip that she had wished for a little girl to rear, and to save from her own fate (*see* HAVISHAM, MISS); and that Mr.

Jaggers had accordingly brought her such a child—an orphan of about three years.

"When she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more."

"Well, well!" said I. "I hope so."

"But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her, a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place."

Not content with moulding the impressionable child into the form that her own wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride find vengeance in, she marries her to an ill-tempered, clumsy, contemptible booby (Bentley Drummle), who has nothing to recommend him but money and a ridiculous roll of addle-headed predecessors. After leading a most unhappy life, she separates from her husband, who subsequently dies from an accident consequent on his ill-treatment of a horse. Some two years after this event, she happens to meet Pip (who has always loved her) on the very spot where their first meeting had been when they were children.

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and as the morning mists had risen long ago, when I first left the forge, so the evening mists were rising now; and, in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they showed to me, I saw no shadow of another parting from her.

(Ch. vii., ix., xi.–xvi., xviii., xxii., xxvii., xxix., xxx., xxxii., xxxiii., xxxviii., xxxix., xliii., xliv., xlviii.–li., lvi., lvii., lix.)

FLOPSON. A nurse in Mr. Pocket's family. (Ch. xxii., xxiii.)

GARGERY, JOE. A blacksmith, married to Pip's sister, who is an out-and-out termagant.

Joe was a fair man, with curls of flaxen hair on each side of his smooth face, and with eyes of such a very undecided blue, that they seemed to have somehow got mixed with their own whites. He was a mild, good-natured, sweet-tempered, easy-going, foolish, dear fellow—a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness.

When Pip is a small boy, he is harshly treated by his sister (with whom he lives, both his parents being dead); but his kind-hearted brother-in-law befriends him as much as is possible, and makes quite a companion of him. In the course of conversation, one night, when they happen to be left by themselves, Joe gives him some account of his early history, of the

circumstances attending his marriage, and of the principles on which he regulates his domestic conduct.

"Didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"No, Pip."

"Why didn't you ever go to school, Joe, when you were as little as me?"

"Well, Pip," said Joe, taking up the poker, and settling himself to his usual occupation when he was thoughtful, of slowly raking the fire between the lower bars: "I'll tell you. My father, Pip, he were given to drink, and when he were overtook with drink, he hammered away at my mother most onmerciful. It were a'most the only hammering he did, indeed, 'xcepting at myself. And he hammered at me with a wigour only to be equalled by the wigour with which he didn't hammer at his anwil.—You're a-listening and understanding, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"'Consequence my mother and me we ran away from my father several times; and then my mother she'd go out to work, and she'd say, 'Joe,' she'd say, 'now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child,' and she'd put me to school. But my father were that good in his hart that he couldn't abear to be without us. So, he'd come with a most tremenjous crowd and make such a row at the doors of the houses where we was, that they used to be obligated to have no more to do with us and to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered us. Which, you see, Pip," said Joe, pausing in his meditative raking of the fire, and looking at me, "were a drawback on my learning."

"Certainly, poor Joe!"

"Though mind you, Pip," said Joe, with a judicial touch or two of the poker on the top bar, "rendering unto all their doo, and maintaining equal justice betwixt mon and man, my father were that good in his hart, don't you see?"

I didn't see; but I didn't say so.

"Well!" Joe pursued, "somebody must keep the pot a-biling, Pip, or the pot won't bile, don't you know?"

I saw that, and said so.

"'Consequence, my father didn't make objections to my going to work; so I went to work at my present calling, which were his too, if he would have followed it, and I worked tolerable hard, I assure *you*, Pip. In time I were able to keep him, and I kep him till he went off in a purple leptic fit. And it were my intentions to have had put upon his tombstone that Whatsume'er the failings on his part, Remember reader he were that good in his hart."

Joe recited this couplet with such manifest pride and careful perspicuity, that I asked him if he had made it himself.

"I made it," said Joe, "my own self. I made it in a moment. It was like striking out a horseshoe complete, in a single blow. I never was so much surprised in all my life—couldn't credit my own ed—to tell you the truth, hardly believed it *were* my own ed. As I was saying, Pip, it were my intentions to have had it cut over him; but poetry costs money, cut it how you will, small or large, and it were not done. Not to mention bearers, all the money that could be spared were wanted for my mother. She were in poor elth, and quite broke. She waren't long of following, poor soul, and her share of peace come round at last."

Joe's blue eyes turned a little watery; he rubbed, first one of them,

and then the other, in a most uncongenial and uncomfortable manner, with the round knob on the top of the poker.

"It were but lonesome then," said Joe, "living here alone, and I got acquainted with your sister. Now, Pip;" Joe looked firmly at me, as if he knew I was not going to agree with him; "your sister is a fine figure of a woman."

I could not help looking at the fire, in an obvious state of doubt.

"Whatever family opinions, or whatever the world's opinions, on that subject may be, Pip, your sister is," Joe tapped the top bar with the poker after every word following, "a—fine—figure—of—a—woman!"

I could think of nothing better to say than "I am glad you think so, Joe."

"So am I," returned Joe, catching me up. "*I* am glad I think so, Pip. A little redness, or a little matter of Bone, here or there, what does it signify to Me?"

I sagaciously observed, if it didn't signify to him, to whom did it signify?

"Certainly!" assented Joe. "That's it. You're right, old chap! When I got acquainted with your sister, it were the talk how she was bringing you up by hand. Very kind of her too, all the folks said, and I said, along with all the folks. As to you," Joe pursued, with a countenance expressive of seeing something very nasty indeed: "if you could have been aware how small and flabby and mean you was, dear me, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinions of yourself!"

Not exactly relishing this, I said, "Never mind me, Joe."

"But I did mind you, Pip," he returned, with tender simplicity. "When I offered to your sister to keep company, and to be asked in church, at such times as she was willing and ready to come to the forge, I said to her, 'And bring the poor little child. God bless the poor little child,' I said to your sister, 'there's room for *him* at the forge!'"

I broke out crying and begging pardon, and hugged Joe round the neck: who dropped the poker to hug me, and to say, "Ever the best of friends; ain't us, Pip? Don't cry, old chap!"

When this little interruption was over, Joe resumed:

"Well, you see, Pip, and here we are! That's about where it lights; here we are! Now, when you take me in hand in my learning, Pip (and I tell you beforehand I am awful dull, most awful dull), Mrs. Joe mustn't see too much of what we're up to. It must be done, as I may say, on the sly. And why on the sly? I'll tell you why, Pip."

He had taken up the poker again; without which, I doubt if he could have proceeded in his demonstration.

"Your sister is given to government."

"Given to government, Joe?" I was startled, for I had some shadowy idea (and I am afraid I must add, hope) that Joe had divorced her in favour of the Lords of the Admiralty, or Treasury.

"Given to government," said Joe. "Which I meantersay the government of you and myself."

"Oh!"

"And she ain't over partial to having scholars on the premises," Joe continued, "and in partickler would not be over partial to my being a scholar, for fear as I might rise. Like a sort of rebel, don't you see?"

I was going to retort with an inquiry, and had got as "Why——" when Joe stopped me.

"Stay a bit. I know what you're a-going to say, Pip; stay a bit! I don't deny that your sister comes the Mo-gul over us, now and again. I don't deny that she do throw us back-falls, and that she do drop down upon us heavy. At such times as when your sister is on the Rampage, Pip," Joe sank his voice to a whisper and glanced at the door, "candour compels fur to admit that she is a Buster."

Joe pronounced this word, as if it began with at least twelve capital Bs.

"Why don't I rise? That were your observation when I broke it off, Pip?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Well," said Joe, passing the poker into his left hand, that he might feel his whisker; and I had no hope of him whenever he took to that placid occupation; "your sister's a master-mind. A master-mind."

"What's that?" I asked, in some hope of bringing him to a stand. But, Joe was readier with his definition than I had expected, and completely stopped me by arguing circularly, and answering with a fixed look, "Her."

"And I ain't a master-mind," Joe resumed, when he had unfixed his look, and got back to his whisker. "And last of all, Pip—and this I want to say very serous to you, old chap—I see so much in my poor mother, of a woman drudging and slaving and breaking her honest hart and never getting no peace in her mortal days, that I'm dead afeerd of going wrong in the way of not doing what's right by a woman, and I'd fur rather of the two go wrong the t'other way, and be a little ill-conwenienced myself. I wish it was only me that got put out, Pip; I wish there warn't no Tickler for you, old chap; I wish I could take it all on myself; but this is the up-and-down-and-straight on it, Pip, and I hope you'll overlook shortcomings."

After the death of his wife Joe marries Biddy, a sweet-tempered woman, who makes him an excellent wife, and with whom he lives happily for many years, ever doing the duty that lies before him with a strong hand, a quiet tongue, and a gentle heart. (Ch. ii.–vii., ix., x., xii.–xx., xxvii., xxxv., lvii.–lix.) *See* GARGERY, MRS. JOE.

GARGERY, MRS. GEORGIANA MARIA. His wife; sister to Pip, and a thorough shrew.

My sister . . . was more than twenty years older than I, and had established a great reputation with herself and the neighbours because she had brought me up "by hand." Having at that time to find out for myself what the expression meant, and knowing her to have a hard and heavy hand, and to be much in the habit of laying it upon her husband as well as upon me, I supposed that Joe Gargery and I were both brought up by hand.

She was not a good-looking woman, my sister; and I had a general impression that she must have made Joe Gargery marry her by hand. . . .

With black hair and eyes [she] had such a prevailing redness of skin, that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a nutmeg-grater instead of soap. She was tall and bony, and almost always wore a coarse apron, fastened over her

figure behind with two loops, and having a square impregnable bib in front, that was stuck full of pins and needles. She made it a powerful merit in herself, and a strong reproach against Joe, that she wore this apron so much. . . .

Joe's forge adjoined our house, which was a wooden house, as many of the dwellings in our country were—most of them at that time. When I ran home from the churchyard, the forge was shut up, and Joe was sitting alone in the kitchen. Joe and I being fellow-sufferers, and having confidences as such, Joe imparted a confidence to me, the moment I raised the latch of the door and peeped in at him opposite to it, sitting in the chimney corner.

"Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen."

"Is she?"

"Yes, Pip," said Joe; "and what's worse, she's got Tickler with her."

At this dismal intelligence, I twisted the only button on my waistcoat round and round, and looked in great depression at the fire. Tickler was a wax-ended piece of cane, worn smooth by collision with my tickled frame.

"She sot down," said Joe, "and she got up, and she made a grab at Tickler, and she Ram-paged out. That's what she did," said Joe, slowly clearing the fire between the lower bars with the poker, and looking at it: "she Ram-paged out, Pip."

"Has she been gone long, Joe?" I always treated him as a larger species of child, and as no more than my equal.

"Well," said Joe, glancing up at the Dutch clock, "she's been on the Ram-page, this last spell, about five minutes, Pip. She's a-coming! Get behind the door, old chap, and have the jack-towel betwixt you."

I took the advice. My sister, Mrs. Joe, throwing the door wide open, and finding an obstruction behind it, immediately divined the cause, and applied Tickler to its further investigation. She concluded by throwing me—I often served as a connubial missile—at Joe, who, glad to get hold of me on any terms, passed me on into the chimney and quietly fenced me up there with his great leg.

When Pip grows up, he goes out into the world, and his experiences of his sister's tender mercies come to an end; but poor Joe continues to bear his cross with exemplary patience, until death relieves him of it by opening a grave for Mrs. Gargery.

"She had been in one of her bad states—though they had got better of late, rather than worse—for four days, when she came out of it in the evening, just at tea-time, and said quite plainly, 'Joe.' As she had never said any word for a long while, I [Biddy] ran and fetched in Mr. Gargery from the forge. She made signs to me that she wanted him to sit down close to her, and wanted me to put her arms round his neck. So I put them round his neck, and she laid her head down on his shoulder quite content and satisfied. And so she presently said 'Joe' again, and once 'Pardon,' and once 'Pip.' And so she never lifted her head up any more, and it was just an hour later when we laid it down on her own bed, because we found she was gone."

(Ch. ii., iv.–vii., ix., x., xii.–xviii., xxiv., xxv.) *See* ORLICK, DOLGE.

GEORGIANA. A cousin of Mr. Pocket's, and a relative of Miss Havisham's; an indigestive single woman, who calls her rigidity religion, and her liver love. (Ch. xi., xxv., lvii.)

HAVISHAM, MISS. Estella's foster-mother. In her youth she had been a beautiful heiress, and looked after as a great match. She was pursued in particular by a certain showy man (Compeyson), who professed to be devoted to her.

> She had not shown much susceptibility up to that time; but all the susceptibility she possessed, certainly came out then, and she passionately loved him. There is no doubt that she perfectly idolised him. He practised on her affection in that systematic way, that he got great sums of money from her, and he induced her to buy her brother out of a share in the brewery (which had been weakly left him by his father) at an immense price, on the plea that when he was her husband he must hold and manage it all. . . . The marriage-day was fixed, the wedding-dresses were bought, the wedding-tour was planned out, the wedding-guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom.

She received a letter from him, however, when she was dressing for church, that most heartlessly broke the marriage off. When she recovered from a bad illness that she had, she laid waste the whole place where she resided (Satis House), stopped all the clocks at twenty minutes to nine—the time of her receiving the letter—and never afterwards looked upon the light of day. Pip, who was invited to her house when a small boy, thus describes it and its inmate:

> I entered . . . and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing-room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.
>
> Whether I should have made out this object so soon, if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.
>
> She was dressed in rich materials—satins, and lace, and silks—all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on—the other was on the table near at hand—her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a Prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.
>
> It was not in the first few moments that I saw all these things,

though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But, I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal-dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone.

Filled with bitterness towards all mankind, Miss Havisham adopts a beautiful orphan girl (Estella), and rears her in the midst of all this desolation, educating her to steel her heart against all tenderness, but to lead young men on to love her, that she may break their hearts. (Ch. viii., ix., xi.–xiv., xix., xxii., xxix., xxxviii., xliv., xlix., lvii.) *See* ESTELLA.

HUBBLE, MR. A wheelwright, who is a friend of Mrs. Joe Gargery's; a tough, high-shouldered, stooping old man, of a sawdusty fragrance, with his legs extraordinarily wide apart. (Ch. iv., v., xxxv.)

HUBBLE, MRS. His wife; a little, sharp-eared person, who holds a conventionally juvenile position, because she married Mr. Hubble when she was much younger than he. (Ch. iv., v., xxxv.)

JACK. A grizzled, slimy man, with a slushy voice, who is employed on a little causeway on the Thames. (Ch. liv.)

JAGGERS, MR. A criminal lawyer of Little Britain, employed by Pip's unknown patron to inform him of his "great expectations," and to act as his guardian until he comes into full possession of his fortune.

He was a burly man of an exceedingly dark complexion, with an exceedingly large head and a correspondingly large hand. . . . He was prematurely bald on the top of his head, and had bushy, black eyebrows that wouldn't lie down, but stood up bristling. His eyes were set very deep in his head, and were disagreeably sharp and suspicious. He had a large watch-chain, and strong black dots where his beard and whiskers would have been if he had let them.

Mr. Jaggers has an air of authority that is not to be disputed, and a manner expressive of knowing something secret about everybody that would effectually do for each individual if he chose to disclose it. His clerk tells Pip that it always seems to him as if his master had set a man-trap and was watching it. When he is not biting his large forefinger, he is in the habit of throwing it, in a half-bullying sort of way, at the person he is talking with. He never laughs; but he wears great bright creaking boots, and in poising himself on these, with his large head bent down, and his

eyebrows joined together, awaiting an answer, he sometimes causes the boots to creak as if *they* laughed in a dry and suspicious way. (Ch. xi., xviii., xx., xxi., xxiv., xxvi., xxix., xxxvi., xl., xlviii., xlix., li., lvi.)

MAGWITCH, ABEL, alias PROVIS. A convict who escapes from the Hulks, and, meeting Pip, terrifies the boy into supplying him with food and a file to enable him to file off his fetters. Though very soon captured, and transported to New South Wales, he retains a grateful remembrance of Pip, and after some years, growing wealthy in the business of sheep-farming, sets him up as a gentleman, making Mr. Jaggers his guardian and banker. He does this privately, however; and Pip supposes himself to be indebted to Miss Havisham for his good fortune—a mistake which that lady, for reasons of her own, does not trouble herself to correct. Magwitch at last returns to England under the assumed name of Provis, and makes himself known to Pip, who endeavours to save his benefactor from recapture, but in vain. In spite of every precaution, Magwitch is discovered and taken; but he dies in prison, and thus escapes execution. (Ch. i., iii., v., xxxix.–xlii., xlvi., liv.–lvi.)

MARY ANNE. A neat little girl who is Wemmick's servant. (Ch. xxv., xlv.)

MIKE. A one-eyed client of Mr. Jaggers. (Ch. xx., li.)

MILLERS. A nurse in Mr. Pocket's family. (Ch. xxii., xxiii.)

MOLLY. Mr. Jaggers's housekeeper, and a former mistress of Abel Magwitch, by whom she is the mother of Estella. (Ch. xxiv., xxvi.)

> Rather tall, of a lithe, nimble figure, extremely pale, with large faded eyes, and a quantity of streaming hair. I cannot say whether any diseased affection of the heart caused her lips to be parted as if she were panting, and her face to bear a curious expression of suddenness and flutter; but I know that I had been to see Macbeth at the theatre, a night or two before, and that her face looked to me as if it were all disturbed by fiery air, like the faces I had seen rise out of the Witches' cauldron.

ORLICK, DOLGE. A journeyman employed by Joe Gargery. He secretly strikes a blow, which results in the death of Mrs. Gargery; and he afterwards attempts the life of Pip. (Ch. xv.–xvii., xxix., xxx., liii.)

> He was a broad-shouldered, loose-limbed, swarthy fellow of great strength, never in a hurry, and always slouching. He never even seemed to come to his work on purpose, but would slouch in as if by

mere accident; and when he went to The Jolly Bargeman to eat his dinner, or went away at night, he would slouch out, like Cain or the Wandering Jew, as if he had no idea where he was going, and no intention of ever coming back. He lodged at a sluice-keeper's out on the marshes, and on working days would come slouching from his hermitage, with his hands in his pockets and his dinner loosely tied in a bundle round his neck and dangling on his back. On Sundays he mostly lay all day on sluice-gates, or stood against ricks and barns. He always slouched, locomotively, with his eyes on the ground; and, when accosted or otherwise required to raise them, he looked up in a half-resentful, half-puzzled way, as though the only thought he ever had, was, that it was rather an odd and injurious fact that he should never be thinking.

PEPPER, called "The Avenger." Pip's boy. (Ch. xxvii.)

I had got on so fast of late, that I had even started a boy in boots —top boots—in bondage and slavery to whom I might be said to pass my days. For, after I had made this monster (out of the refuse of my washerwoman's family) and had clothed him with a blue coat, canary waistcoat, white cravat, creamy breeches, and the boots already mentioned, I had to find him a little to do and a great deal to eat; and with both of these horrible requirements he haunted my existence.

PIP. See Pirrip, Philip.

PIRRIP, PHILIP, called "Pip." The narrator and the hero of the story; "a good fellow, with impetuosity and hesitation, boldness and diffidence, action and dreaming, curiously mixed in him."

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my christian-name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

His father and mother being dead, Pip is brought up "by hand" by his sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, who is more than twenty years older than himself. She is something of a shrew, and does not treat him very kindly; but her husband, being a fellow-sufferer, makes an equal and companion of him, and they are "ever the best of friends." When Pip is old enough, he is apprenticed to Joe, to learn the blacksmith's trade; but, before he is out of his time, he is informed that, through the generosity of an unknown friend, he will one day come into a handsome property; and in accordance with the wish of his benefactor, he removes to London to be brought up as a gentleman. Elated by his good fortune, he looks down upon the humble friends of his earlier days, and treats them with condescending kindness when he sees them, which is but seldom. At last, to his astonishment and disgust, he discovers his patron to be a convict for whom he had done a favour when a child. Transported for crime, this man (Abel Magwitch) has retained a grateful sense of

the kindness Pip had shown him, and, accumulating wealth, has determined to educate and provide for him, and ultimately to make him his heir. Though sentenced for life, such is his desire to see the gentleman he has made, that he runs the risk of detection, returns to England, makes himself known to Pip, and avows himself his benefactor. This declaration is a staggering blow to Pip, who has always supposed himself to be a *protégé* of Miss Havisham's, and the intended husband of her adopted daughter, Estella, with whom he is deeply in love. The young lady is married to another, and to add to his troubles, Magwitch is recognised, denounced, arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. Fortunately for himself, he dies in prison before the day of execution arrives. His possessions being, under the law, forfeited to the Crown, Pip finds himself suddenly reduced to poverty and arrested for debt. He is on the point of being thrown into jail, when he is seized with a malignant fever, becomes delirious, and suffers greatly. When he begins to recover, he finds his old friend Joe by his bedside.

After I had turned the worst point of my illness, I began to notice that while all its other features changed, this one consistent feature did not change. Whoever came about me, still settled down into Joe. I opened my eyes in the night, and I saw in the great chair at the bedside, Joe. I opened my eyes in the day, and, sitting on the window-seat, smoking his pipe in the shaded open window, still I saw Joe. I asked for cooling drink, and the dear hand that gave it me was Joe's. I sank back on my pillow after drinking, and the face that looked so hopefully and tenderly upon me was the face of Joe.

At last, one day, I took courage, and said, "*Is* it Joe?"

And the dear old home-voice answered, "Which it air, old chap."

"O Joe, you break my heart! Look angry at me, Joe. Strike me, Joe. Tell me of my ingratitude. Don't be so good to me!"

For, Joe had actually laid his head down on the pillow at my side, and put his arm round my neck, in his joy that I knew him.

"Which dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe, "you and me was ever friends. And when you're well enough to go out for a ride—what larks!"

After which, Joe withdrew to the window, and stood with his back towards me, wiping his eyes. And as my extreme weakness prevented me from getting up and going to him, I lay there, penitently whispering, "O God bless him! O God bless this gentle Christian man!"

When he gets about again, Pip sells all he has, and puts aside as much as he can for a composition with his creditors, becomes a clerk, and, after some years, a partner, in the house of Clarriker and Co., and finally marries Estella, who has been left a widow.

POCKET, HERBERT. A son of Matthew Pocket's, who becomes a warm friend of Pip's. He has "great expectations"

as well as Pip, whom he quite astonishes with the grandeur of his ideas, and his plans for making money.

We were very gay and sociable, and I asked him, in the course of conversation, what he was? He replied, "A capitalist—an Insurer of Ships. . . . In the City."

I had grand ideas of the wealth and importance of Insurers of Ships in the City. . . . But, . . . there came upon me, for my relief, that odd impression that Herbert Pocket would never be very successful or rich.

"I shall not rest satisfied with merely employing my capital in insuring ships. I shall buy up some good Life Assurance shares, and cut into the Direction. I shall also do a little in the mining way. None of these things will interfere with my chartering a few thousand tons on my own account. I think I shall trade," said he, leaning back in his chair, "to the East Indies, for silks, shawls, spices, dyes, drugs, and precious woods. It's an interesting trade."

"And the profits are large?" said I.

"Tremendous!" said he.

I wavered again, and began to think here were greater expectations than my own.

"I think I shall trade, also," said he, putting his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets, "to the West Indies, for sugar, tobacco, and rum. Also to Ceylon, especially for elephants' tusks."

"You will want a good many ships," said I.

"A perfect fleet," said he.

Quite overpowered by the magnificence of these transactions, I asked him where the ships he insured mostly traded to at present?

"I haven't begun insuring yet," he replied. "I am looking about me."

Somehow, that pursuit seemed more in keeping with Barnard's Inn. I said (in a tone of conviction), "Ah-h!"

"Yes. I am in a counting-house, and looking about me."

"Is a counting-house profitable?" I asked.

"To——do you mean to the young fellow who's in it?" he asked, in reply.

"Yes; to you."

"Why, n-no; not to me." He said this with the air of one carefully reckoning up and striking a balance. "Not directly profitable. That is, it doesn't pay me anything, and I have to——keep myself."

This certainly had not a profitable appearance, and I shook my head as if I would imply that it would be difficult to lay by much accumulative capital from such a source of income.

"But the thing is," said Herbert Pocket, "that you look about you. *That's* the grand thing. You are in a counting-house, you know, and you look about you."

It struck me as a singular implication that you couldn't be out of a counting-house, you know, and look about you; but I silently deferred to his experience.

"Then the time comes," said Herbert, "when you see your opening. And you go in, and you swoop upon it and you make your capital, and then there you are! When you have once made your capital, you have nothing to do but employ it."

Pip's lavish habits led Herbert into expenses that he cannot

afford, corrupt the simplicity of his life, and disturb his peace with anxieties and regrets.

At Startop's suggestion, we put ourselves down for election into a club called the Finches of the Grove: the object of which institution I have never divined, if it were not that the members should dine expensively once a fortnight, to quarrel among themselves as much as possible after dinner, and to cause six waiters to get drunk on the stairs. I know that these gratifying social ends were so invariably accomplished, that Herbert and I understood nothing else to be referred to in the first standing toast of the society: which ran, "Gentlemen, may the present promotion of good feeling ever reign predominant among the Finches of the Grove." . . .

In my confidence in my own resources, I would willingly have taken Herbert's expenses on myself; but Herbert was proud, and I could make no such proposal to him. So, he got into difficulties in every direction, and continued to look about him. When we gradually fell into keeping late hours and late company, I noticed that he looked about him with a desponding eye at breakfast-time; that he began to look about him more hopefully about mid-day; that he drooped when he came into dinner; that he seemed to descry Capital in the distance, rather clearly, after dinner; that he all but realised Capital towards midnight; and that about two o'clock in the morning, he became so deeply despondent again as to talk of buying a rifle and going to America, with a general purpose of compelling buffaloes to make his fortune. . . .

We spent as much money as we could, and got as little for it as people could make up their minds to give us. We were always more or less miserable, and most of our acquaintance were in the same condition. There was a gay fiction among us that we were constantly enjoying ourselves, and a skeleton truth that we never did. To the best of my belief, our case was in the last aspect a rather common one. . . .

At certain times—meaning at uncertain times, for they depended on our humour—I would say to Herbert, as if it were a remarkable discovery:

"My dear Herbert, we are getting on badly."

"My dear Handel," Herbert would say to me, in all sincerity, "if you will believe me, those very words were on my lips, by a strange coincidence."

"Then, Herbert," I would respond, "let us look into our affairs."

We always derived profound satisfaction from making an appointment for this purpose. I always thought this was business, this was the way to confront the thing, this was the way to take the foe by the throat. And I know Herbert thought so too.

We ordered something rather special for dinner, with a bottle of something similarly out of the common way, in order that our minds might be fortified for the occasion, and we might come well up to the mark. Dinner over, we produced a bundle of pens, a copious supply of ink, and a goodly show of writing and blotting paper. For, there was something very comfortable in having plenty of stationery.

I would then take a sheet of paper, and write across the top of it, in a neat hand, the heading, "Memorandum of Pip's debts;" with Barnard's Inn and the date very carefully added. Herbert would also take a sheet of paper, and write across it with similar formalities, "Memorandum of Herbert's debts."

Each of us would then refer to a confused heap of papers at his side, which had been thrown into drawers, worn into holes in pockets, half-

burnt in lighting candles, stuck for weeks into the looking-glass, and otherwise damaged. The sound of our pens going refreshed us exceedingly, insomuch that I sometimes found it difficult to distinguish between this edifying business proceeding and actually paying the money. In point of meritorious character, the two things seemed about equal. . . .

When I had got all my responsibilities down upon my list, I compared each with the bill, and ticked it off. My self-approval when I ticked an entry was quite a luxurious sensation. When I had no more ticks to make, I folded all my bills up uniformly, docketed each on the back, and tied the whole into a symmetrical bundle. Then I did the same for Herbert (who modestly said he had not my administrative genius), and felt that I had brought his affairs into a focus for him.

My business habits had one other bright feature, which I called "leaving a Margin." For example; supposing Herbert's debts to be one hundred and sixty-four pounds four-and-twopence, I would say, "Leave a margin, and put them down at two hundred." Or, supposing my own to be four times as much, I would leave a margin, and put them down at seven hundred. I had the highest opinion of the wisdom of this same Margin, but I am bound to acknowledge that on looking back, I deem it to have been an expensive device. For, we always ran into new debt immediately, to the full extent of the margin, and sometimes, in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparted, got pretty far on into another margin.

At a later date Herbert becomes a partner in the house of Clarriker and Co., through the kind assistance of Pip, which is secretly rendered, and is not discovered for many a year. He marries Clara Barley. (Ch. xi., xxi.–xxviii., xxx., xxxi., xxxiv., xxxvi.–xlii., xlv.–xlvii., xlix., l., lii.–lv., lviii.)

POCKET, ALICK. One of Mr. Pocket's children, who makes arrangements, while still wearing a frock, for being married to a suitable young person at Kew. (Ch. xxii., xxiii.)

POCKET, JANE. A little daughter of Mr. Pocket's ; a mere mite, who has prematurely taken upon herself some charge of the others. Her desire to be matrimonially established is so strong, that she might be supposed to have passed her short existence in the perpetual contemplation of domestic bliss. (Ch. xxii., xxiii.)

POCKET, JOE. Another child. (Ch. xxiii.)

POCKET, FANNY. Another child. (Ch. xxiii.)

POCKET, MR. MATTHEW. A relative of Miss Havisham's, living at Hammersmith, with whom Pip studies for a time. He is a gentleman with a rather perplexed expression of face, and with his hair disordered on his head, as if he didn't quite see his way to putting anything straight. (Ch. xxii.–xxiv., xxxiii., xxxix.)

By degrees I learnt, and chiefly from Herbert, that Mr. Pocket had been educated at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he had

distinguished himself; but that when he had had the happiness of marrying Mrs. Pocket very early in life, he had impaired his prospects and taken up the calling of a Grinder. After grinding a number of dull blades—of whom it was remarkable that their fathers, when influential, were always going to help him to preferment, but always forgot to do it when the blades had left the Grindstone—he had wearied of that poor work and had come to London. Here, after gradually failing in loftier hopes, he had "read" with divers who had lacked opportunities, or neglected them, and had refurbished divers others for special occasions, and had turned his acquirements to the account of literary compilation and correction, and on such means, added to some very moderate private resources, still maintained the house I saw.

POCKET, MRS. BELINDA. His wife. (Ch. xxii., xxiii., xxxiii.)

Mrs. Pocket was the only daughter of a certain quite accidental deceased Knight, who had invented for himself a conviction that his deceased father would have been made a Baronet but for somebody's determined opposition arising out of entirely personal motives—I forget whose, if I ever knew—the Sovereign's, the Prime Minister's, the Lord Chancellor's, the Archbishop of Canterbury's, anybody's—and had tacked himself on to the nobles of the earth in right of this quite supposititious fact. I believe he had been knighted himself for storming the English grammar at the point of the pen, in a desperate address engrossed on vellum, on the occasion of the laying of the first stone of some building or other, and for handing some Royal Personage either the trowel or the mortar. Be that as it may, he had directed Mrs. Pocket to be brought up from her cradle as one who in the nature of things must marry a title, and who was to be guarded from the acquisition of plebeian domestic knowledge.

So successful a watch and ward had been established over the young lady by this judicious parent, that she had grown up highly ornamental, but perfectly helpless and useless. With her character thus happily formed, in the first bloom of her youth she had encountered Mr. Pocket: who was also in the first bloom of youth, and not quite decided whether to mount to the Woolsack, or to roof himself in with a mitre. As his doing the one or the other was a mere question of time, he and Mrs. Pocket had taken Time by the forelock (when, to judge from its length, it would seem to have wanted cutting), and had married without the knowledge of the judicious parent. The judicious parent, having nothing to bestow or withhold but his blessing, had handsomely settled that dower upon them after a short struggle, and had informed Mr. Pocket that his wife was "a treasure for a Prince." Mr. Pocket had invested the Prince's treasure in the ways of the world ever since, and it was supposed to have brought him in but indifferent interest. Still, Mrs. Pocket was in general the object of a queer sort of respectful pity, because she had not married a title; while Mr. Pocket was the object of a queer sort of forgiving reproach, because he had never got one.

POCKET, SARAH. A relative of Miss Havisham; a little, dry, brown, corrugated old woman, with a blandly-vicious manner, a small face that might have been made of walnut

shells, and a large mouth like a cat's, without the whiskers. (Ch. xi., xv., xix., xxix.)

POTKINS, WILLIAM. A waiter at The Blue Boar. (Ch. lviii.)

PROVIS. *See* MAGWITCH, ABEL.

PUMBLECHOOK, UNCLE. A well-to-do corn chandler and seedsman; uncle to Joe Gargery, but appropriated by Mrs. Joe. He is a large, hard-breathing, middle-aged, slow man, with a mouth like a fish, dull, staring eyes, and sandy hair standing upright on his head; so that he looks as if he had been choked, and had just come to. Pumblechook is the torment of Pip's life. While a mere boy, the bullying old fellow is in the habit of coming to Mrs. Gargery's house, where Pip lives, and discussing his character and prospects; but this he can never do without having the child before him to operate on.

He would drag me up from my stool (usually by the collar) where I was quiet in a corner, and, putting me before the fire as if I were going to be cooked, would begin by saying, "Now, Mum, here is this boy! Here is this boy which you brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be for ever grateful unto them which so did do. Now, Mum, with respections to this boy." And then he would rumple my hair the wrong way—which from my earliest remembrance, . . . I have in my soul denied the right of any fellow-creature to do—and would hold me before him by the sleeve: a spectacle of imbecility only to be equalled by himself.

When Pip comes, most unexpectedly, into property and "great expectations," and is about departing for London, the obsequiousness of Pumblechook is equal to his former assumption of authority.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, taking me by both hands . . . "I give you joy of your good fortune. Well deserved, well deserved!"

This was coming to the point, and I thought it a sensible way of expressing himself.

"To think," said Mr. Pumblechook, after snorting admiration at me for some moments, "that I should have been the humble instrument of leading up to this, is a proud reward."

I begged Mr. Pumblechook to remember that nothing was to be ever said or hinted, on that point.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook; "if you will allow me to call you so——"

I murmured "Certainly," and Mr. Pumblechook took me by both hands again, and communicated a movement to his waistcoat, which had an emotional appearance, though it was rather low down, "My dear young friend, rely upon my doing my little all in your absence, by keeping the fact before the mind of Joseph.—Joseph!" said Mr.

Pumblechook, in the way of a compassionate adjuration. "Joseph!! Joseph!!!" Thereupon he shook his head and tapped it, expressing his sense of deficiency in Joseph.

"But my dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "you must be hungry, you must be exhausted. Be seated. Here is a chicken had round from The Boar, here is a tongue had round from The Boar, here's one or two little things had round from The Boar, that I hope you may not despise. But do I," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again the moment after he had sat down, "see afore me, him as I ever sported with in his times of happy infancy? And may I—*may* I——?"

This May I, meant might he shake hands? I consented, and he was fervent, and then sat down again.

"Here is wine," said Mr. Pumblechook. "Let us drink, Thanks to Fortune, and may she ever pick out her favourites with equal judgment! And yet I cannot," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "see afore me One—and likewise drink to One—without again expressing—May I —*may* I——?"

I said he might, and he shook hands with me again, and emptied his glass and turned it upside down.

When Pip is reduced to poverty by the death of his patron, Mr. Pumblechook again changes his manner and conduct, becoming as ostentatiously compassionate and forgiving as he had been meanly servile in the time of Pip's new prosperity.

"Young man, I am sorry to see you brought low. But what else could be expected! what else could be expected! . . . This is him . . . as I have rode in my shay-cart. This is him as I have seen brought up by hand. This is him untoe the sister of which I was uncle by marriage, as her name was Georgiana M'ria from her own mother, let him deny it if he can! . . .

"Young man," said Pumblechook, screwing his head at me in the old fashion, "you air a going to Joseph. What does it matter to me, you ask me, where you air a going? I say to you, Sir, you air a going to Joseph. . . . Now, . . . I will tell you what to say to Joseph. . . . Says you, 'Joseph, I have this day seen my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortun's. I will name no names, Joseph, but so they are pleased to call him up-town, and I have seen that man.'"

"I swear I don't see him here," said I.

"Say that likewise," retorted Pumblechook. "Say you said that, and even Joseph will probably betray surprise."

"There you quite mistake him," said I. "I know better."

"Says you," Pumblechook went on, "'Joseph, I have seen that man, and that man bears you no malice, and bears me no malice. He knows your character, Joseph, and is well acquainted with your pig-headedness and ignorance; and he knows my character, Joseph, and he knows my want of gratitoode. Yes, Joseph,' says you," here Pumblechook shook his head and hand at me, "'he knows my total deficiency of common human gratitoode. *He* knows it, Joseph, as none can. *You* do not know it, Joseph, having no call to know it, but that man do.'"

Windy donkey as he was, it really amazed me that he could have the face to talk thus to mine.

"Says you, 'Joseph, he gave me a little message, which I will now repeat. It was, that in my being brought low, he saw the finger of Providence. He knowed that finger when he saw it, Joseph, and he saw

it plain. It pinted out this writing, Joseph. *Reward of ingratitoode to earliest benefactor, and founder of fortun's.* But that man said that he did not repent of what he had done, Joseph. Not at all. It was right to do it, it was kind to do it, it was benevolent to do it, and he would do it again.'"

(Ch. iv.–ix., xii., xiii., xv., xix., xxxv., lviii.)

SKIFFINS, MISS. A lady of an uncertain age and a wooden appearance, but "a very good sort of fellow." She stands possessed of "portable property," which is so strong a recommendation in the eyes of Mr. Wemmick, that he makes her his wife. (Ch. xxxvii., lv.)

SOPHIA. A housemaid in Mr. Pocket's service. (Ch. xxiii.)

SPIDER, THE. *See* DRUMMLE, BENTLEY.

STARTOP, MR. A lively, bright young man, with a woman's delicacy of feature, who is a fellow-boarder with Pip at Mr. Pocket's. (Ch. xxiii., xxv., xxvi., xxxiv., lii.–liv.)

TRABB, MR. A prosperous old bachelor, who is a tailor and undertaker in the quiet old town where Pip lives during his boyhood. (Ch. xix., xxxv.)

He has a shop-boy who is one of the most audacious young fellows in all that country-side. When Pip comes into a handsome property, and people stare after him, and are excessively polite if he happens to speak to them, the only effect upon Trabb's boy is to make him more independent and impudent than before. As Pip is returning, on one occasion, to The Blue Boar from Satis House, to take the coach back to London, fate throws him in the way of "that unlimited miscreant."

Casting my eyes along the street at a certain point of my progress, I beheld Trabb's boy approaching, lashing himself with an empty blue bag. Deeming that a serene and unconscious contemplation of him would best beseem me, and would be most likely to quell his evil mind, I advanced with that expression of countenance, and was rather congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly the knees of Trabb's boy smote together, his hair uprose, his cap fell off, he trembled violently in every limb, staggered out into the road, and crying to the populace, "Hold me! I'm so frightened!" feigned to be in a paroxysm of terror and contrition, occasioned by the dignity of my appearance. As I passed him, his teeth loudly chattered in his head, and with every mark of extreme humiliation, he prostrated himself in the dust.

This was a hard thing to bear, but this was nothing. I had not advanced another two hundred yards, when, to my inexpressible terror, amazement, and indignation, I again beheld Trabb's boy approaching. He was coming round a narrow corner. His blue bag was slung over his shoulder, honest industry beamed in his eyes, a determination to proceed to Trabb's with cheerful briskness was indicated

in his gait. With a shock he became aware of me, and was severely visited as before; but this time his motion was rotatory, and he staggered round and round me with knees more afflicted, and with uplifted hands as if beseeching for mercy. His sufferings were hailed with the greatest joy by a knot of spectators, and I felt utterly confounded.

I had not got as much farther down the street as the post-office, when I again beheld Trabb's boy, shooting round by a back way. This time, he was entirely changed. He wore the blue bag in the manner of my great-coat, and was strutting along the pavement towards me on the opposite side of the street, attended by a company of delighted young friends to whom he from time to time exclaimed, with a wave of his hand, "Don't know yah!" Words cannot state the amount of aggravation and injury wreaked upon me by Trabb's boy, when passing abreast of me, he pulled up his shirt-collar, twined his side-hair, stuck an arm akimbo, and smirked extravagantly by, wriggling his elbows and body, and drawling to his attendants, "Don't know yah, don't know yah, 'pon my soul don't know yah!" The disgrace attendant on his immediately afterward taking to crowing, and pursuing me across the bridge with crows as from an exceedingly dejected fowl who had known me when I was a blacksmith, culminated the disgrace with which I left the town, and was, so to speak, ejected by it into the open country. (Ch. xxx.)

WALDENGARVER, MR. *See* WOPSLE, MR.

WEMMICK, MR. JOHN. Mr. Jaggers's confidential clerk. He is a dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face, whose expression seems to have been imperfectly chipped out with a dull-edged chisel. He has glittering eyes—small, keen, and black—and thin, white mottled lips, and has had them, apparently, from forty to fifty years. His guiding principle, and his invariable advice to his friends is, to take care of portable property, and never on any account to lose an opportunity of securing it. Although his business relations to Mr. Jaggers are of the most intimate nature, their acquaintance and fellowship goes no further, and each pretends to the other that he is made of the sternest and flintiest stuff. But notwithstanding their hard exterior and their fear of showing themselves to one another in a weak and unprofessional light, they are kindly men at heart—Wemmick especially, who has a pleasant home at Walworth, where he devotes himself to the comfort of his venerable father, and refreshes his business life in many pleasant and playful ways, the latest and most important of them being the transformation of Miss Skiffins into Mrs. Wemmick. (Ch. xx., xxi., xxiv.–xxvi., xxxii., xxxvi., xxxvii., xlv., xlviii., li., lv.) *See* SKIFFINS, MISS.

The district of Walworth . . . appeared to be a collection of black lanes, ditches, and little gardens, and to present the aspect of a rather dull retirement. Wemmick's house was a little wooden cottage

in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

"My own doing," said Wemmick. "Looks pretty; don't it?"

I highly commended it. I think it was the smallest house I ever saw, with the queerest gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

"That's a real flagstaff, you see," said Wemmick, "and on Sundays I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up—so—and cut off the communication."

The bridge was a plank, and it crossed a chasm about four feet wide and two deep. But it was very pleasant to see the pride with which he hoisted it up, and made it fast; smiling as he did so, with a relish, and not merely mechanically.

"At nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time," said Wemmick, "the gun fires. There he is, you see! And when you hear him go, I think you'll say he's a Stinger."

The piece of ordnance referred to, was mounted in a separate fortress, constructed of lattice-work. It was protected from the weather by an ingenious little tarpaulin contrivance in the nature of an umbrella.

"Then at the back," said Wemmick, "out of sight, so as not to impede the idea of fortifications—for it's a principle with me, if you have an idea, carry it out and keep it up—I don't know whether that's your opinion——"

I said, decidedly.

"—At the back, there's a pig, and there are fowls and rabbits; then I knock together my own little frame, you see, and grow cucumbers; and you'll judge at supper what sort of a salad I can raise. So, sir," said Wemmick, smiling again, but seriously too, as he shook his head, "if you can suppose the little place besieged, it would hold out a devil of a time in point of provisions."

Then, he conducted me to a bower about a dozen yards off, but which was approached by such ingenious twists of path that it took quite a long time to get at; and in this retreat our glasses were already set forth. Our punch was cooling in an ornamental lake, on whose margin the bower was raised. This piece of water (with an island in the middle which might have been the salad for supper) was of a circular form, and he had constructed a fountain in it, which, when you set a little mill going and took a cork out of a pipe, played to that powerful extent that it made the back of your hand quite wet.

"I am my own engineer, and my own carpenter, and my own plumber, and my own gardener, and my own Jack of all Trades," said Wemmick, in acknowledging my compliments. "Well, it's a good thing, you know. It brushes the Newgate cobwebs away, and pleases the Aged."

WEMMICK, MR., SENIOR, called "THE AGED." Mr. John Wemmick's father; a very old man, clean, cheerful, comfortable, and well cared for, but intensely deaf. (Ch. xxv., xxxvii., xlv., xlviii., li., lv.)

WEMMICK, MRS. *See* SKIFFINS, MISS.

WHIMPLE, MRS. A lodging-house keeper at Mill Pond

Bank, Chinks's Basin; an elderly woman of a pleasant and thriving appearance, who is the best of housewives. (Ch. xlvi.)

WILLIAM. *See* POTKINS, WILLIAM.

WOPSLE, MR. A friend of Mrs. Joe Gargery's; at first parish clerk, afterwards an actor in London under the stage-name of Mr. Waldengarver.

Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large shining bald forehead, had a deep voice which he was uncommonly proud of; indeed it was understood among his acquaintance that if you could only give him his head, he would read the clergyman into fits; he himself confessed that if the Church was "thrown open," meaning to competition, he would not despair of making his mark in it. The Church not being "thrown open," he was, as I have said, our clerk. But he punished the Amens tremendously; and when he gave out the psalm —always giving the whole verse—he looked all round the congregation first, as much as to say, "You have heard our friend overhead; oblige me with your opinion of this."

His success as an actor is not particularly brilliant or encouraging. Pip and Herbert go to the small theatre where he is engaged, to witness his impersonation of Hamlet.

Whenever that undecided Prince had to ask a question or state a doubt, the public helped him out with it. As for example; on the question whether 'twas nobler in the mind to suffer, some roared yes, and some no, and some inclining to both opinions said "toss up for it;" and quite a Debating Society arose. When he asked what should such fellows as he do crawling between earth and heaven, he was encouraged with loud cries of "Hear, hear!" When he appeared with his stocking disordered (its disorder expressed, according to usage, by one very neat fold in the top, which I suppose to be always got up with a flat iron), a conversation took place in the gallery respecting the paleness of his leg, and whether it was occasioned by the turn the ghost had given him. On his taking the recorders—very like a little black flute that had just been played in the orchestra and handed out at the door—he was called upon unanimously for Rule Britannia. When he recommended the player not to saw the air thus, the sulky man said, "And don't *you* do it, neither; you're a deal worse than *him!*" And I grieve to add that peals of laughter greeted Mr. Wopsle on every one of these occasions.

(Ch. iv.–vii., x., xiii., xv., xviii., xxxi., xlvii.)

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

CHAPTER I. Pip, in the churchyard, is frightened by the appearance of a fearful man with a great iron on his leg, who makes him promise to bring him, the next morning, a file and some food.—II. Pip, with some difficulty, conceals the food Mrs. Joe gives him for supper, and early in the morning, robs the pantry, and runs for the marshes.—III. Pip meets a convict, who is not the one he seeks, and afterwards finds the right one, who eagerly devours his food.—IV. Mrs. Joe's preparations for Christmas; Pip's sufferings during the Christmas dinner for fear his theft should be discovered; Pip starts to run away, and runs into a party of soldiers at the door.—V. Joe mends a pair of handcuffs for the sergeant, and the party start in search of the escaped convicts on the marshes; they find the two convicts struggling together in a ditch, and Pip's convict claims to have taken and given up the other one; Pip's convict confesses to having stolen the food taken by Pip from Mrs. Gargery's pantry.—VI. Pip's fear of confessing to Joe.—VII. Pip's education is attended to, and he indites a letter to Joe; Joe's delight at finding his name in print; Joe's account of his father's goodness of heart, and of his marriage to Pip's sister; Pip goes to play at Miss Havisham's.—VIII. Pip breakfasts at Mr. Pumblechook's, and proceeds to Miss Havisham's, where he is received by Estella: singular appearance of Miss Havisham, and of everything around her; Estella and Pip play cards for Miss Havisham's amusement; Estella sends Pip home.—IX. Pip gives his sister and Pumblechook an account of Miss Havisham's and his visit there, the falsity of which he afterwards acknowledges to Joe.—X. Pip goes to The Three Jolly Bargemen to meet Joe, and see there a stranger, by a sign from whom he knows he has seen his convict; the stranger gives Pip a shilling, wrapping it in two one-pound notes.—XI. Pip goes again to Miss Havisham's, and finds her friends have come to see her on her birthday; Pip meets the pale young gentleman, who challenges him to fight, and, being victorious, he is rewarded by a kiss from Estella.—XII. Pip having grown old enough to be apprenticed to Joe, Miss Havisham sends for Joe, to whom she gives twenty-five guineas as a premium with Pip.—XIII. Joe gives the money to his wife, with a message from Miss Havisham, and Pip is "bound out of hand" by Mr. Pumblechook.—XIV. Pip desires to go and see Miss Havisham, and Joe gives him and Orlick a half-holiday.—XV. Orlick calls Mrs. Gargery names, and is beaten by Joe; Pip goes to Miss Havisham's in the hope of seeing Estella, but is disappointed; Mrs. Gargery receives a severe injury from an unknown hand.—XVI. Pip forms a theory in regard to the assailant of his sister, and is surprised that she does not denounce Orlick.—XVII. Pip pays a visit to Miss Havisham on his birthday; Pip expresses to Biddy, who has become Joe's housekeeper, his desire to be a gentleman.—XVIII. Mr. Wopsle, reading at The Three Jolly Bargemen the account of a murder, is cross-questioned by Mr. Jaggers; Jaggers requests a private conference with Joe and Pip, and informs them that Pip has GREAT EXPECTATIONS, and must henceforth be brought up as a gentleman; Jaggers informs them that the conditions imposed are, that Pip shall always bear that name, and

that he is never to ask or seek to know the name of his benefactor; Jaggers advises Pip what to do, and offers Joe compensation for the loss of Pip's time, which he refuses; Joe tells the news at home.—XIX. Biddy gives Pip her idea of good manners; Pip waits upon Mr. Trabb, and orders his new clothes; Mr. Pumblechook entertains Pip, and congratulates him on his good fortune, of which he claims to be the instrument; Pip takes a final leave of Miss Havisham; Pip starts on his journey to London.—XX. Arriving in London, Pip calls on Mr. Jaggers, and witnesses that gentleman's manner of bullying his clients; Wemmick accompanies Pip from Jaggers's office to young Mr. Pocket's.—XXI.—Pip's impressions of Barnard's Inn; Pip is welcomed by Herbert Pocket, in whom he recognises the pale young gentleman he had fought with at Miss Havisham's.—XXII. Herbert informs Pip of his former expectations from Miss Havisham, and their disappointment; Herbert gives Pip the name of Handel; Pip learns from Herbert the history of Miss Havisham, interspersed with some hints for the improvement of his own manners; Pip is introduced to Mr. Matthew Pocket and his family.—XXIII. Some account of Mr. and Mrs. Pocket, their lodgers, and their domestic mismanagement.—XXIV. Pip begins to do business with Mr. Jaggers, and is shown that gentleman's office-arrangements by Mr. Wemmick.—XXV. Pip accompanies Wemmick home to Walworth, where he is introduced to the Aged, and spends the night.—XXVI. Pip and his friends dine with Mr. Jaggers; singular appearance of that gentleman's housekeeper; quarrel between Bentley Drummle and Pip, at Mr. Jaggers's table.—XXVII. Pip receives a letter from Biddy, announcing a visit from Joe, and soon after Joe himself arrives; Miss Havisham sends word by Joe that Estella has returned, and would be glad to see Pip.—XXVIII. Pip goes down to the old town, by stage, and recognises, in a convict who is being taken to the hulks, the man from whom he had received the two one-pound notes.—XXIX. Pip is surprised to find Orlick occupying the place of porter at Miss Havisham's; meeting of Pip and Estella, and their walk together in the garden; Miss Havisham's passionate appeal to Pip to love Estella, and the sudden appearance of Mr. Jaggers in the room.—XXX. How Trabb's boy met Pip in the street, and attended him from the town; Pip acknowledges to Herbert his love for Estella and his doubts of ever winning her; Herbert returns the confidence by informing Pip of his own engagement.—XXXI. Mr. Wopsle's appearance as Hamlet; Pip receives a note from Estella informing him of her approaching visit to London.—XXXII. He accompanies Wemmick to Newgate, and witnesses the estimation in which Jaggers is held in that institution.—XXXIII. Pip receives Estella on her arrival, and escorts her to her destination at Richmond.—XXXIV. Effect produced upon Pip by his expectations, and the way in which he and Herbert "looked into their affairs;" Pip receives notice of the death of his sister, and goes down to attend the funeral.—XXXV. He has a conversation with Biddy, who understands him better than he understands himself.—XXXVI. Jaggers congratulates Pip on his coming of age, and presents him with five hundred pounds from his unknown benefactor, but does not disclose the name of the person.—XXXVII. Wemmick makes a distinction between his opinions in the office and at Walworth; Pip spends Sunday at Wemmick's, and witnesses his care of his aged parent, and his attentions to Miss Skiffins; Pip, with Wemmick's assistance, sets Herbert up in business.—XXXVIII. Pip pays frequent visits to Estella, at Mrs. Brandley's, and escorts her home to Miss Havisham's; some harsh words are exchanged between Miss Havisham

and Estella; Drummle offends Pip by toasting Estella; Pip remonstrates with Estella for encouraging Drummle's attentions.—XXXIX. Pip, sitting alone in his room at a late hour of the night, is interrupted by a strange visitor, in whom he recognises his convict, and from whom he learns that this man himself is the unknown patron whose money he has been spending; he also learns the risk at which the convict has returned to England.—XL. Pip stumbles over a man on his staircase, and learns from the watchman that his convict was followed by another person; satisfaction of Provis in seeing "the gentleman he has made;" Pip engages rooms for Provis, whom he represents as his uncle; Pip verifies, by reference to Mr. Jaggers, his knowledge that Provis is his sole benefactor.—XLI. Herbert returns, and, taking the oath demanded by Provis, is told the whole secret of his connection with Pip; aversion of the young men for Pip's patron.—XLII. Provis relates the story of his life, and his connection with Compeyson, the other convict who had been retaken with him on the marshes; Herbert recognises in Compeyson the man who professed to be Miss Havisham's lover.—XLIII. Having decided to go abroad with Provis, Pip goes down to see Miss Havisham and Estella before leaving England; he encounters Bentley Drummle at The Blue Boar.—XLIV. Pip calls upon Miss Havisham, informs her of his discovery that she is not his patron, as he had always supposed, and begs her to continue to Herbert the assistance he had begun to render; he confesses to Estella his love for her, and learns that she is soon to be married to Drummle; returning to London, Pip is warned by Wemmick not to go home.—XLV. Pip goes down to Warwick to consult Wemmick, and learns from him that Provis and himself had been watched, that Compeyson is in London, and that, with Herbert's assistance, Provis had been taken to a place of greater safety.—XLVI. Pip accompanies Herbert to Mrs. Whimple's, meets Clara Barley, and becomes acquainted with the peculiarities of old Bill Barley; they arrange a plan for the escape of Magwitch by water.—XLVII. Pip seeks to divert his mind by going to the play, and after the performance learns from Wopsle that the second of the two convicts of the marshes was in the audience.—XLVIII. Pip receives through Jaggers a message from Miss Havisham, requesting to see him; he suspects Jaggers's housekeeper to be Estella's mother, and questions Wemmick in regard to her story.—XLIX. Pip goes down again to Miss Havisham's, and receives from her the assistance he had asked for Herbert; he confirms his belief that Molly is the mother of Estella; Pip walks round the place before leaving, and, returning to Miss Havisham's room, sees her clothes in flames, and rescues her.—L. Pip learns from Herbert that portion of Provis's history relating to some trouble he had had with a woman, and knows from the facts that the convict is Estella's father.—LI. Pip informs Jaggers of his discovery of Estella's parentage; Jaggers and Wemmick discover something unprofessional in each other's character.—LII. Pip receives notice from Wemmick that the attempt to get Provis off may safely be made, and arranges accordingly; he also receives a singular letter, requesting his presence by night at the lime-kiln on the old marshes.—LIII. Obeying this call, he goes to the place designated, where he is set upon and bound by old Orlick, who is about to kill him, when he is rescued by Herbert and Startop; how Herbert came to rescue Pip.—LIV. Pip, Herbert, and Startop take Provis down the river in order to get him aboard a foreign steamer; as they are about to accomplish this purpose, another boat joins them, and they are summoned to give up Magwitch; as the two boats lie side by side, Magwitch grasps Compeyson, who is in the officer's

boat; they are run down by the approaching steamer, Compeyson drowned, and Magwitch severely injured.—LV. Herbert leaves London to take charge of a branch house of his business in Cairo; Wemmick's regret at the sacrifice of Magwitch's "portable property;" marriage of Wemmick and Miss Skiffins.—LVI. Trial and conviction of Magwitch; he gradually sinks under the injuries he had received, and is tenderly nursed by Pip until his death.—LVII. Delirious illness of Pip, from which he recovers to find Joe at his bedside; Joe informs him of Miss Havisham's death and the conditions of her will; Pip recovers his strength, and Joe leaves him.—LVIII. Pip resolves to return to the forge and to offer himself to Biddy; Pumblechook puts in his claim to be the founder of Pip's fortune, for the last time; Pip goes to the forge in search of Biddy and Joe, and finds them celebrating their wedding-day; Pip joins Herbert, and remains abroad eleven years, at the end of which time he revisits Satis House, where he meets Estella, who is now a widow, and sees "no shadow of another parting from her."

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

[PUBLISHED IN "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," IN DECEMBER, 1862.]

THE Christmas tale published under this name contains an amusing description, given by a head-waiter named Christopher, of the struggles, trials, and experiences of the class to which he belongs, and also an account of his purchasing a quantity of luggage left more than six years previously in Room 24 B by a strange gentleman who had suddenly departed without settling his bill, which amounted to £2 16s. 6d. Christopher pays Somebody's bill, and takes possession of Somebody's luggage, consisting of a black portmanteau, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a brown-paper parcel, a hat-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick. These articles are in great part filled with manuscripts. "There was writing in his dressing-case, writing in his boots, writing among his shaving-tackle, writing in his hat-box, writing folded away down among the very whalebones of his umbrella." The writing found in the boots proves to be a very pretty story; and it is disposed of, together with the other documents, to the conductor of "All the Year Round" (Mr. Dickens) on the most satisfactory terms. The story is put in type; and a young man is sent with "THE PROOFS" to Christopher, who does not understand that they are intended to receive any corrections he may wish to make, but supposes that they are the proofs of his having illegally sold the writings. In a few days, the strange gentleman suddenly reappears at the hotel; and Christopher, overcome with terror and remorse, makes a full confession of what he has done, lays "THE PROOFS" before him, and offers any gradual settlement that may be possible. To his amazement, the unknown grasps his hand, presses him to his breast-bone, calls him "benefactor" and "philanthropist," forces two ten-pound notes upon him, and explains, that, "from boyhood's hour," he has "unremittingly and unavailingly endeavoured to get into print." Sitting down with several new pens, and all the inkstands well filled, he devotes himself, the night through, to the task of correcting the press, and is found, the next morning, to have smeared himself and the proofs to that degree, that "few could have said which was them, and which was him, and which was blots."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BEBELLE (*a playful name for* GABRIELLE). A little orphan-girl, very pretty and very good; the *protégée* of Corporal Théophile, and afterwards adopted by Mr. Langley.

A mere baby, one might call her, dressed in the close white linen cap which small French country children wear (like the children in Dutch pictures), and in a frock of homespun blue, that had no shape except where it was tied round her little fat throat. So that, being naturally short and round all over, she looked, behind, as if she had been cut off at her natural waist, and had had her head neatly fitted on it.

BOUCLET, MADAME. Mr. Langley's landlady; a compact little woman of thirty-five or so, who lets all her house overlooking the place, in furnished flats, and lives up the yard behind.

CHRISTOPHER. Head-waiter at a London coffee-house; born as well as bred to the business. He dedicates his introductory essay on "waitering" to Joseph, "much respected head-waiter at the Slamjam Coffee House, London, E.C., than which, a individual more eminently deserving of the name of man, or a more amenable honour to his own head and heart, whether considered in the light of a waiter, or regarded as a human being, do not exist."

GABRIELLE. *See* BEBELLE.

LANGLEY, MR., called "MR. THE ENGLISHMAN." A lodger at Madame Bouclet's, in the Grande Place of a dull old fortified French town.

In taking his Appartement,—or, as one might say on our side of the Channel, his set of chambers,—[he] had given his name, correct to the letter, LANGLEY. But as he had a British way of not opening his mouth very wide on foreign soil, except at meals, the Brewery [Madame Bouclet and her family] had been able to make nothing of it but L'Anglais. So Mr. The Englishman he had become and he remained.

He is a very unreasonable man, given to grumbling, moody, and somewhat vindictive. Having had a quarrel with his erring and disobedient daughter, he has disowned her and gone abroad to be rid of her for the rest of his life. But becoming acquainted with Corporal Théophile and his orphan

charge, Bebelle, and witnessing their strong affection for each other, and the deep grief of the child at the death of her friend, his heart is penetrated and softened. He adopts the forlorn little one as a trust providentially committed to him, and goes back with her to England, determined on a reconciliation with his daughter.

MARTIN, MISS. A young lady at the bar of the hotel where Christopher is head-waiter, who makes out the bills.

MUTUEL, MONSIEUR. A friend of Madame Bouclet's; a Frenchman with an amiable old walnut-shell countenance.

> A spectacled, snuffy, stooping old gentleman in carpet shoes and a cloth cap with a peaked shade, a loose blue frock-coat reaching to his heels, a large limp white shirt-frill, and cravat to correspond,—that is to say, white was the natural colour of his linen on Sundays, but it toned down with the week.

PRATCHETT, MRS. Head-chambermaid at the hotel where Christopher is head-waiter; "a female of some pertness, though acquainted with her business." Her husband is in Australia, and his address there is "The Bush."

THÉOPHILE, CORPORAL. A brave French soldier, beloved by all his comrades; friend and protector of little Bebelle.

> The Corporal, a smart figure of a man of thirty, perhaps a thought under the middle size, but very neatly made,—a sunburnt Corporal with a brown peaked beard. . . . Nothing was amiss or awry about the Corporal. A lithe and nimble Corporal, quite complete, from the sparkling dark eyes under his knowing uniform cap to his sparkling white gaiters. The very image and presentment of a Corporal of his country's army, in the line of his shoulders, the line of his waist, the broadest line of his Bloomer trousers, and their narrowest line at the calf of his leg.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS.

[Published in "All the Year Round," in December, 1863.]

This Christmas tale purports to be the reminiscences of a Mrs. Lirriper, a lodging-house keeper of No. 81, Norfolk Street, Strand. It sets forth the circumstances under which she went into the business, and the manner in which she has carried it on for eight-and-thirty years, including her trials with servant-girls, and her troubles with an opposition establishment. The chief interest of the story, however, centres around the child of Mrs. Edson, a delicate young woman, who is cruelly deserted by her husband within a few months after their marriage. She dies, heart-broken, in giving birth to a little boy, who is adopted by Mrs. Lirriper, and who is brought up under the joint guardianship of herself, and her friend and lodger, Major Jemmy Jackman.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BOBBO. Friend and schoolfellow of the hero of an extravagant story that Jemmy Lirriper tells his grandmother and godfather.

EDSON, MR. A gentleman from the country, who takes lodgings for himself and wife at Mrs. Lirriper's, and, after staying there for three months, cruelly deserts her under pretence of being suddenly called by business to the Isle of Man. *See further in* "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy."

EDSON, MRS. PEGGY. His wife; a very pretty and delicate young lady. When she discovers that her husband has abandoned her, she attempts to end her own life, and that of her unborn infant, by throwing herself into the Thames;

but she is prevented by Mrs. Lirriper and Major Jackman, who watch and follow her, but conceal their knowledge of her intention. Desolate and heart-broken, however, she dies, not long afterwards, in giving birth to a little boy, who is adopted and brought up by Mrs. Lirriper.

JACKMAN, MAJOR JEMMY. A gentleman who leaves Miss Wozenham's lodging-house in a rage, because "she has no appreciation of a gentleman," and takes the parlours at Mrs. Lirriper's. He becomes a warm friend of his new landlady, who reciprocates his regard. She describes him as—

A most obliging Lodger and punctual in all respects except one irregular which I need not particularly specify, but made up for by his being a protection and at all times ready to fill in the papers of the Assessed Taxes and Juries and that, and . . . ever quite the gentleman though passionate. . . . Though he is far from tall he seems almost so when he has his shirt-frill out and his frock-coat on and his hat with the curly brims, and in what service he was I cannot truly tell you my dear whether Militia or Foreign, for I never heard him even name himself as Major but always simple "Jemmy Jackman" and once soon after he came when I felt it my duty to let him know that Miss Wozenham had put it about that he was no Major and I took the liberty of adding "which you are sir" his words were "Madam at any rate I am not a Minor, and sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" which cannot be denied to be the sacred truth, nor yet his military ways of having his boots with only the dirt brushed off taken to him in the front parlour every morning on a clean plate and varnishing them himself with a little sponge and a saucer and a whistle in a whisper so sure as ever his breakfast is ended, and so neat his ways that it never soils his linen which is scrupulous though more in quality than quantity, neither that nor his mustachios which to the best of my belief are done at the same time and which are as black and shining as his boots, his head of hair being a lovely white.

The Major becomes the godfather of Mrs. Edson's little boy, who is named for him; and he takes it upon himself to cultivate his mind on a system of his own, which Mrs. Lirriper thinks "ought to be known to the throne and lords and commons."

But picture my admiration when the Major going on almost as quick as if he was conjuring sets out all the articles he names, and says "Three saucepans, an Italian iron, a hand-bell, a toasting-fork, a nutmeg-grater, four potlids, a spice-box, two egg-cups, and a chopping-board—how many?" and when that Mite instantly cries "Tifteen, tut down tive and carry ler 'topping-board" and then claps his hands draws up his legs and dances on his chair.

My dear with the same astonishing ease and correctness him and the Major added up the tables chairs and sofy, the picters fenders and fire-irons their own selves me and the cat and the eyes in Miss Wozenham's head, and whenever the sum was done Young Roses and Diamonds claps his hands and draws up his legs and dances on his chair.

The pride of the Major! ("*Here's* a mind Ma'am!" he says to me behind his hand.)

Then he says aloud, "We now come to the next elementary rule,—which is called—"

"Umtraction!" cries Jemmy.

"Right," says the Major. "We have here a toasting-fork, a potato in its natural state, two potlids, one egg-cup, a wooden spoon, and two skewers, from which it is necessary for commercial purposes to subtract a sprat-gridiron, a small pickle-jar, two lemons, one pepper-castor, a blackbeetle-trap, and a knob of the dresser-drawer—what remains?"

"Toating-fork!" cries Jemmy.

"In numbers how many?" says the Major.

"One!" cries Jemmy.

("*Here's* a boy, Ma'am!" says the Major to me behind his hand.)

Then the Major goes on:

"We now approach the next elementary rule,—which is entitled—"

"Tickleication," cries Jemmy.

"Correct," says the Major.

But my dear to relate to you in detail the way in which they multiplied fourteen sticks of firewood by two bits of ginger and a larding-needle, or divided pretty well everything else there was on the table by the heater of the Italian iron and a chamber candlestick, and got a lemon over, which would make my head spin round and round and round as it did at the time.

JANE. A housemaid in Miss Wozenham's service.

LIRRIPER, JEMMY JACKMAN. The son of Mrs. Edson, who dies in giving birth to him. He is named after Mrs. Lirriper, who adopts him, and after Major Jackman, who becomes his godfather. He grows up to be a bright, blithe, and good boy, delighting the hearts of both his guardians, who agree that he "has not his like on the face of the earth." *See* EDSON, MRS. PEGGY.

LIRRIPER, MRS. EMMA. The narrator of the story; a lodging-house keeper at No. 81, Norfolk Street, Strand, "situated midway between the City and St. James's, and within five minutes' walk of the principal places of public amusement."

Certainly I ought to know something of the business having been in it so long, for it was early in the second year of my married life that I lost my poor Lirriper and I set up at Islington directly afterwards and afterwards came here, being two houses and eight-and-thirty years and some losses and a deal of experience.

See introductory remarks, p. 484; also EDSON (MRS. PEGGY), JACKMAN (MAJOR JEMMY), LIRRIPER (JEMMY JACKMAN), and the next story, "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy."

MAXEY, CAROLINE. One of Mrs. Lirriper's servant-girls; a good-looking, black-eyed girl, with a high temper, but a kind and grateful heart.

PERKINSOP, MARY ANNE. A girl in Mrs. Lirriper's service, who is enticed away by an offer from Miss Wozenham of one pound per quarter more in the way of wages. Mrs. Lirriper regards her as "worth her weight in gold" for overawing lodgers, without driving them away.

SERAPHINA. The heroine of an extravagantly fanciful story related by Master Jemmy Jackman Lirriper to his "grandmother" and his godfather. She was a schoolmaster's daughter, and the most beautiful creature that ever was seen.

SOPHY, called "WILLING SOPHY." A poor, half-starved creature, whom Mrs. Lirriper takes into her house as a servant, and who is "down upon her knees, scrubbing, early and late, and ever cheerful, but always smiling with a black face."

> I says to Sophy, "Now Sophy my good girl have a regular day for your stoves and keep the width of the Airy between yourself and the blacking and do not brush your hair with the bottoms of the saucepans and do not meddle with the snuffs of the candles and it stands to reason that it can no longer be" yet there it was and always on her nose, which turning up and being broad at the end seemed to boast of it and caused warning from a steady gentleman and excellent lodger with breakfast by the week but a little irritable and use of a sitting-room when required, his words being "Mrs. Lirriper I have arrived at the point of admitting that the Black is a man and a brother, but only in a natural form and when it can't be got off."

WOZENHAM, MISS. A lodging-house keeper in Norfolk Street, not far from Mrs. Lirriper's, but on the other side of the way. There is considerable rivalry between the two establishments; and Mrs. Lirriper conceives a strong dislike to Miss Wozenham, on account of her advertising in Bradshaw's "Railway Guide," her systematic underbidding for lodgers, her enticing servant-girls away by the offer of higher wages, and her doing various other ill-natured and unfriendly acts. *See* "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy."

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY.

[Published in "All the Year Round," in December, 1864.]

This is a sequel to "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" (published in 1863), which met with a very warm reception from the public, and excited a general desire to know more of the old lady's experiences. The legacy is left *to* Mrs. Lirriper by the Mr. Edson who is introduced in the former part of the story as deserting his young wife shortly after marrying her, and who dies, repentant, many years after, in France, whither she goes to take care of him in his last moments, accompanied by his son Jemmy (whom he has never seen), and by her friend and adviser, Major Jackman. The benevolent conduct of this good soul to her good-for-nothing brother-in-law, Doctor Joshua Lirriper; to the obnoxious collector of assessed taxes, Mr. Buffle, on the night when his house is burnt down; and to Miss Wozenham, when that lady was in danger of having her chattels taken from her on execution—forms the subject of the remainder of the story.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BUFFLE, MR. Collector of the assessed taxes. His manners when engaged in his business are not agreeable; and he has a habit of looking about, as if suspicious that goods are being removed in the dead of night by a back door. Major Jackman knocks his hat off his head twice for keeping it on in Mrs. Lirriper's presence, when he calls at her house in the discharge of his regular duties. But when his house catches fire, and burns to the ground, he and his family are taken by the Major to Mrs. Lirriper's for shelter; and from this kindness an intimacy springs up between the two households, which is

very agreeable to all parties, Mr. Buffle even going so far as to call the Major his "preserver" and "best friend."

BUFFLE, MRS. His wife; a woman who gives herself airs because her husband keeps "a one-horse pheayton."

BUFFLE, MISS ROBINA. Their daughter; a thin young lady with a very small appetite. She looks favourably on her father's articled young man, George, in opposition to the wishes of her parents, though they finally give their consent to the match.

EDSON, MR. A former lodger of Mrs. Lirriper's, and the husband of a young woman whom he cruelly deserted after living with her for a few months. Years pass by; and he is taken dangerously ill at a town in France. Finding that his recovery is impossible, he leaves all that he has to Mrs. Lirriper, who had been very kind to his poor wife, and who has brought up their child as if it were her own. On learning from the French consul in London that an unknown Englishman is lying at the point of death in Sens, and that her name is mentioned in a communication to the authorities, which is found among his papers, she sets out at once for that place with her adopted child and her friend Major Jackman. Recognising Mr. Edson in the sick stranger, and finding him truly penitent for the grievous wrong he had done, she forgives him, and causes the boy—who does not know who the dying man is—also to say, "May God forgive you!"

GEORGE. A rather weak-headed young man, articled to Mr. Buffle, and enamoured of his daughter.

GRAN, MRS. (*i.e.*, MRS. LIRRIPER). A highly respected and beloved lady who resides within a hundred miles of Norfolk Street, and who figures in Jemmy Lirriper's imaginary version of the story of Mr. Edson's life.

JACKMAN, MAJOR JEMMY. A lodger at Mrs. Lirriper's; her warm personal friend, and the godfather of her adopted child Jemmy. *See* LIRRIPER (JEMMY JACKMAN) and "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings."

LIRRIPER, DOCTOR JOSHUA. Youngest brother of Mrs. Lirriper's deceased husband. He is a dissipated scapegrace, and a systematic sponger upon his benevolent and unsuspecting sister-in-law.

> Doctor of what I am sure it would be hard to say unless Liquor, for neither Physic nor Music nor yet Law does Joshua Lirriper know a morsel of except continually being summoned to the County Court and having orders made upon him which he runs away from. . . .
>
> Joshua Lirriper has his good feelings and shows them in being

always so troubled in his mind when he cannot wear mourning for his brother. Many a long year have I left off my widow's mourning not being wishful to intrude, but the tender point in Joshua that I cannot help a little yielding to is when he writes "One single sovereign would enable me to wear a decent suit of mourning for my much-loved brother. I vowed at the time of his lamented death that I would ever wear sables in memory of him but Alas how short-sighted is man, How keep that vow when penniless!" It says a good deal for the strength of his feelings that he couldn't have been seven year old when my poor Lirriper died and to have kept to it ever since is highly creditable. But we know there's good in all of us,—if we only knew where it was in some of us,—and though it was far from delicate in Joshua to work upon the dear child's feelings when first sent to school and write down into Lincolnshire for his pocket-money by return of post and got it, still he is my poor Lirriper's own youngest brother and mightn't have meant not paying his bill at The Salisbury Arms when his affection took him down to stay a fortnight at Hatfield churchyard and might have meant to keep sober but for bad company.

LIRRIPER, MRS. See introductory remarks (p. 488), EDSON (MR.), WOZENHAM (MISS), and "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings."

LIRRIPER, JEMMY JACKMAN. Son of Mr. Edson, adopted by Mrs. Lirriper, and brought up under the joint guardianship of herself and Major Jackman, who is at once his godfather and his "companion, guide, philosopher, and friend." As he develops a taste for engineering, the Major assists him in the construction and management of a railway, which they name "The United Grand Junction Lirriper and Jackman Great Norfolk Parlour Line," which is kept on the Major's sideboard, and dusted with his own hands every morning.

"For," says my Jemmy with the sparkling eyes when it was christened, "we must have a whole mouthful of name Gran or our dear old Public" and there the young rogue kissed me, "won't stump up." So the Public [Mrs. Lirriper] took the shares—ten at ninepence, and immediately when that was spent twelve Preference at one and sixpence—and they were all signed by Jemmy and countersigned by the Major, and between ourselves much better worth the money than some shares I have paid for in my time. In the same holidays the line was made and worked and opened and ran excursions and had collisions and burst its boilers and all sorts of accidents and offences all most regular correct and pretty.

The young gentleman accompanies Mrs. Lirriper to Sens, and is present at the death of Mr. Edson; though he does not know him to be his father, and is ignorant of the facts in regard to his cruel desertion of his wife soon after marriage. Being in the habit of composing and relating stories for the amusement of his "grandmother" and godfather, and his mind dwelling on the death-bed scene he has witnessed, he

frames an imaginary version of his father's history, which is wofully unlike the fact, and in which—

In all reverses, whether for good or evil, the words of Mr. Edson to the fair young partner of his life were, "Unchanging Love and Truth will carry us through all."

MADGERS, WINIFRED. A servant-girl at Mrs. Lirriper's; a "Plymouth sister," and a remarkably tidy young woman.

RAIRYGANOO, SALLY. One of Mrs. Lirriper's domestics, suspected to be of Irish extraction, though professing to come of a Cambridge family. She absconds, however, with a bricklayer of the Limerick persuasion, and is married to him in pattens, being too impatient to wait till his black eye gets well.

WOZENHAM, MISS. A neighbour of Mrs. Lirriper's in Norfolk Street, and the keeper of a rival lodging-house. For many years Mrs. Lirriper has been strongly prejudiced against Miss Wozenham; but on hearing that she has been "sold up," she feels so much sympathy for her, that she goes to her without delay or ceremony, expresses her regret for the unpleasantness there has been between them in the past, and cheers her up with true womanly tact and kindliness.

I says, "My dear if you could give me a cup of tea to clear my muddle of a head I should better understand your affairs." And we had the tea and the affairs too and after all it was but forty pound, and —There! she's as industrious and straight a creeter as ever lived and has paid back half of it already, and where's the use of saying more, particularly when it ain't the point? For the point is that when she was a kissing my hands and holding them in hers and kissing them again and blessing blessing blessing, I cheered up at last and I says "Why what a waddling old goose I have been my dear to take you for something so very different!" "Ah but I too" says she "how have *I* mistaken *you!*" "Come for goodness' sake tell me" I says "what you thought of me?" "O" says she, "I thought you had no feeling for such a hard hand-to-mouth life as mine, and were rolling in affluence." I says shaking my sides (and very glad to do it for I had been a choking quite long enough) "Only look at my figure my dear and give me your opinion whether if I was in affluence I should be likely to roll in it?" That did it! We got as merry as grigs (whatever *they* are, if you happen to know my dear—*I* don't) and I went home to my blessed home as happy and as thankful as could be.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

LIKE most of its predecessors, this novel made its first appearance in twenty monthly parts. The first part was issued May 1, 1864, and the last in November, 1865. The illustrations were on wood from drawings by Marcus Stone. On its completion, the work was published in two octavo volumes, by Chapman and Hall, with a dedication to the late Sir James Emerson Tennent.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

AKERSHEM, MISS SOPHRONIA. An acquaintance of the Veneerings; a fast young lady of society, with raven locks, and a complexion that lights up well when well powdered. She marries Mr. Alfred Lammle. (Bk. I., ch. ii., x., xi.; Bk. II., ch. iv., v., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. v., xii., xiv., xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. ii., viii.) *See* LAMMLE, ALFRED.

BLIGHT, YOUNG. A dismal boy, who is Mr. Mortimer Lightwood's clerk and office-boy. (Bk. I., ch. viii.; Bk. III., ch. xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. ix., xvi.)

BOFFIN, MRS. HENRIETTA. Wife of Mr. Boffin, a stout lady, of a rubicund and cheerful aspect, described by her husband as "a high-flyer at fashion." (Bk. I., ch. v., ix., xv.–xvii.; Bk. II., ch. viii.–x., xiv.; Bk. III., ch. iv., v., xv.; Bk. IV., ch. ii., xii.–xiv., xvi.)

BOFFIN, NICODEMUS, called "NODDY," *also* "THE GOLDEN DUSTMAN." A confidential servant of the elder Mr. Harmon, who at death leaves him all his property, in case his son refuses to marry a certain young lady named in his will. This son has quarrelled with his father, and parted from him, and, at the time of Mr. Harmon's death, is a resident of Cape

Colony. He returns to England on hearing of that event, but disappears immediately on his arrival; and a body, supposed to be his, is subsequently found floating in the Thames, in an advanced state of decomposition, and much injured. Mr. Boffin, therefore, as residuary legatee, comes into possession of the whole property, amounting to upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, standing in the books of the Bank of England. As sole executor under the will, he has occasion to visit Mortimer Lightwood, Esquire, and, in the course of conversation, he gives the following account of his late master and of his master's son:

"The old man was a awful Tartar (saying it, I'm sure, without disrespect to his memory), but the business was a pleasant one to look after, from before daylight to past dark. It's a'most a pity," said Mr. Boffin, rubbing his ear, "that he ever went and made so much money. It would have been better for him if he hadn't so given himself up to it. You may depend upon it," making the discovery all of a sudden, "that *he* found it a great lot to take care of!"

Mr. Lightwood coughed, not convinced.

"And speaking of satisfactory," pursued Mr. Boffin, "why, Lord save us! when we come to take it to pieces, bit by bit, where's the satisfactoriness of the money as yet? When the old man does right the poor boy after all, the poor boy gets no good of it. He gets made away with, at the moment when he's lifting (as one may say) the cup and sarser to his lips. Mr. Lightwood, I will now name to you, that on behalf of the poor dear boy, me and Mrs. Boffin have stood out against the old man times out of number, till he has called us every name he could lay his tongue to. I have seen him, after Mrs. Boffin has given him her mind respecting the claims of the nat'ral affections, catch off Mrs. Boffin's bonnet (she wore, in general, a black straw, perched as a matter of convenience on the top of her head), and send it spinning across the yard. I have indeed. And once, when he did this in a manner that amounted to personal, I should have given him a rattler for himself, if Mrs. Boffin hadn't thrown herself betwixt us, and received flush on the temple. Which dropped her, Mr. Lightwood. Dropped her."

Mr. Lightwood murmured "Equal honour—Mrs. Boffin's head and heart."

"You understand; I name this," pursued Mr. Boffin, "to show you, now the affairs are wound up, that me and Mrs. Boffin have ever stood, as we were in Christian honour bound, . . . the poor boy's friend; me and Mrs. Boffin up and faced the old man when we momently expected to be turned out for our pains. As to Mrs. Boffin," said Mr. Boffin, lowering his voice, "she mightn't wish it mentioned now she's Fashionable, but she went so far as to tell him, in my presence, he was a flinty-hearted rascal. . . .

"Well, sir. So Mrs. Boffin and me grow older and older in the old man's service, living and working pretty hard in it, till the old man is discovered dead in his bed. Then Mrs. Boffin and me seal up his box, always standing on the table at the side of his bed, and having frequently heerd tell of the Temple as a spot where lawyer's dust is contracted for, I come down here in search of a lawyer to advise, and I see your young man up at this present elevation, chopping at the flies on the window-sill

with his penknife, and I give him a Hoy! not then having the pleasure of your acquaintance, and by that means come to gain the honour. Then you, and the gentleman in the uncomfortable neckcloth under the little archway in Saint Paul's Churchyard——"

"Doctors' Commons," observed Lightwood.

"I understood it was another name," said Mr. Boffin, pausing, "but you know best. Then you and Doctor Scommons, you go to work, and you do the thing that's proper, and you and Doctor S. take steps for finding out the poor boy, and at last you do find out the poor boy, and me and Mrs. Boffin often exchange the observation, 'We shall see him again, under happy circumstances.' But it was never to be; and the want of satisfactoriness is, that after all the money never gets to him."

Mr. Boffin closes his interview with Mr. Lightwood by authorising him to offer a reward of ten thousand pounds for the arrest of the murderer of John Harmon the younger. John Harmon, however, is not dead, though he has but barely escaped being murdered. Learning of the condition in his father's will, under which he is to inherit, it occurs to him to take advantage of the false report of his death to make the acquaintance of the young lady (Miss Bella Wilfer), and, if he likes her, to try to win her without disclosing himself. He accordingly assumes the name of John Rokesmith, and hires a room at her father's house, which gives him an opportunity of thus seeing and speaking to her. He also succeeds in making an engagement to act as secretary and man of business to Mr. Boffin, who shortly afterwards adopts Miss Wilfer, who is thus brought daily into contact with Mr. Rokesmith. She treats him with great disdain; but he comes, in time, to love her devotedly. At last his features, which have long attracted and puzzled Mrs. Boffin, betray him; and he is forced to acknowledge the truth about himself. The discovery is kept a profound secret from Miss Wilfer, however, and Mr. Boffin comes to Harmon's assistance, and endeavours to win her love for him by first exciting her sympathy. He therefore pretends to become very miserly, and grows so anxious about the management of his estate that he shamefully abuses his factotum for not taking better care of it. In the end this strategy proves successful, and Bella marries the poor secretary, who still retains the name of Rokesmith. Meanwhile Mr. Boffin has discovered, secreted in an old Dutch bottle, a later will than the one he has proved, and under which he has entered upon possession of the estate. By this document, everything is given to him absolutely, excluding and reviling the son by name. But, with rare disinterestedness and munificence, Mr. Boffin transfers the entire property to the rightful heir, reserving for himself only the house occupied by his late master, which is popularly called "Harmon's Jail," on account of his solitary

manner of life, or "Harmony Jail," on account of his never agreeing with anybody; but which Mrs. Boffin renames "Boffin's Bower."

With respect to his personal appearance, Mr. Boffin is described as—

A broad, round-shouldered, one-sided old fellow, . . . dressed in a pea overcoat, and carrying a large stick. He wore thick shoes, and thick leather gaiters, and thick gloves like a hedger's. Both as to his dress and to himself, he was of an overlapping rhinoceros build, with folds in his cheeks, and his forehead, and his eyelids, and his lips, and his ears; but with bright, eager, childishly-inquiring gray eyes, under his ragged eyebrows, and broad-brimmed hat. A very odd-looking old fellow altogether.

* * * * * * *

These two ignorant and unpolished people [Mr. and Mrs. Boffin] had guided themselves so far on in their journey of life, by a religious sense of duty and desire to do right. Ten thousand weaknesses and absurdities might have been detected in the breasts of both; ten thousand vanities additional, possibly, in the breast of the woman. But the hard wrathful and sordid nature that had wrung as much work out of them as could be got in their best days, for as little money as could be paid to hurry on their worst, had never been so warped but that it knew their moral straightness and respected it. In its own despite, in a constant conflict with itself and them, it had done so. And this is the eternal law. For, Evil often stops short at itself and dies with the doer of it; but Good, never.

(Bk. I., ch. v., viii., ix., xv.–xvii.; Bk. II., ch. vii., viii., x., xiv.; Bk. III., ch. iv.–vii., xiv., xv.; Bk. IV., ch. ii., iii., xii.–xiv., xvi.) *See* HARMON (JOHN), WEGG (SILAS).

BOOTS, MR. } Fashionable toadies; friends of the Veneer-
BREWER, MR. } ings. Bk. I., ch. ii., x.; Bk. II., ch. iii., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. xvi.)

CHERUB, THE. *See* WILFER, REGINALD.

CLEAVER, FANNY, called "JENNY WREN." A doll's dressmaker. Lizzie Hexam, after her father's death, has temporary lodgings with her; and one day Charley Hexham, Lizzie's brother, calls to see her.

The boy knocked at a door, and the door promptly opened with a spring and a click. A parlour-door within a small entry stood open, and disclosed a child—a dwarf—a girl—a something—sitting on a little low old-fashioned arm-chair, which had a kind of little working bench before it.

"I can't get up," said the child, "because my back's bad, and my legs are queer. But I'm the person of the house."

"Who else is at home?" asked Charley Hexam, staring.

"Nobody's at home at present," returned the child, with a glib assertion of her dignity, "except the person of the house. What did you want, young man?"

"I wanted to see my sister."

"Many young men have sisters," returned the child. "Give me your name, young man."

The queer little figure, and the queer but not ugly little face, with its bright gray eyes, were so sharp, that the sharpness of the manner seemed unavoidable. As if, being turned out of that mould, it must be sharp.

"Hexam is my name."

"Ah indeed?" said the person of the house. "I thought it might be. Your sister will be in in about a quarter of an hour. I am very fond of your sister. She's my particular friend. Take a seat. And this gentleman's name?"

"Mr. Headstone, my schoolmaster."

"Take a seat. And would you please to shut the street door first? I can't very well do it myself, because my back's so bad, and my legs are so queer."

They complied in silence, and the little figure went on with its work of gumming or gluing together with a camel's hair-brush certain pieces of cardboard and thin wood, previously cut into various shapes. The scissors and knives upon the bench showed that the child herself had cut them; and the bright scraps of velvet and silk and ribbon also strewn upon the bench showed that when duly stuffed (and stuffing too was there), she was to cover them smartly. The dexterity of her nimble fingers was remarkable, and, as she brought two thin edges accurately together by giving them a little bite, she would glance at the visitors out of the corners of her gray eyes with a look that out-sharpened all her other sharpness.

"You can't tell me the name of my trade, I'll be bound," she said, after taking several of these observations.

"You make pincushions," said Charley.

"What else do I make?"

"Pen-wipers," said Bradley Headstone.

"Ha! ha! What else do I make? You're a schoolmaster, but you can't tell me."

"You do something," he returned, pointing to a corner of the little bench, "with straw; but I don't know what."

"Well done you!" cried the person of the house. "I only make pincushions and pen-wipers to use up my waste. But my straw really does belong to my business. Try again. What do I make with my straw?"

"Dinner-mats."

"A schoolmaster, and says dinner-mats! I'll give you a clue to my trade, in a game of forfeits. I love my love with a B because she's Beautiful; I hate my love with a B because she is Brazen; I took her to the sign of The Blue Boar, and I treated her with Bonnets; her name's Bouncer, and she lives in Bedlam.—Now, what do I make with my straw?"

"Ladies' bonnets?"

"Fine ladies'," said the person of the house, nodding assent. "Dolls'. I'm a Doll's Dressmaker."

"I hope it's a good business?"

The person of the house shrugged her shoulders and shook her head. "No. Poorly paid. And I'm often so pressed for time! I had a doll married, last week, and was obliged to work all night. And it's not good for me, on account of my back being so bad and my legs so queer."

They looked at the little creature with a wonder that did not diminish, and the schoolmaster said: "I am sorry your fine ladies are so inconsiderate."

"It's the way with them," said the person of the house, shrugging her shoulders again. "And they take no care of their clothes, and they never keep to the same fashions a month. I work for a doll with three daughters. Bless you, she's enough to ruin her husband!"

The person of the house gave a weird little laugh here, and gave them another look out of the corners of her eyes. She had an elfin chin that was capable of great expression; and whenever she gave this look, she hitched this chin up. As if her eyes and her chin worked together on the same wires.

"Are you always as busy as you are now?"

"Busier. I'm slack just now. I finished a large mourning order the day before yesterday. Doll I work for lost a canary-bird." The person of the house gave another little laugh, and then nodded her head several times, as who should moralise, "Oh this world, this world!"

"Are you alone all day?" asked Bradley Headstone. "Don't any of the neighbouring children——?"

"Ah, lud!" cried the person of the house, with a little scream, as if the word had pricked her. "Don't talk of children. I can't bear children. *I* know their tricks and their manners." She said this with an angry little shake of her right fist close before her eyes.

Perhaps it scarcely required the teacher-habit to perceive that the doll's dressmaker was inclined to be bitter on the difference between herself and other children. But both master and pupil understood it so.

"Always running about and screeching, always playing and fighting, always skip-skip-skipping on the pavement and chalking it for their games! Oh! *I* know their tricks and their manners!" Shaking the little fist as before. "And that's not all. Ever so often calling names in through a person's keyhole, and imitating a person's back and legs. Oh! *I* know their tricks and their manners. And I'll tell you what I'd do to punish 'em. There's doors under the church in the Square—black doors, leading into black vaults. Well! I'd open one of those doors, and I'd cram 'em all in, and then I'd lock the door and through the keyhole I'd blow in pepper."

"What would be the good of blowing in pepper?" asked Charley Hexam.

"To set 'em sneezing," said the person of the house, "and make their eyes water. And when they were all sneezing and inflamed, I'd mock 'em through the keyhole. Just as they, with their tricks and their manners, mock a person through a person's keyhole!"

An uncommonly emphatic shake of her little fist close before her eyes seemed to ease the mind of the person of the house; for she added with recovered composure, "No, no, no. No children for me. Give me grown-ups."

It was difficult to guess the age of this strange creature, for her poor figure furnished no clue to it, and her face was at once so young and so old. Twelve, or at the most thirteen, might be near the mark.

(Bk. II., ch. i., ii., v., xi., xv.; Bk. III., ch. ii., iii., x., xiii.; Bk. IV., ch. viii.–xi., xv.)

CLEAVER, MR., called "MR. DOLLS." Her father; a good workman at his trade, but a weak, wretched, trembling creature, falling to pieces, and never sober. (Bk. II., ch. ii.; Bk. III., ch. x., xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. viii., ix.)

DOLLS, MR. *See* CLEAVER, MR.

FLEDGEBY, MR., called "FASCINATION FLEDGEBY." A dandified young man, who is a dolt in most matters, but sharp and tight enough where money is concerned.

> Young Fledgeby had a peachy cheek, or a cheek compounded of the peach and the red red red wall on which it grows, and was an awkward, sandy-haired, small-eyed youth, exceeding slim (his enemies would have said lanky), and prone to self-examination in the articles of whisker and moustache. While feeling for the whisker that he anxiously expected, Fledgeby underwent remarkable fluctuations of spirits, ranging along the whole scale from confidence to despair. There were times when he started, as exclaiming, "By Jupiter, here it is at last!" There were other times when, being equally depressed, he would be seen to shake his head, and give up hope. To see him at those periods leaning on a chimneypiece, like as on an urn containing the ashes of his ambition, with the cheek that would not sprout, upon the hand on which that cheek had forced conviction, was a distressing sight. . . .
>
> In facetious homage to the smallness of his talk, and the jerky nature of his manners, Fledgeby's familiars had agreed to confer upon him (behind his back) the honorary title of Fascination Fledgeby.

He is an acquaintance of Mr. Lammle, who unsuccessfully endeavours to marry him to Miss Georgiana Podsnap, Fledgeby having given him his note for one thousand pounds in case he effects the arrangement. Fledgeby is a money broker, and has an office, which is kept by an aged Jew in his service, and is known under the name of Pubsey & Co. Under the pretence of using his influence with Pubsey & Co., he pretends to plead with the Jew for an extension on the overdue bills of some of his acquaintances. The old man watches his face for some sign of permission to do so, which is never given; yet Fledgeby habitually reviles him and his race for not granting the accommodation that he has himself forced him to deny. (Bk. II., ch. iv., v., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. i., xii., xiii., xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. viii., ix., xvi.) *See* RIAH, MR.

GLAMOUR, BOB. A customer at The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. (Bk. I., ch. vi.; Bk. III., ch. iii.)

GLIDDERY, BOB. Potboy at The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. (Bk. I., ch. vi., xiii.; Bk. III., ch. iii.)

GOLDEN DUSTMAN, THE. *See* BOFFIN, NICODEMUS.

HANDFORD, JULIUS. *See* HARMON, JOHN.

HARMON, JOHN, alias JULIUS HANDFORD, *alias* JOHN ROKESMITH. Heir to the Harmon estate. On the death of his father, he returns to England from South Africa, where he has been living for a good many years. On his arrival, he is inveigled into a waterside inn by a pretended friend, named George Radfoot, with whom he has made the passage, and is drugged, robbed, and thrown into the Thames. This pretended friend had previously changed clothes with Harmon, at the request of the latter, who desired to avoid recognition until he had seen a certain young lady whom he is required by his father's will to marry. The would-be assassin falls into a quarrel with a confederate over the money obtained by the robbery, and is himself murdered and thrown into the river. The cold water into which Harmon is plunged restores him to consciousness, and, swimming to the shore, he escapes. The body of his assailant is found by a boatman named Hexam, and is taken in charge by the authorities. The clothes and the papers on the body having been identified, it is supposed that the body itself is that of young Harmon, who, finding himself reported dead, resolves to take advantage of the circumstance to further his own plans, and assumes the name of JULIUS HANDFORD, which he afterwards changes to JOHN ROKESMITH. (Bk. I., ch. ii.–iv., viii., ix., xv.–xvii.; Bk. II., ch. vii.–x., xii.–xiv.; Bk III., ch. iv., v., ix., xv., xvi.; Bk. IV., ch. iv., v., xi.–xiv., xvi.) *See* BOFFIN, NICODEMUS.

HARMON, MRS. JOHN. *See* WILFER, MISS BELLA.

HEADSTONE, BRADLEY. A master in a school in that district of the flat country tending to the Thames, where Kent and Surrey meet.

Bradley Headstone, in his decent black coat and waistcoat, and decent white shirt, and decent formal black tie, and decent pantaloons of pepper and salt, with his decent silver watch in his pocket and its decent hair-guard round his neck, looked a thoroughly decent young man of six-and-twenty. He was never seen in any other dress, and yet there was a certain stiffness in his manner of wearing this, as if there were a want of adaptation between him and it, recalling some mechanics in their holiday clothes. He had acquired mechanically a great store of teacher's knowledge. He could do mental arithmetic mechanically, sing at sight mechanically, blow various wind instruments mechanically, even play the great church organ mechanically. From his early childhood up, his mind had been a place of mechanical stowage. The arrangement of his wholesale warehouse, so that it

might be always ready to meet the demands of retail dealers—history here, geography there, astronomy to the right, political economy to the left — natural history, the physical sciences, figures, music, the lower mathematics and what not, all in their several places—this care had imparted to his countenance a look of care; while the habit of questioning and being questioned had given him a suspicious manner, or a manner that would be better described as one of lying in wait. There was a kind of settled trouble in the face. It was the face belonging to a naturally slow or inattentive intellect that had toiled hard to get what it had won, and that had to hold it now that it was gotten. He always seemed to be uneasy lest anything should be missing from his mental warehouse, and taking stock to assure himself.

Suppression of so much to make room for so much, had given him a constrained manner, over and above. Yet there was enough of what was animal, and of what was fiery (though smouldering), still visible in him, to suggest that if young Bradley Headstone, when a pauper lad, had chanced to be told off for the sea, he would not have been the last man in a ship's crew. Regarding that origin of his, he was proud, moody, and sullen, desiring it to be forgotten. And few people knew of it.

He falls passionately in love with Lizzie Hexam, and, finding that she loves Mr. Eugene Wrayburn, dogs his footsteps, and attempts to kill him. Believing that he has done so, he flies, but is followed by one Riderhood, a desperate character, who has discovered his plans, and who compels him to pay liberally for keeping the secret. At last, Riderhood's demands and persecution become so unendurable, that Headstone determines to get rid of him once for all.

"Come, come, Master," urged Riderhood at his side. "This is a dry game. And where's the good of it? You can't get rid of me, except by coming to a settlement. I am a-going along with you wherever you go."

Without a word of reply, Bradley passed quickly from him over the wooden bridge on the Lock gates. "Why, there's even less sense in this move than t'other," said Riderhood, following. "The Weir's there, and you'll have to come back, you know."

Without taking the least notice, Bradley leaned his body against a post, in a resting attitude, and there rested with his eyes cast down. "Being brought here," said Riderhood, gruffly, "I'll turn it to some use by changing my gates." With a rattle and a rush of water, he then swung-to the Lock gates that were standing open, before opening the others; so both sets of gates were, for the moment, closed.

"You'd better by far be reasonable, Bradley Headstone, Master," said Riderhood, passing him, "or I'll drain you all the drier for it when we do settle.—Ah! Would you?"

Bradley had caught him round the body. He seemed to be girdled with an iron ring. They were on the brink of the lock, about midway between the two sets of gates.

"Let go!" said Riderhood, "or I'll get my knife out, and slash you wherever I can cut you. Let go!"

Bradley was drawing to the Lock-edge. Riderhood was drawing away from it. It was a strong grapple and a fierce struggle, arm and

leg. Bradley got him round, with his back to the Lock, and still worked him backward.

"Let go!" said Riderhood. "Stop! What are you trying at? You can't drown Me. Ain't I told you that the man as has come through drowning can never be drowned! I can't be drowned!"

"I can be!" returned Bradley in a desperate, clenched voice. "I am resolved to be. I'll hold you living, and I'll hold you dead. Come down!"

Riderhood went over into the smooth pit, backward, and Bradley Headstone upon him. When the two were found, lying under the ooze and scum behind one of the rotting gates, Riderhood's hold had relaxed, probably in falling, and his eyes were staring upward. But he was girdled still with Bradley's iron ring, and the rivets of the iron ring held tight.

(Bk. II., ch. i., vi., xi., xiv., xv.; Bk. III., ch. x., xi.; Bk. IV., ch. i., vi., vii., xi., xv.)

HEXAM, JESSE, called "GAFFER." A Thames "waterside character;" a strong man with ragged grizzled hair and a sun-browned face, whose principal occupation is in recovering dead bodies from the Thames. He is falsely accused of the murder of John Harmon. (Bk. I., ch. i., iii., vi., xii.–xiv., xvi. *See* HEXAM, LIZZIE.

HEXAM, CHARLEY. His son; a pupil of Bradley Headstone's, and a curious mixture of uncompleted savagery and completed civilisation. He is tenderly loved and cared for by his sister, but renounces her because she refuses his friend Headstone. Always utterly selfish and empty-hearted, and always bent on rising in the social scale, and increasing his "respectability," he renounces Headstone with equal readiness when he finds good reason to think him guilty of the murder of his sister's favoured lover, Eugene Wrayburn, and that his own name is therefore likely to be dragged into injurious notoriety. (Bk. I., ch. iii., vi.; Bk. II., ch. i., vi., xv.; Bk. IV., ch. vii.)

HEXAM, LIZZIE. Daughter of Jesse or "Gaffer" Hexam. She is in the habit of rowing with her father on the Thames, and on one occasion, while thus engaged, they find the body of a man, afterwards identified as John Harmon. Through the jealousy of Rogue Riderhood, suspicion is cast upon her father; and the officers undertake to arrest him as being concerned in the murder, but they find him in the river, drowned, and attached to his own boat by a cord, in which he had apparently become entangled when he fell overboard. A young barrister, Eugene Wrayburn, who accompanies the officers, becomes interested in the daughter, manifests much sympathy with her in her affliction, and aids her in obtaining an educa-

tion. Her brother's teacher, Bradley Headstone, falls deeply in love with her, and makes an offer of marriage. This she refuses, and to escape his importunities, and also to save Wrayburn from his vengeance (for Headstone believes him to be the cause of his rejection), she leaves London, and obtains employment in a paper-mill in the country. After much fruitless search for her, Wrayburn ascertains where she is, and follows, bent on having an interview with her. He is, in turn, followed by Headstone, who comes upon them while they are engaged in conversation. Waiting until they part, the schoolmaster stealthily follows his rival, and deals him a murderous blow as he stands for a moment looking into the river. Lizzie hears the blows, a faint groan, and a fall into the water. Brave by nature and by habit, she runs towards the spot from which the sound had come. Seeing a bloody face turned up to the moon, and drifting away with the current, she jumps into a boat near by, puts out into the stream, and, when she has rescued the sufferer, finds that it is her lover. She tenderly nurses him through the dangerous illness that follows. When consciousness returns, he asks to be married to his preserver without delay, though no hope of his recovery is entertained by anyone. Lizzie becomes his wife, and he grows stronger and better by slow degrees, and is at last restored to perfect health. (Bk. I., ch. i., iii., vi., xiii., xiv.; Bk. II., ch. i., ii., v., xi., xiv.–xvi.; Bk. III., ch. i., ii., viii., ix.; Bk. IV., ch. v., x., xi., xvi., xvii.)

HIGDEN, MRS. BETTY. A poor woman who keeps a "minding-school," and also a mangle, in one of the complicated back settlements of Brentford.

She was one of those old women . . . who by dint of an indomitable purpose and a strong constitution fight out many years, though each year has come with its new knock-down blows fresh to the fight against her, wearied by it; an active old woman, with a bright dark eye and a resolute face, yet quite a tender creature too; not a logically-reasoning woman, but God is good, and hearts may count in Heaven as high as heads.

Betty is haunted by a constant fear that she shall die in an almshouse.

"Do I never read in the newspapers," said the dame . . . "God help me and the like of me!—how the worn-out people that do come down to that, get driven from post to pillar and pillar to post, a-purpose to tire them out! Do I never read how they are put off, put off, put off—how they are grudged, grudged, grudged the shelter, or the doctor, or the drop of physic, or the bit of bread? Do I never read how they grow heartsick of it and give it up, after having let themselves drop so low, and how they after all die out for want of help?

Then I say, I hope I can die as well as another, and I'll die without that disgrace."

Absolutely impossible, my Lords and Gentlemen and Honourable Boards, by any stretch of legislative wisdom to set these perverse people right in their logic?

(Bk. I., ch. xvi.; Bk. II., ch. ix., x., xiv.; Bk. III., ch. viii.)

INSPECTOR, MR. A police-officer who examines into the Harmon murder. (Bk. I., ch. iii.; Bk. IV., ch. xii.)

JOEY, CAPTAIN. A bottle-nosed regular customer at The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters. (Bk. I., ch. vi.; Bk. III., ch. iii.)

JONATHAN. A customer at The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. (Bk. I., ch. vi.; Bk. III., ch. iii.)

JOHNNY. An orphan, grandson of Betty Higden. The Boffins propose to adopt him; but he dies before the plan is carried into effect. (Bk. I., ch. xvi.; Bk. II., ch. viii., ix., xiv.; Bk. III., ch. ix.)

JONES, GEORGE. A customer at The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters. (Bk. I., ch. vi.)

KIBBLE, JACOB. A fellow-passenger of John Harmon's on his voyage from Cape Colony to England. (Bk. II., ch. xiii.; Bk. IV., ch. xii.)

LAMMLE, ALFRED. A mature young gentleman with too much nose in his face, too much ginger in his whiskers, too much torso in his waistcoat, too much sparkle in his studs, his eyes, his buttons, his talk, and his teeth. He is an adventurer and a fortune-hunter; and he marries Miss Sophronia Akershem, supposing her to be a lady of wealth, while she marries him also for money; each being deceived by Mr. and Mrs. Veneering, who really know next to nothing about either of them. This precious pair of entrapped impostors determine to revenge themselves on Veneering for his part in the matter, but fail in their plans, and after an attempt (which is also a failure) to supplant Rokesmith in the house of Mr. Boffin, they leave the country. (Bk. I., ch. ii., x., xi.; Bk. II., ch. v., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. i., v., xii., xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. ii., viii.)

LAMMLE, MRS. ALFRED. *See* AKERSHEM, MISS SOPHRONIA.

LIGHTWOOD, MORTIMER. A young solicitor and attorney employed by Mr. Boffin. He is an intimate friend of Eugene Wrayburn. (Bk. I., ch. ii., iii., viii., x., xii., xvi.; Bk. II., ch. vi., xiv., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. x., xi., xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. ix.–xii.)

MARY ANNE. Miss Peecher's assistant and favourite pupil, so imbued with the class-custom of stretching out an arm, as if to hail a cab or omnibus, whenever she finds she has an observation on hand to offer to Miss Peecher, that she often does it in their domestic relations. (Bk. I., ch. i., xi.; Bk. IV., ch. vii.)

MILVEY, MRS. MARGARETTA. Wife of the Reverend Frank; a pretty, bright little woman, something worn by anxiety, who has repressed many pretty tales and bright fancies, and substituted, in their stead, schools, soup, flannel, coals, and all the week-day cares and Sunday coughs of a large population, young and old. (Bk. I., ch. ix., xvi.; Bk. II., ch. x.; Bk. III., ch. ix.; Bk. IV., ch. xi.)

MILVEY, THE REVEREND FRANK. A young curate. (Bk. I., ch. ix., xvi.; Bk. II., ch. x.; Bk. III., ch. ix.; Bk. IV., ch. xi.)

> He was quite a young man, expensively educated and wretchedly paid, with quite a young wife, and half-a-dozen quite young children. He was under the necessity of teaching, and translating from the classics, to eke out his scanty means, yet was generally expected to have more time to spare than the idlest person in the parish, and more money than the richest. He accepted the needless inequalities and inconsistencies of his life with a kind of conventional submission that was almost slavish; and any daring layman who would have adjusted such burdens as his more decently and graciously would have had small help from him.

MULLINS, JACK. A frequenter of The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. (Bk. I., ch. vi.)

PEECHER, MISS EMMA. A teacher in the female department of the school in which Bradley Headstone is a master. (Bk. I., ch. xi., xv.; Bk. III., ch. xi.; Bk. IV., ch. vii.)

> Small, shining, neat, methodical, and buxom was Miss Peecher: cherry-cheeked and tuneful of voice. A little pincushion, a little housewife, a little book, a little work-box, a little set of tables and weights and measures, and a little woman, all in one. She could write a little essay on any subject, exactly a slate long, beginning at the left-hand top of one side, and ending at the right-hand bottom of the other, and the essay should be strictly according to rule. If Mr. Bradley Headstone had addressed a written proposal of marriage to her, she would probably have replied in a complete little essay on the theme exactly a slate long, but would certainly have replied yes. For she loved him. The decent hair-guard that went round his neck and took care of his decent silver watch was an object of envy to her. So would Miss Peecher have gone round his neck and taken care of him. Of him, insensible. Because he did not love Miss Peecher.

PODDLES. The pet name of a little girl in Mrs. Betty Higden's "minding-school." (Bk. I., ch. xvi.)

PODSNAP, MISS GEORGIANA. A shy, foolish, affectionate girl, of nearly eighteen, in training for "society." (Bk. I., ch. xi., xvii.; Bk. II., ch. iv., v., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. i., xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. ii.)

She was but an undersized damsel, with high shoulders, low spirits, chilled elbows, and a rasped surface of nose, who seemed to take occasional frosty peeps out of childhood into womanhood, and to shrink back again, overcome by her mother's head-dress and her father from head to foot—crushed by the mere dead-weight of Podsnappery.

A certain institution in Mr. Podsnap's mind which he called "the young person" may be considered to have been embodied in Miss Podsnap, his daughter. It was an inconvenient and exacting institution, as requiring everything in the universe to be filed down and fitted to it. The question about everything was, would it bring a blush into the cheek of the young person? And the inconvenience of the young person was, that, according to Mr. Podsnap, she seemed always liable to burst into blushes when there was no need at all. There appeared to be no line of demarcation between the young person's excessive innocence, and another person's guiltiest knowledge. Take Mr. Podsnap's word for it, and the soberest tints of drab, white, lilac, and gray, were all flaming red to this troublesome Bull of a young person. . . .

Miss Podsnap's life had been, from her first appearance on this planet, altogether of a shady order; for, Mr. Podsnap's young person was likely to get little good out of association with other young persons, and had therefore been restricted to companionship with not very congenial older persons, and with massive furniture. Miss Podsnap's early views of life being principally derived from the reflections of it in her father's boots, and in the walnut and rosewood tables of the dim drawing-rooms, and in their swarthy giants of looking glasses, were of a sombre cast; and it was not wonderful that now, when she was on most days solemnly tooled through the Park by the side of her mother in a great tall custard-coloured phaeton, she showed above the apron of that vehicle like a dejected young person sitting up in bed to take a startled look at things in general, and very strongly desiring to get her head under the counterpane again.

PODSNAP, MR. JOHN. Her father; a member of "society" and a pompous self-satisfied man, swelling with patronage of his friends and acquaintances. (Bk. I., ch. ii., x., xi., xvii.; Bk. II., ch. iii.–v., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. i., xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. xvii.)

Mr. Podsnap was well to do, and stood very high in Mr. Podsnap's opinion. Beginning with a good inheritance, he had married a good inheritance, and had thriven exceedingly in the Marine Insurance way, and was quite satisfied. He never could make out why everybody was not quite satisfied, and he felt conscious that he set a brilliant social example in being particularly well satisfied with most things, and, above all other things, with himself.

Thus happily acquainted with his own merit and importance, Mr. Podsnap settled that whatever he put behind him he put out of exist-

ence. There was a dignified conclusiveness—not to add a grand convenience—in this way of getting rid of disagreeables, which had done much towards establishing Mr. Podsnap in his lofty place in Mr. Podsnap's satisfaction. "I don't want to know about it; I don't choose to discuss it; I don't admit it!" Mr. Podsnap had even acquired a peculiar flourish of his right arm in often clearing the world of its most difficult problems, by sweeping them behind him (and consequently sheer away) with those words and a flushed face. For they affronted him.

Mr. Podsnap's world was not a very large world, morally; no, nor even geographically: seeing that although his business was sustained upon commerce with other countries, he considered other countries, with that important reservation, a mistake, and of their manners and customs would conclusively observe, "Not English!" when, PRESTO! with a flourish of the arm, and a flush of the face, they were swept away. Elsewise, the world got up at eight, shaved close at a quarter-past, breakfasted at nine, went to the City at ten, came home at half-past five, and dined at seven. Mr. Podsnap's notions of the Arts in their integrity might have been stated thus. Literature; large print, respectively descriptive of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter-past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half-past five, and dining at seven. Painting and Sculpture; models and portraits representing Professors of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter-past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half-past five, and dining at seven. Music; a respectable performance (without variations) on stringed and wind instruments, sedately expressive of getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter-past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half-past five, and dining at seven. Nothing else to be permitted to those same vagrants the Arts, on pain of excommunication. Nothing else To Be—anywhere!

As a so eminently respectable man, Mr. Podsnap was sensible of its being required of him to take Providence under his protection. Consequently he always knew exactly what Providence meant. Inferior and less respectable men might fall short of that mark, but Mr. Podsnap was always up to it. And it was very remarkable (and must have been very comfortable) that what Providence meant, was invariably what Mr. Podsnap meant.

These may be said to have been the articles of a faith and school which the present chapter takes the liberty of calling, after its representative man, Podsnappery. They were confined within close bounds, as Mr. Podsnap's own head was confined by his shirt-collar; and they were enunciated with a sounding pomp that smacked of the creaking of Mr. Podsnap's own boots.

PODSNAP, MRS. His wife; a "fine woman for Professor Owen, quantity of bone, neck and nostrils like a rocking-horse, hard features," and a majestic presence. (Bk. I., ch. II., x., xi., xvii.; Bk. II., ch. iii., iv.; Bk. III., ch. i., xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. xvii.)

POTTERSON, MISS ABBEY. Sole proprietor and manager of a well-kept tavern called The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters; a woman of great dignity and firmness, tall, upright, and well-

favoured, though severe of countenance, and having more the air of a schoolmistress than mistress of a public-house. (Bk. I., ch. vi., xiii.; Bk. III., ch. ii., iii.; Bk. IV., ch. xii.)

The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters, . . . as a tavern of a dropsical appearance, had long settled down into a state of hale infirmity. In its whole constitution it had not a straight floor, and hardly a straight line; but it had outlasted, and clearly would yet outlast, many a better-trimmed building, many a sprucer public-house. Externally, it was a narrow lopsided wooden jumble of corpulent windows heaped one upon another as you might heap as many toppling oranges, with a crazy wooden verandah impending over the water; indeed the whole house, inclusive of the complaining flag-staff on the roof, impended over the water, but seemed to have got into the condition of a faint-hearted diver who has paused so long on the brink that he will never go in at all.

This description applies to the river-frontage of The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters. The back of the establishment, though the chief entrance was there, so contracted, that it merely represented in its connection with the front, the handle of a flat-iron set upright on its broadest end. This handle stood at the bottom of a wilderness of court and alley; which wilderness pressed so hard and close upon The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters as to leave the hostelry not an inch of ground beyond its door. . . .

The bar of The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters was a bar to soften the human breast. The available space in it was not much larger than a hackney-coach; but no one could have wished the bar bigger, that space was so girt in by corpulent little casks, and by cordial-bottles radiant with fictitious grapes in bunches, and by lemons in nets, and by biscuits in baskets, and by the polite beer-pulls that made low bows when customers were served with beer, and by the cheese in a snug corner, and by the landlady's own small table in a snugger corner near the fire, with the cloth everlastingly laid. This haven was divided from the rough world by a glass partition and a half-door with a leaden sill upon it for the convenience of resting your liquor; but, over this half-door the bar's snugness so gushed forth, that, albeit customers drank there standing, in a dark and draughty passage where they were shouldered by other customers passing in and out, they always appeared to drink under an enchanting delusion that they were in the bar itself.

For the rest, both the tap and parlour of The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters gave upon the river, and had red curtains matching the noses of the regular customers.

POTTERSON, JOB. Her brother; steward of the ship in which John Harmon is a passenger. (Bk. I., ch. iii.; Bk. II., ch. xiii.; Bk. IV., ch. xii.)

PUBSEY AND CO. The name of a fictitious firm of money-brokers in Saint Mary Axe, used by "Fascination" Fledgeby to conceal his sharp practices.

RIAH, MR. An aged Jew, of venerable aspect and a generous and noble nature, who befriends Lizzie Hexam, and obtains employment for her. He is the agent of "Fascination"

Fledgeby, who directs all his proceedings, while keeping himself in the background. (Bk. II., ch. v., xv.; Bk. III., ch. i., ii., x., xii., xiii.; Bk. IV., ch. viii., ix., xvi.)

Fascination Fledgeby took another scratch at his intellectual head with his hat [and said], "Who but you and I ever heard of a poor Jew?"

"The Jews," said the old man, raising his eyes from the ground with his former smile. "They hear of poor Jews often, and are very good to them."

"Bother that!" returned Fledgeby. "You know what I mean. You'd persuade me, if you could, that you are a poor Jew. I wish you'd confess how much you really did make out of my late governor. I should have a better opinion of you."

The old man only bent his head, and stretched out his hands as before.

"Don't go on posturing like a Deaf and Dumb School," said the ingenious Fledgeby, "but express yourself like a Christian—or as nearly as you can."

"I had had sickness and misfortunes, and was so poor," said the old man, "as hopelessly to owe the father principal and interest. The son inheriting, was so merciful as to forgive me both, and place me here."

He made a little gesture as though he kissed the hem of an imaginary garment worn by the noble youth before him. It was humbly done, but picturesquely, and was not abasing to the doer.

"You won't say more, I see," said Fledgeby, looking at him as if he would like to try the effect of extracting a double-tooth or two, "and so it's of no use my putting it to you. But confess this, Riah; who believes you to be poor now?"

"No one," said the old man.

"There you're right," assented Fledgeby.

"No one," repeated the old man with a grave slow wave of his head. "All scout it as a fable. Were I to say, 'This little fancy business is not mine;'" with a lithe sweep of his easily-turning hand around him, to comprehend the various objects on the shelves; "'it is the little business of a Christian young gentleman who places me, his servant, in trust and charge here, and to whom I am accountable for every single bead,' they would laugh. When, in the larger money-business, I tell the borrowers——"

"I say, old chap!" interposed Fledgeby, "I hope you mind what you *do* tell 'em?"

"Sir, I tell them no more than I am about to repeat. When I tell them, 'I cannot promise this, I cannot answer for the other, I must see my principal, I have not the money, I am a poor man and it does not rest with me,' they are so unbelieving and so impatient, that they sometimes curse me in Jehovah's name."

"That's deuced good, that is!" said Fascination Fledgeby.

"And at other times they say, 'Can it never be done without these tricks, Mr. Riah? Come, come, Mr. Riah, we know the arts of your people'—my people!—'If the money is to be lent, fetch it, fetch it; if it is not to be lent, keep it and say so.' They never believe me."

"*That's* all right," said Fascination Fledgeby.

"They say, 'We know, Mr. Riah, we know. We have but to look at you, and we know.'"

"Oh, a good 'un are you for the post," thought Fledgeby, "and a good 'un was I to mark you out for it! I may be slow, but I am precious sure."

Not a syllable of this reflection shaped itself in any scrap of Mr. Fledgeby's breath, lest it should tend to put his servant's price up. But looking at the old man as he stood quiet with his head bowed and his eyes cast down, he felt that to relinquish an inch of his baldness, an inch of his gray hair, an inch of his coat-skirt, an inch of his hat-brim, an inch of his walking-staff, would be to relinquish hundreds of pounds.

"Look here, Riah," said Fledgeby, mollified by these self-approving considerations. "I want to go a little more into buying-up queer bills. Look out in that direction."

"Sir, it shall be done."

"Casting my eye over the accounts, I find that branch of business pays pretty fairly, and I am game for extending it. I like to know people's affairs likewise. So look out."

"Sir, I will, promptly."

"Put it about in the right quarters, that you'll buy queer bills by the lump—by the pound weight if that's all—supposing you see your way to a fair chance on looking over the parcel. And there's one thing more. Come to me with the books for periodical inspection as usual, at eight on Monday morning."

Riah drew some folding tablets from his breast and noted it down.

"That's all I wanted to say at the present time," continued Fledgeby in a grudging vein, as he got off the stool.

RIDERHOOD, PLEASANT. Daughter of Roger Riderhood, finally married to Mr. Venus, after rejecting him more than once. (Bk. II., ch. xii., xiii.; Bk. III., ch. iv., vii.; Bk. IV., ch. xiv.)

Upon the smallest of small scales, she was an unlicensed pawnbroker, keeping what was popularly called a Leaving Shop, by lending insignificant sums on insignificant articles of property deposited with her as security. In her four-and-twentieth year of life, Pleasant was already in her fifth year of this way of trade. . . .

Why christened Pleasant, the late Mrs. Riderhood might possibly have been able at some time to explain, and possibly not. Her daughter had no information on that point. Pleasant she found herself, and she couldn't help it. She had not been consulted on the question, any more than on the question of her coming into these terrestrial parts, to want a name. Similarly, she found herself possessed of what is colloquially termed a swivel eye (derived from her father), which she might perhaps have declined if her sentiments on the subject had been taken. She was not otherwise positively ill-looking, though anxious, meagre, of a muddy complexion, and looking as old again as she really was.

As some dogs have it in the blood, or are trained, to worry certain creatures to a certain point, so—not to make the comparison disrespectfully—Pleasant Riderhood had it in the blood, or had been trained, to regard seamen, within certain limits, as her prey. Show her a man in a blue jacket, and, figuratively speaking, she pinned him instantly. Yet, all things considered, she was not of an evil mind or an unkindly disposition.

RIDERHOOD, ROGER, called "ROGUE." A desperate "water-side character," in whose house an attempt is made on John Harmon's life. Quarrelling with Gaffer Hexam, who had been his partner, and anxious to obtain the reward offered by Mr. Boffin for the arrest of the supposed murderer, he goes to Mortimer Lightwood's office, and accuses Hexam of having done the deed. Search being made for Hexam, he is discovered drowned; and the reward is consequently not paid. Riderhood finally becomes a deputy lock-keeper at Plashwater Weir Mill, and is cognisant of Bradley Headstone's attack on Eugene Wrayburn. He uses his knowledge as a means of extorting money from Headstone, and at last, by his continued demands, drives him to desperation. A quarrel ensues, which results in the death of both. (Bk. I., ch. i., vi., xii.–xiv.; Bk. II., ch. xii.–xiv., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. ii., iii., viii., xi.; Bk. IV., ch. i., vii., xv.) *See* HEADSTONE, BRADLEY.

ROKESMITH, JOHN. *See* HARMON, JOHN.

ROKESMITH, MRS. JOHN. *See* HARMON, MRS. JOHN.

SAMPSON, GEORGE. A young man who is very intimate with the Wilfer family. At first he hovers round Miss Bella, but, on her betrothal to Mr. John Harmon, transfers his affections to her sister, Lavinia, who keeps him—partly in remembrance of his bad taste in having overlooked her in the first instance—under a course of stinging discipline. (Bk. I., ch. iv., ix.; Bk. II., ch. xiv.; Bk. III., ch. iv., xvi.; Bk. IV., ch. v., xvi.)

SLOPPY. A love-child, found in the street, brought up in the poorhouse, and adopted by Betty Higden, who keeps him employed in turning a mangle. He is afterwards taken into Mr. Boffin's service. (Bk. I., ch. xvi.; Bk. II., ch. ix., x., xiv.; Bk. III., ch. ix.; Bk. IV., ch. iii., xiv., xvi.)

> Of an ungainly make was Sloppy. Too much of him longwise, too little of him broadwise, and too many sharp angles of him angle-wise. One of those shambling male human creatures born to be indiscreetly candid in the revelation of buttons; every button he had about him glaring at the public to a quite preternatural extent. A considerable capital of knee and elbow and wrist and ankle, had Sloppy, and he didn't know how to dispose of it to the best advantage, but was always investing it in wrong securities, and so getting himself into embarrassed circumstances. Full-Private Number One in the Awkward Squad of the rank and file of life, was Sloppy, and yet had his glimmering notions of standing true to the Colours.

SNIGSWORTH, LORD. First cousin to Mr. Twemlow; a nobleman with gout in his temper. (Bk. I., ch. ii., x.; Bk. II., ch. iii., v., xvi.; Bk. IV., ch. xvi.)

SPRODGKIN, MRS. A portentous old parishioner of the Reverend Frank Milvey, and the plague of his life. She is constantly wishing to know who begat whom, or wanting some information concerning the Amorites. (Bk. IV., ch. xi.)

She was a member of the Reverend Frank's congregation, and made a point of distinguishing herself in that body, by conspicuously weeping at everything, however cheering, said by the Reverend Frank in his public ministration; also by applying to herself the various lamentations of David, and complaining in a personally injured manner (much in arrear of the clerk and the rest of the respondents) that her enemies were digging pitfalls about her, and breaking her with rods of iron. Indeed, this old widow discharged herself of that portion of the Morning and Evening Service as if she were lodging a complaint on oath and applying for a warrant before a magistrate. But this was not her most inconvenient characteristic, for that took the form of an impression, usually recurring in inclement weather and at about daybreak, that she had something on her mind and stood in immediate need of the Reverend Frank to come and take it off. Many a time had that kind creature got up, and gone out to Mrs. Sprodgkin (such was the disciple's name), suppressing a strong sense of her comicality by his strong sense of duty, and perfectly knowing that nothing but a cold would come of it.

TAPKINS, MRS. A fashionable woman, who calls at the door of the "eminently aristocratic" mansion to which the Boffins remove from the "Bower," and leaves a card for herself, Miss Tapkins, Miss Frederica Tapkins, Miss Antonia Tapkins, Miss Malvina Tapkins, and Miss Euphemia Tapkins; also the card of Mrs. Henry George Alfred Swoshle, *née* Tapkins; also a card, "Mrs. Tapkins at home Wednesdays, Music, Portland Place." (Bk. I., ch. xvii.)

TIPPINS, LADY. A friend of the Veneerings, and a member of "society;" relict of the late Sir Thomas Tippins, knighted, by mistake for somebody else, by his Majesty King George the Third. She is a charming old woman, with an immense, obtuse, drab, oblong face, like a face in a tablespoon, and a dyed long walk up the top of her head, as a convenient public approach to the bunch of false hair behind. She affects perennial youth in her dress and manners, and exerts herself to fascinate the male sex, especially the unmarried portion of it. (Bk. I., ch. ii., x., xvii.; Bk. II., ch. iii., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. xvii.)

A grisly little fiction concerning her lovers is Lady Tippins's point. She is always attended by a lover or two, and she keeps a little list of her lovers, and she is always booking a new lover, or striking out an old lover, or putting a lover in her black list, or promoting a lover to her blue list, or adding up her lovers, or otherwise posting her book.

TODDLES. The pet name of a little boy in Mrs. Betty Higden's "minding-school." (Bk. I., ch. xvi.)

TOOTLE, TOM. A frequenter of The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters. (Bk. I., ch. vi.; Bk. III., ch. ii., iii.)

TWEMLOW, MR. MELVIN. A friend of the Veneerings, and a member of "society." He is poor, and lives over a livery-stable-yard in Duke-street, St. James's; but, being first cousin to Lord Snigsworth, he is in frequent requisition at many houses. His noble relative allows him a small annuity, on which he lives; and takes it out of him, as the phrase goes, in extreme severity; putting him, when he visits at Snigsworthy Park, under a kind of martial law; ordaining that he shall hang his hat on a particular peg, sit on a particular chair, talk on particular subjects to particular people, and perform particular exercises, such as sounding the praises of the family varnish (not to say pictures), and abstaining from the choicest of the family wines, unless expressly invited to partake. (Bk. I., ch. ii., x., xvii.; Bk. II., ch. iii., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. xiii.; Bk. IV., ch. xvi., xvii.)

VENEERING, MR. HAMILTON. A *parvenu*, tolerated by "society" on account of his wealth. Formerly traveller or commission-agent of Chicksey and Stobbles, druggists, but afterwards admitted into the firm, of which he becomes the supreme head, absorbing both his partners. He is a man of forty, wavy-haired, dark, tending to corpulence, sly, mysterious, filmy—a kind of sufficiently well-looking veiled prophet, not prophesying. By a liberal expenditure of money, he gets himself returned to the House of Commons from the Borough of Pocket-Breaches. (Bk. I., ch. ii., x., xi., xvii.; Bk. II., ch. iii., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. xvii.)

Mr. and Mrs. Veneering were brand-new people in a brand-new house in a brand-new quarter of London. Everything about the Veneerings was spick and span new. All their furniture was new, all their friends were new, all their servants were new, their plate was new, their carriage was new, their harness was new, their horses were new, their pictures were new, they themselves were new, they were as newly married as was lawfully compatible with their having a brand-new baby, and if they had set up a great-grandfather, he would have come home in matting from the Pantechnicon, without a scratch upon him, French polished to the crown of his head.

For, in the Veneering establishment, from the hall-chairs with the new coat-of-arms, to the grand pianoforte with the new action, and upstairs again to the new fire-escape, all things were in a state of high varnish and polish. And what was observable in the furniture, was observable in the Veneerings—the surface smelt a little too much of the workshop and was a trifle sticky.

VENEERING, MRS. ANASTASIA. His wife; a fair woman, aquiline-nosed and fingered, not so much light hair as she might have, gorgeous in raiment and jewels, enthusiastic, propitiatory. (Bk. I., ch. ii., x., xi., xvii.; Bk. II., ch. iii., xvi.; Bk. III., ch. xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. xvii.)

VENUS, MR. A preserver of animals and birds, and articulator of human bones. He becomes a confederate of Mr. Wegg's in his plan of blackmailing Mr. Boffin; but being, on the whole, a very honest man, and repenting of what he has done, he makes amends by confidentially disclosing the whole plot. His shop in Clerkenwell, his personal appearance, and the nature of his occupation, are described in the following extract:

In a narrow and dirty street . . . Mr. Wegg selects one dark shop-window with a tallow-candle dimly burning in it, surrounded by a muddle of objects, vaguely resembling pieces of leather and dry stick, but among which nothing is resolvable into anything distinct, save the candle itself in its old tin candlestick, and two preserved frogs fighting a small-sword duel. Stumping with fresh vigour, he goes in at the dark greasy entry, pushes a little greasy dark reluctant side-door, and follows the door into the little dark greasy shop. It is so dark that nothing can be made out in it, over a little counter, but another tallow-candle in another old tin candlestick, close to the face of a man stooping low in a chair.

Mr. Wegg nods to the face, "Good evening."

The face looking up is a sallow face with weak eyes, surmounted by a tangle of reddish-dusty hair. The owner of the face has no cravat on, and has opened his tumbled shirt-collar to work with the more ease. For the same reason he has no coat on: only a loose waistcoat over his yellow linen. His eyes are like the over-tried eyes of an engraver, but he is not that; his expression and stoop are like those of a shoemaker, but he is not that.

"Good evening, Mr. Venus. Don't you remember?"

With slowly dawning remembrance, Mr. Venus rises, and holds his candle over the little counter, and holds it down towards the legs, natural and artificial, of Mr. Wegg.

"To be *sure!*" he says, then. "How do you do?"

"Wegg, you know," that gentleman explains.

"Yes, yes," says the other. "Hospital amputation?"

"Just so," says Mr. Wegg.

"Yes, yes," quoth Venus. "How do you do? Sit down by the fire, and warm your—your other one. . . .

"My tea is drawing, and my muffin is on the hob, Mr. Wegg; will you partake?"

It being one of Mr. Wegg's guiding rules in life always to partake, he says he will. But, the little shop is so excessively dark, is stuck so full of black shelves and brackets and nooks and corners, that he sees Mr. Venus's cup and saucer only because it is close under the candle, and does not see from what mysterious recess Mr. Venus produces another for himself, until it is under his nose. Concurrently, Wegg

perceives a pretty little dead bird lying on the counter, with its head drooping on one side against the rim of Mr. Venus's saucer, and a long stiff wire piercing its breast. As if it were Cock Robin, the hero of the ballad, and Mr. Venus were the sparrow with his bow and arrow, and Mr. Wegg were the fly with his little eye. . . .

As the muffins disappear, little by little, the black shelves and nooks and corners begin to appear, and Mr. Wegg gradually acquires an imperfect notion that over against him on the chimney-piece is a Hindoo baby in a bottle, curved up with his big head tucked under him, as though he would instantly throw a summersault if the bottle were large enough. . . .

At this moment the greasy door is violently pushed inward, and a boy follows it, who says, after having let it slam:

"Come for the stuffed canary."

"It's three and ninepence," returns Venus; "have you got the money?"

The boy produces four shillings. Mr. Venus, always in exceedingly low spirits, and making whimpering sounds, peers about for the stuffed canary. On his taking the candle to assist his search, Mr. Wegg observes that he has a convenient little shelf near his knees, exclusively appropriated to skeleton hands, which have very much the appearance of wanting to lay hold of him. From these Mr. Venus rescues the canary in a glass case, and shows it to the boy.

"There!" he whimpers. "There's animation! On a twig, making up his mind to hop! Take care of him; he's a lovely specimen.—And three is four."

The boy gathers up his change and has pulled the door open by a leather strap nailed to it for the purpose, when Venus cries out:

"Stop him! Come back, you young villain! You've got a tooth among them halfpence."

"How was I to know I'd got it? You giv it me. I don't want none of your teeth, I've got enough of my own." So the boy pipes, as he selects it from his change, and throws it on the counter.

"Don't sauce *me*, in the wicious pride of your youth," Mr. Venus retorts pathetically. "Don't hit *me* because you see I'm down. I'm low enough without that. It dropped into the till, I suppose. They drop into everything. There was two in the coffee-pot at breakfast-time. Molars."

"Very well, then," argues the boy, "what do you call names for?"

To which Mr. Venus only replies, shaking his shock of dusty hair, and winking his weak eyes, "Don't sauce *me*, in the wicious pride of your youth; don't hit *me* because you see I'm down. You've no idea how small you'd come out, if I had the articulating of you."

This consideration seems to have its effect upon the boy, for he goes out grumbling.

"Oh dear me, dear me!" sighs Mr. Venus, heavily, snuffing the candle, "the world that appeared so flowery has ceased to blow! You're casting your eye round the shop, Mr. Wegg. Let me show you a light. My working bench. My young man's bench. A Wice. Tools. Bones, warious. Skulls, warious. Preserved Indian baby. African ditto. Bottled preparations, warious. Everything within reach of your hand, in good preservation. The mouldy ones a-top. What's in those hampers over them again, I don't quite remember. Say, human warious. Cats. Articulated English baby. Dogs. Ducks. Glass eyes, warious. Mum-

mied bird. Dried cuticle, warious. Oh dear me! That's the general panoramic view."

(Bk. I., ch. vii.; Bk. II., ch. vii.; Bk. III., ch. vi., vii., xiv.; Bk. IV., ch. iii., xiv.)

WEGG, SILAS. A balladmonger, who also keeps a fruit-stall, near Cavendish Square.

Assuredly, this stall of Silas Wegg's was the hardest little stall of all the sterile little stalls in London. It gave you the face-ache to look at his apples, the stomach-ache to look at his oranges, the tooth-ache to look at his nuts. Of the latter commodity he had always a grim little heap, on which lay a little wooden measure which had no discernible inside, and was considered to represent the penn'orth appointed by Magna Charta. Whether from too much east wind or no—it was an easterly corner—the stall, the stock, and the keeper, were all as dry as the Desert. Wegg was a knotty man, and a close-grained, with a face carved out of very hard material, that had just as much play of expression as a watchman's rattle. When he laughed, certain jerks occurred in it, and the rattle sprung. Sooth to say, he was so wooden a man that he seemed to have taken his wooden leg naturally, and rather suggested to the fanciful observer, that he might be expected —if his development received no untimely check—to be completely set up with a pair of wooden legs in about six months.

Mr. Boffin thinking himself too old "to begin shovelling and sifting at alphabeds and grammar-books," and wanting to engage someone to read to him, is attracted by Mr. Wegg's collection of ballads displayed on an unfolded clothes-horse. He enters into conversation with the proprietor, and, when he finds that "all print is open to him," is filled with admiration of him as being "a literary man *with* a wooden leg."

"Why, truly, sir," Mr. Wegg admitted with modesty; "I believe you couldn't show me the piece of English print, that I wouldn't be equal to collaring and throwing."

"On the spot?" said Mr. Boffin.

"On the spot."

"I know'd it! Then consider this. Here am I, a man without a wooden leg, and yet all print is shut to me."

"Indeed, sir?" Mr. Wegg returned with increasing self-complacency. "Education neglected?"

"Neg—lected!" repeated Boffin, with emphasis. "That ain't no word for it. I don't mean to say but what if you showed me a B, I could so far give you change for it, as to answer Boffin."

"Come, come, sir," said Mr. Wegg, throwing in a little encouragement, "that's something, too."

"It's something," answered Mr. Boffin, "but I'll take my oath it ain't much."

After some further conversation, and some ciphering, Mr. Boffin offers Mr. Wegg half-a-crown a week to read to him two hours every evening.

"Half-a-crown," said Wegg, meditating. "Yes. (It ain't much, sir.) Half-a-crown."

"Per week, you know."

"Per week. Yes. As to the amount of strain upon the intellect now. Was you thinking at all of poetry?" Mr. Wegg inquired, musing.

"Would it come dearer?" Mr. Boffin asked.

"It would come dearer," Mr. Wegg returned. "For when a person comes to grind off poetry night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on his mind."

"To tell you the truth, Wegg," said Boffin, "I wasn't thinking of poetry, except in so fur as this:—If you was to happen now and then to feel yourself in the mind to tip me and Mrs. Boffin one of your ballads, why then we should drop into poetry."

"I follow you, sir," said Wegg. "But not being a regular musical professional, I should be loath to engage myself for that; and therefore when I dropped into poetry, I should ask to be considered in the light of a friend."

At this, Mr. Boffin's eyes sparkled, and he shook Silas earnestly by the hand: protesting that it was more than he could have asked, and that he took it very kindly indeed.

"What do you think of the terms, Wegg?" Mr. Boffin then demanded, with unconcealed anxiety.

Silas, who had stimulated this anxiety by his hard reserve of manner, and who had begun to understand his man very well, replied with an air; as if he were saying something extraordinarily generous and great:

"Mr. Boffin, I never bargain."

"So I should have thought of you!" said Mr. Boffin, admiringly.

"No, sir. I never did 'aggle and I never will 'aggle. Consequently I meet you at once, free and fair, with—Done, for double the money!"

Mr. Boffin seemed a little unprepared for this conclusion, but assented, with the remark, "You know better what it ought to be than I do, Wegg," and again shook hands with him upon it.

"Could you begin to-night, Wegg?" he then demanded.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Wegg, careful to leave all the eagerness to him. "I see no difficulty if you wish it. You are provided with the needful implement—a book, sir?"

"Bought him at a sale," said Mr. Boffin. "Eight wollumes. Red and gold. Purple ribbon in every wollume, to keep the place where you leave off. Do you know him?"

"The book's name, sir?" inquired Silas.

"I thought you might have know'd him without it," said Mr. Boffin, slightly disappointed. "His name is Decline-and-Fall-Off-The-Rooshan-Empire." (Mr. Boffin went over these stones slowly and with much caution.)

"Ay indeed!" said Mr. Wegg, nodding his head with an air of friendly recognition.

"You know him, Wegg?"

"I haven't been not to say right slap through him, very lately," Mr. Wegg made answer, "having been otherwise employed, Mr. Boffin. But know him? Old familiar declining and falling off the Rooshan? Rather, sir! Ever since I was not so high as your stick. Ever since my eldest

brother left our cottage to enlist into the army. On which occasion, as the ballad that was made about it describes—

> "Beside that cottage door, Mr. Boffin,
> A girl was on her knees:
> She held aloft a snowy scarf, sir,
> Which (my eldest brother noticed) fluttered in the breeze.
> She breathed a prayer for him, Mr. Boffin;
> A prayer he could not hear,
> And my eldest brother lean'd upon his sword, Mr. Boffin,
> And wiped away a tear."

Much impressed by this family circumstance, and also by the friendly disposition of Mr. Wegg, as exemplified in his so soon dropping into poetry, Mr. Boffin again shook hands with that ligneous sharper, and besought him to name his hour. Mr. Wegg named eight. . . .

"I shall expect you, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, clapping him on the shoulder with the greatest enthusiasm, "most jyfully. I shall have no peace or patience till you come. Print is now opening ahead of me. This night, a literary man—*with* a wooden leg—" he bestowed an admiring look upon that decoration, as if it greatly enhanced the relish of Mr. Wegg's attainments—"will begin to lead me a new life! My fist again, Wegg. Morning, morning, morning!"

When night comes, Mr. Wegg stumps to the Bower, according to appointment. After introduction to Mrs. Boffin, and a little preliminary conversation, Mr. Boffin inquires:

"Now, what'll you read on?"

"Thank you, sir," returned Wegg, as if there were nothing new in his reading at all. "I generally do it on gin and water."

"Keeps the organ moist, does it, Wegg?" asked Mr. Boffin with innocent eagerness.

"N-no, sir," replied Wegg, coolly, "I shall hardly describe it so, sir. I should say, mellers it. Mellers it, is the word I should employ, Mr. Boffin." . . . And now, Mr. Wegg at length . . . put on his spectacles, and Mr. Boffin lighted his pipe and looked with beaming eyes into the opening world before him, and Mrs. Boffin reclined in a fashionable manner on her sofa; as one who would be part of the audience if she found she could, and would go to sleep if she found she couldn't.

"Hem!" began Wegg. "This, Mr. Boffin and Lady, is the first chapter of the first wollume of the Decline and Fall off——" here he looked hard at the book, and stopped.

"What's the matter, Wegg?"

"Why, it comes into my mind, do you know, sir," said Wegg with an air of insinuating frankness (having first again looked hard at the book), "that you made a little mistake this morning, which I had meant to set you right in, only something put it out of my head. I think you said Rooshan Empire, sir?"

"It is Rooshan; ain't it, Wegg?"

"No, sir. Roman. Roman."

"What's the difference, Wegg?"

"The difference, sir?" Mr. Wegg was faltering and in danger of breaking down, when a bright thought flashed upon him. "The difference, sir? There you place me in a difficulty, Mr. Boffin. Suffice it to

observe, that the difference is best postponed to some other occasion when Mrs. Boffin does not honour us with her company. In Mrs. Boffin's presence, sir, we had better drop it."

Mr. Wegg thus came out of his disadvantage with quite a chivalrous air, and not only that, but by dint of repeating with a manly delicacy, "In Mrs. Boffin's presence, sir, we had better drop it!" turned the disadvantage on Boffin, who felt that he had committed himself in a very painful manner.

Then, Mr. Wegg, in a dry unflinching way, entered on his task; going straight across country at everything that came before him; taking all the hard words, biographical and geographical; getting rather shaken by Hadrian, Trajan, and the Antonines; stumbling at Polybius (pronounced Polly Beeious, and supposed by Mr. Boffin to be a Roman virgin, and by Mrs. Boffin to be responsible for that necessity of dropping it); heavily unseated by Titus Antoninus Pius; up again and galloping smoothly with Augustus; finally, getting over the ground well with Commodus; who, under the appellation of Commodious, was held by Mr. Boffin to have been quite unworthy of his English origin, and "not to have acted up to his name" in his government of the Roman people. With the death of this personage, Mr. Wegg terminated his first reading.

Mr. Wegg turns out to be a rascal. Not resting satisfied with the salary which he receives from Mr. Boffin, he tries to better his condition by knavery. Prying everywhere about the premises, he at last discovers a will in which the elder Mr. Harmon leaves all his property to the Crown. Ascertaining that this will is of later date than the one in Mr. Boffin's favour, which has been admitted to probate, he conspires with an acquaintance (Mr. Venus), either to oust Mr. Boffin, or to compel him to buy them off. He finds, to his astonishment, however, that there is a still later will in the possession of Mr. Boffin, who has suppressed it because it leaves him all the property; while the one which has been proved leaves it to the testator's son on the condition of his marrying Miss Bella Wilfer. Discomfited and crestfallen, the avaricious Wegg returns, perforce, to his old trade of selling ballads, gingerbread, and the like. (Bk. I., ch. v., vii., xv., xvii.; Bk. II., ch. vii., x.; Bk. III., ch. vi., vii., xiv.; Bk. IV., ch. iii., xiv.)

WILFER, MISS BELLA. Daughter of Reginald Wilfer, and *protégée* of the Boffins; afterwards the wife of John Harmon. (Bk. I., ch. iv., ix., xvi., xvii.; Bk. II., ch. viii.–x., xiii.; Bk. III., ch. iv., v., vii., ix., xv., xvi.; Bk. IV., ch. iv., v., xi.–xiii., xvi.) *See* BOFFIN, MR. NICODEMUS.

WILFER, MISS LAVINIA. Youngest of Mr. Wilfer's children; a sharp, saucy, and irrepressible girl. (Bk. I., ch. iv., ix.; Bk. II., ch. i., ix., xiii.; Bk. III., ch. iv., xvi.; Bk. IV., ch. v., xvi.)

WILFER, REGINALD, called "THE CHERUB." A poor hen-pecked clerk in the house of Chicksey, Veneering, and Stobbles.

So poor a clerk, through having a limited salary, and an unlimited family, that he had never yet attained the modest object of his ambition: which was, to wear a complete new suit of clothes, hat and boots included, at one time. His black hat was brown before he could afford a coat, his pantaloons were white at the seams and knees before he could buy a pair of boots, his boots had worn out before he could treat himself to new pantaloons, and by the time he worked round to the hat again, that shining modern article roofed-in an ancient ruin of various periods.

If the conventional Cherub could ever grow up and be clothed, he might be photographed as a portrait of Wilfer. His chubby, smooth, innocent appearance was a reason for his being always treated with condescension when he was not put down. A stranger entering his own poor house at about ten o'clock P.M. might have been surprised to find him sitting up to supper. So boyish was he in his curves and proportions, that his old schoolmaster meeting him in Cheapside, might have been unable to withstand the temptation of caning him on the spot. . . .

He was shy, and unwilling to own to the name of Reginald, as being too aspiring and self-assertive a name. In his signature he used only the initial R., and imparted what it really stood for, to none but chosen friends, under the seal of confidence. Out of this, the facetious habit had arisen in the neighbourhood surrounding Mincing Lane of making christian-names for him of adjectives and participles beginning with R. Some of these were more or less appropriate: as Rusty, Retiring, Ruddy, Round, Ripe, Ridiculous, Ruminative; others derived their point from their want of application: as Raging, Rattling, Roaring, Raffish. But, his popular name was Rumty, which in a moment of inspiration had been bestowed upon him by a gentleman of convivial habits connected with the drug market, as the beginning of a social chorus, his leading part in the execution of which had led this gentleman to the Temple of Fame, and of which the whole expressive burden ran:

Rumty iddity, row dow dow.
Sing toodlely, teedlely, bow wow wow.

Thus he was constantly addressed, even in minor notes on business, as "Dear Rumty;" in answer to which, he sedately signed himself, "Yours truly, R. Wilfer."

(Bk. I., ch. iv.; Bk. II., ch. viii., xiii.; Bk. III., ch. iv., xvi.; Bk. IV., ch. iv., v., xvi.)

WILFER, MRS. REGINALD. His wife; a tall, angular woman, very stately and impressive. (Bk. I., ch. iv., ix., xvi.; Bk. II., ch. i., ix., xiii.; Bk. III., ch. iv., xvi.; Bk. IV., ch. v., xvi.)

Her lord being cherubic, she was necessarily majestic, according to the principle which matrimonially unites contrasts. She was much given to tying up her head in a pocket-handkerchief, knotted under

the chin. This head-gear, in conjunction with a pair of gloves worn within doors, she seemed to consider as at once a kind of armour against misfortune (invariably assuming it when in low spirits or difficulties), and as a species of full dress.

WILLIAMS, WILLIAM. A frequenter of The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters. (Bk. I., ch. vi. ; Bk. III., ch. iii.)

WRAYBURN, EUGENE. A briefless barrister, who hates his profession. He is a gloomy, indolent, unambitious, and reckless young man.

"Idiots talk," said Eugene, leaning back, folding his arms, smoking with his eyes shut, and speaking slightly through his nose, "of Energy. If there is a word in the dictionary under any letter from A to Z that I abominate, it is energy. It is such a conventional superstition, such parrot gabble! What the deuce! Am I to rush out into the street, collar the first man of a wealthy appearance that I meet, shake him, and say, 'Go to law upon the spot, you dog, and retain me, or I'll be the death of you?' Yet that would be energy."

Becoming interested in Lizzie Hexam, he assists her to obtain education; and, though he seeks her society, he does so with no definite aim in view. He tells his friend, Mortimer Lightwood—

"There is no better girl in all this London than Lizzie Hexam. There is no better among my people at home; no better among your people."

"Granted. What follows?"

"There," said Eugene, looking after him dubiously as he paced away to the other end of the room, "you put me again upon guessing the riddle that I have given up."

"Eugene, do you design to capture and desert this girl?"

"My dear fellow, no."

"Do you design to marry her?"

"My dear fellow, no."

"Do you design to pursue her?"

"My dear fellow, I don't design anything. I have no design whatever. I am incapable of designs. If I conceived a design, I should speedily abandon it, exhausted by the operation."

"Oh, Eugene, Eugene!"

"My dear Mortimer, not that tone of melancholy reproach, I entreat. What can I do more than tell you all I know, and acknowledge my ignorance of all I don't know! How does that little old song go, which, under pretence of being cheerful, is by far the most lugubrious I ever heard in my life?

"Away with melancholy,
Nor doleful changes ring
On life and human folly,
But merrily merrily sing
Fal la!

Don't let us sing Fal la, my dear Mortimer (which is comparatively unmeaning), but let us sing that we give up guessing the riddle altogether."

"Are you in communication with this girl, Eugene, and is what these people say true?"

"I concede both admissions to my honourable and learned friend."

"Then what is to come of it? What are you doing? Where are you going?"

"My dear Mortimer . . . you are ruffled by the want of another cigar. Take one of these, I entreat. Light it at mine, which is in perfect order. So! Now do me the justice to observe that I am doing all I can towards self-improvement, and that you have a light thrown on those household implements which, when you only saw them as in a glass darkly, you were hastily—I must say hastily—inclined to depreciate. Sensible of my deficiencies, I have surrounded myself with moral influences expressly meant to promote the formation of the domestic virtues. To those influences, and to the improving society of my friend from boyhood, commend me with your best wishes."

"Ah, Eugene!" said Lightwood, affectionately, now standing near him, so that they both stood in one little cloud of smoke; "I would that you answered my three questions! What is to come of it? What are you doing? Where are you going?"

"And my dear Mortimer," returned Eugene, lightly fanning away the smoke with his hand for the better exposition of his frankness of face and manner, "believe me, I would answer them instantly if I could. But to enable me to do so, I must first have found out the troublesome conundrum long abandoned. Here it is. Eugene Wrayburn." Tapping his forehead and breast. "Riddle-me, riddle-me-ree, perhaps you can't tell me what this may be?—No, upon my life I can't. I give it up!"

Lizzie saves Wrayburn's life, nurses him tenderly through a long and dangerous sickness, is married to him, and finds that, transformed by the power of love, he has a mine of purpose and energy which he turns to the best account. (Bk. I., ch. ii., iii., viii., x., xii.–xiv.; Bk. II., ch. i., iii., vi., xi., xiv.–xvi.; Bk. III., ch. x., xi., xvii.; Bk. IV., ch. i., vi., ix.–xi., xvi., xvii.)

WRAYBURN, MRS. EUGENE. *See* HEXAM, LIZZIE.

WREN, JENNY. *See* CLEAVER, FANNY.

PRINCIPAL INCIDENTS.

BOOK I.—CHAPTER I. Jesse Hexam and his daughter find a body in the Thames; he rejects Riderhood's offer to share his luck.—II. Description of the Veneering dinner, where Mortimer Lightwood relates the story of John Harmon and his will, and receives the news of the death of the heir by drowning.—III. Mortimer and Eugene go to Hexam's house to make inquiries about the body, and encounter Mr. Julius Handford; they all go to the police-station to view the body, and Mr. Handford lays

himself open to suspicion; Lizzie Hexam shows Charley the pictures in the fire; verdict of the coroner's jury.—IV. John Rokesmith engages lodgings at the house of Mr. Wilfer.—V. Silas Wegg, tending his stall at the street-corner, is accosted by Mr. Boffin, and Mr. Boffin engages him to read "The Decline and Fall;" Mr. Wegg visits Boffin's Bower, and commences his readings.—VI. Miss Abbey Potterson forbids Rogue Riderhood to visit The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters; Miss Abbey informs Lizzie Hexam of the suspicions against her father, and counsels her to leave him; Lizzie refuses to do this, and Miss Abbey forbids him also the house; Charley Hexam leaves home for school without his father's knowledge.—VII. Mr. Wegg calls upon Mr. Venus to "look after himself;" Mr. Venus puts a low value on the amputated leg of Wegg, and also explains to that gentleman the reason of his low spirits.—VIII. Mr. Boffin visits Lightwood at his office in the Temple, and instructs him to offer a reward of £10,000 for the discovery of the murderer of Harmon; he is introduced to Eugene Wrayburn; John Rokesmith applies to Mr. Boffin for the situation of secretary.—IX. Mr. and Mrs. Boffin in consultation decide to "go in strong" for fashion, to invite Miss Bella Wilfer to live with them, and to adopt an orphan-child and give him John Harmon's name; Mr. and Mrs. Boffin visit the Rev. Frank Milvey in search of an orphan, and also the Wilfers to tender their invitation to Miss Bella; Mr. Rokesmith's agitation at unexpectedly hearing John Harmon's name.—X. The Veneerings plan the marriage of Mr. Alfred Lammle and Miss Sophronia Akershem, and Twemlow gives away the bride; finding they have been mutually imposed upon, they enter into a new "marriage-contract," to deceive the world.—XI. What constitutes "Podsnappery;" Mr. and Mrs. Podsnap give a party on Miss Georgiana's birthday; Mrs. Lammle begins her friendship with Georgiana.—XII. Riderhood goes to Lightwood's office, and accuses Hexam of the Harmon murder; Lightwood, Wrayburn, and the inspector go to The Fellowship-Porters, while Riderhood tracks Hexam.—XIII. Eugene discovers Lizzie Hexam through the window, watching by the fire.—XIV. They find Hexam's boat and his drowned body.—XV. John Rokesmith enters upon his duties as Mr. Boffin's secretary; Mr. Boffin places Wegg in charge of the Bower; Mrs. Boffin sees the faces of old Harmon and the children; Rokesmith objects to meeting Mr. Lightwood.—XVI. Mrs. Boffin and the secretary go to see the orphan at Betty Higden's.—XVII. Charley Hexam asking permission to go and see his sister, his schoolmaster decides to go with him.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I. Miss Peecher catechises Mary Anne on the parts of speech; Charley Hexam and Bradley Headstone make the acquaintance of Miss Jenny Wren, who gives them an account of her occupation; first meeting of Bradley Headstone and Lizzie Hexam; leaving Lizzie, they encounter Wrayburn.—II. Eugene calls upon Lizzie, and persuades her to receive instruction at his expense; Jenny's fancies; Jenny's father comes home intoxicated, and she reprimands him.—III. Veneering's friends "rally round him," and he is elected to Parliament. —IV. The Lammles improve the acquaintance of Miss Georgiana Podsnap, and introduce her to Fascination Fledgeby.—V. Mr. Lammle breakfasts with Fledgeby at his rooms, and, not liking that gentleman's manner, threatens to pull his nose; Fledgeby apologises, and reconciliation follows; Fledgeby goes to the house at St. Mary Axe, where he does business under the name of Pubsey and Co., and meets Riah, his Jewish agent; Riah shows him Lizzie Hexam and Jenny Wren on the housetop.—VI. Eugene and Mortimer, in their private chambers, are

visited by the schoolmaster and Charley Hexam; Hexam reproaches Eugene for his attentions to Lizzie; Eugene exasperates them by his coolness, and gives up Mortimer's riddle, "What is to come of it?"—VII. Mr. Wegg and Mr. Venus enter into a "friendly move" in regard to the dust-mounds.—VIII. Miss Bella Wilfer visits her father's house; Mr. Boffin sends her a purse containing £50, and she spends it for the benefit of her father.—IX. Sickness of Johnny, the adopted orphan; his removal to the Children's Hospital, where he "makes his will," and dies.—X. Mr. and Mrs. Boffin decide to provide for Sloppy.—XI. Bradley Headstone appeals to Lizzie Hexam to renounce Wrayburn's attentions; Lizzie tells Jenny what the lady "in the hollow down by the flare" says of Eugene.—XII. Rokesmith, in disguise, goes to Rogue Riderhood's house; his interviews, first with Miss Pleasant and then with her father.—XIII. Rokesmith removes his disguise, and repeats to himself the circumstances attending the supposed death of John Harmon, and decides still to retain his assumed character; as the secretary, he offers himself to Bella, and is rejected.—XIV. Betty Higden develops to the secretary her plan for running away; Rokesmith completes his plan of forcing from Riderhood a recantation of his testimony against Hexam, and sends the same to Lizzie; and Betty Higden completes her arrangements for running away.—XV. Bradley Headstone, seconded by Charley Hexam, seeks Lizzie again, offers himself, and is rejected; Charley's indignation, and renunciation of his sister; Lizzie is met by Riah, and afterwards by Eugene, who take her home.—XVI. The Lammles celebrate the anniversary of their wedding by a breakfast; Lightwood continues his story by relating the disappearance of Lizzie Hexam; Mrs. Lammle begs Twemlow to warn Podsnap against Fledgeby.

BOOK III.—CHAPTER I. Riah goes to Fledgeby's chambers; Lammle also calls there, and informs Fledgeby that their game is up; Fledgeby cautions Lammle against Riah, and tries to draw from Riah the secret of Lizzie Hexam's retreat.—II. Riah and Jenny Wren go to The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters to show Miss Abbey Potterson Riderhood's declaration of Hexam's innocence of the Harmon murder; Riderhood is run down by a steamer, and—III.—is barely saved from drowning.—IV. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfer celebrate their wedding anniversary; Bella tells her father four secrets.—V. Mr. Boffin defines Rokesmith's position; he begins to collect "The Lives of Misers;" Mrs. Lammle improves Bella's acquaintance, and Bella confides to her the secret of the secretary's proposal.—VI. Wegg and Venus, discussing their friendly move at the Bower, are visited by Mr. Boffin with a load of books on misers; Mr. Boffin, with a dark lantern, makes the tour of the mounds, the friends watching him; he digs up and carries away a glass bottle.—VII. Wegg imparts to Venus the secret of his having found a will of the late John Harmon in the pump; they carry this will to Mr. Venus's place to examine it, and Venus insists upon keeping it; they discuss the course to be pursued.—VIII. Betty Higden on her travels; her fainting-fit in the market-place; and the second one, in which she is relieved by Riderhood, serving as deputy lock-keeper; her discovery by Lizzie Hexam, and her death.—IX. Lizzie tells Bella her story, and the reason of her concealment; Bella and the secretary on better terms; Eugene Wrayburn tries unsuccessfully to obtain Lizzie's address from Jenny Wren.—X. Mr. Dolls promises to obtain the direction for him; Eugene informs Lightwood of his being watched by the schoolmaster, and they indulge in the pleasures of the chase.—XI. Headstone and Riderhood meet at the Temple gate.—XII. Mr. and Mrs. Lammle, having broken down in their scheme

against the Podsnaps, turn their attention to the Boffins; Mrs. Lammle begs Fledgeby to use his influence with Riah.—XIII. He acts accordingly; Fledgeby also intercedes for Twemlow, and opens the eyes of Jenny Wren.—XIV. Venus makes known to Mr. Boffin the friendly move of Silas Wegg; Mr. Boffin, concealed by Venus, hears Wegg's plan for bringing his nose to the grindstone; interview between Mrs. Lammle and Mr. Boffin.—XV. Mr. Boffin denounces Rokesmith, and sees Bella righted; Bella's indignation at Mr. Boffin, and her apology to the secretary; Bella relinquishes all she has received from the Boffins, and secretly leaves the house.—XVI. She goes to her father's office, where Rokesmith follows her, whose love she now accepts.—XVII. Mrs. Lammle reminds Twemlow of their confidence; Mr. Dolls brings Wrayburn the desired address.

BOOK IV.—Chapter I. Eugene in his boat passes Plashwater Weir Mill Lock, kept by Riderhood; he is followed by Bradley Headstone in the disguise of a bargeman; Bradley witnesses the meeting of Eugene with Lizzie Hexam, and returns to the lock; Riderhood confirms his suspicion that the schoolmaster is copying his dress in his disguise.—II. Mr. and Mrs. Lammle breakfast with the Boffins; their plot is understood, and their plans frustrated.—III. Wegg "drops down" on Mr. Boffin, and, after showing him the will, sees him home.—IV. John Rokesmith and Bella are married; how Mrs. Wilfer receives the news.—V. Bella's housekeeping.—VI. Eugene and Lizzie meet by appointment on the river-bank; he urges his suit, but Lizzie firmly declines to encourage him, on account of the difference of their positions in society, and begs him to leave her; Eugene, walking by the river after their interview, is assaulted by Headstone, and his body thrown into the water; he is rescued by Lizzie.—VII. Bradley Headstone returns to the lock-house; he is dogged by Riderhood, who sees him resume his own dress, and throw his disguise into the river; Charley Hexam upbraids Headstone, and drops his acquaintance; Rogue Riderhood catches his fish.—VIII. Fledgeby attempts to learn from Jenny Wren the place of Lizzie Hexam's retreat; Fledgeby is caned by Lammle, and has his wounds dressed by Jenny.—IX. Jenny comes to an understanding of Riah's true character; Fledgeby sends Riah his discharge; death of Jenny's father; Mortimer desires Jenny's presence at the bedside of Eugene.—X. Jenny divines that Eugene wishes to marry Lizzie.—XI. Bradley Headstone's meeting with the Rev. Mr. Milvey, and agitation at the news of Lizzie's approaching marriage; the marriage of Eugene and Lizzie.—XII. Rokesmith encounters Lightwood, and is recognised as Julius Handford; John goes with the inspector of police and Bella to The Fellowship-Porters on a matter of identification; John takes Bella to their new home in London.—XIII. Mrs. Boffin relates to Bella the story of her husband's identity, how she had found him out, and how they had planned to test her love for him.—XIV. Wegg finds Venus in improved spirits, and appoints a time for bringing Boffin to the grindstone; Wegg finds his friendly move checkmated, and is finally disposed of by Sloppy.—XV. Riderhood visits Headstone in his school; Headstone goes to Riderhood's lock, and refuses his demands; finding he cannot get rid of him, he seizes him, forces him into the lock, and both are drowned.—XVI. Mrs. Wilfer, with Miss Lavinia and George Sampson, visit Bella in her new home; first interview between Sloppy and Jenny Wren; Mr. and Mrs. Wrayburn visit Mr. and Mrs. John Harmon.—XVII. Mortimer takes a final look at society.

DOCTOR MARIGOLD.

ORIGINALLY published as part of the collection of tales entitled "Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions," which formed the Christmas number of "All the Year Round" for 1865. The story takes its name from a "Cheap Jack," who relates the history of his life.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

MARIGOLD, DOCTOR. The narrator of the story. He describes himself "as a middle-aged man, of a broadish build, in cords, leggings, and a sleeved waistcoat, the strings of which is always gone behind," with a white hat, and a shawl round his neck, worn loose and easy. He is a "Cheap Jack," born on the highway, and named "Doctor" out of gratitude and compliment to his mother's accoucheur. He marries, and has one child, a little girl, but loses both daughter and wife, and continues his travels alone. Coming across a deaf-and-dumb child, however, who he fancies resembles his lost daughter, he adopts her, and sends her to a school for deaf mutes, to be educated; but she falls in love with a young man who is also deaf and dumb, and he is forced to give her up. She sails for China with her husband, but returns, after an absence of a few years, bringing with her a little daughter who can both hear and talk; and the measure of the Doctor's happiness is once more full.

MARIGOLD, MRS. Wife of Doctor Marigold; a Suffolk young woman whom he courted from the footboard of his cart.

> She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her

away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen year. Now, my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a Palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a Cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you getting on like sweet ile upon a whetstone in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide; but in a cart it does come home to you, and stick to you. Wiolence in a cart is *so* wiolent, and aggrawation in a cart is *so* aggrawating.

We might have had such a pleasant life! A roomy cart, with the large goods hung outside, and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fireplace for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging-shelf and a cupboard, a dog and a horse. What more do you want? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside, you hobble your old horse and turn him grazing, you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors, you cook your stew, and you wouldn't call the Emperor of France your father. But have a temper in the cart, flinging language and the hardest goods in stock at you, and where are you then? Put a name to your feelings.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out, he would give a howl, and bolt. How he knew it, was a mystery to me; but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.

At such times, she does not spare her little daughter, but treats her with great cruelty. When, however, the child dies, she takes to brooding, and tries to drown remorse in liquor; but one day, seeing a woman beating a child unmercifully, she stops her ears, runs away like a wild thing, and the next day she is found in the river.

MARIGOLD, LITTLE SOPHY. Their daughter; a sweet child, shamefully abused by her mother, but dearly loved by her father, to whom she is quite devoted. She takes a bad low fever, and dies in his arms while he is convulsing a rustic audience with his jokes and witty speeches.

MARIGOLD, WILLUM. Doctor Marigold's father; a "lovely one, in his time," at the "Cheap Jack" work.

MIM. A showman, who is a most ferocious swearer, and who has a very hoarse voice. He is master to Pickleson, and stepfather to Sophy, whom he disposes of to Doctor Marigold for half-a-dozen pairs of braces.

PICKLESON, called "RINALDO DI VELASCO." An amiable

though timid giant, let out to Mim for exhibition by his mother, who spends the wages he receives.

He was a languid young man, which I attribute to the distance betwixt his extremities. He had a little head and less in it, he had weak eyes and weak knees, and altogether you couldn't look at him without feeling that there was greatly too much of him both for his joints and his mind.

SOPHY. A deaf-and-dumb girl adopted by Doctor Marigold after the death of his own daughter Sophy. She becomes greatly attached to her new father, who loves her fervently in return, and is very kind and patient with her, trying at first to teach her himself to read, and then sending her to an institution for deaf mutes to be educated. She subsequently marries a man afflicted like herself; goes abroad with him; and, after an absence of over five years, returns home with a little daughter. Doctor Marigold thus describes their meeting:

I had started at a real sound, and the sound was on the steps of the cart. It was the light hurried tread of a child, coming clambering up. That tread of a child had once been so familiar to me, that for half a moment I believed I was a-going to see a little ghost.

But the touch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned, and the door opened a little way, and a real child peeped in. A bright little comely girl with large dark eyes.

Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off her mite of a straw hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips, and said in a pretty voice,

"Grandfather!"

"Ah, my God!" I cried out. "She can speak!"

"Yes, dear grandfather. And I am to ask you whether there was ever anyone that I remind you of?"

In a moment Sophy was round my neck, as well as the child, and her husband was a-wringing my hand with his face hid, and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a-talking, pleased and quick and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs that I had first taught her mother, the happy and yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

BARBOX BROTHERS,

AND

BARBOX BROTHERS AND CO.

THIS story—for "Barbox Brothers and Co." is merely a pendant or sequel to "Barbox Brothers"—is one of a number of tales included in "Mugby Junction," the extra Christmas number of "All the Year Round" for 1866. The hero of the story, who is also the narrator of it, is at first a clerk in the firm of Barbox Brothers, then a partner, and finally the firm itself. From being a moody, self-contained, and unhappy person, made so by the lumbering cares and the accumulated disappointments of long monotonous years, he is changed, under circumstances that awaken and develop his better nature, into a thoroughly cheerful man, with eyes and thoughts for others, and a hand ever ready to help those who need and deserve help; and thus, taking, as it were, thousands of partners into the solitary firm, he becomes "Barbox Brothers and Co."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BARBOX BROTHERS. *See* JACKSON, MR.

BEATRICE. A careworn woman, with her hair turned gray, whom "Barbox Brothers" had once loved and lost. She is the wife of Tresham. *See* JACKSON (MR.), TRESHAM.

JACKSON, MR. A former clerk in the public notary and bill-broking firm of Barbox Brothers, who, after imperceptibly becoming the sole representative of the house, at length retires, and obliterates it from the face of the earth, leaving nothing of it but its name on two portmanteaus, which he has with

him one rainy night when he leaves a train at Mugby Junction.

A man within five years of fifty, either way, who had turned gray too soon, like a neglected fire; a man of pondering habit, brooding carriage of the head, and suppressed internal voice; a man with many indications on him of having been much alone.

With a bitter recollection of his lonely childhood, of the enforced business, at once distasteful and oppressive, in which the best years of his life have been spent, of the double faithlessness of the only woman he ever loved and the only friend he ever trusted, his birthday, as it annually recurs, serves but to intensify his ever-present sense of desolation; and he resolves to abandon all thought of a fixed home, and to pass the rest of his days in travelling, hoping to find relief in a constant change of scene. It is after three o'clock of a tempestuous morning, when, acting on a sudden impulse, he leaves the train at Mugby Junction. At that black hour, he cannot obtain any conveyance to the inn, and willingly accepts the invitation of "Lamps," a servant of the railway company, to try the warmth of his little room for a while. He afterwards makes the acquaintance of "Lamps's" daughter Phœbe, a poor bedridden girl; and their happy disposition, strong mutual affection, peaceful lives, modest self-respect, and unaffected interest in those around them, teach him a lesson of cheerfulness, contentment, and moral responsibility, which the experience of years had failed to impart.

On a visit, one day, to a distant town, he is suddenly accosted by a very little girl, who tells him she is lost. He takes her to his hotel, and failing to discover who she is, or where she lives, he makes arrangements for her staying for the night, and amuses himself with her childish prattle, and her enjoyment of her novel situation. The little one's mother at last appears, and proves to be the woman he had loved, and who had so heartlessly eloped with his most trusted friend years before. She tells him that she has had five other children, who are all in their graves; that her husband is very ill of a lingering disorder, and that he believes the curse of his old friend rests on the whole household. Will Mr. Jackson forgive them? The injured man—now so changed from what he once was—responds by taking the child to her father, placing her in his arms, and invoking a blessing on her innocent head. "Live and thrive, my pretty baby!" he says, "live and prosper, and become, in time, the mother of other little children, like the angels who behold the Father's face."

"*LAMPS.*" A railway servant employed at Mugby Junction, father of Phœbe. He is a very hard-working man, being on duty fourteen, fifteen, or eighteen hours a day, and sometimes even twenty-four hours at a time. But he is always on the bright side and the good side. He has a daughter who is bedridden, and to whom he is entirely devoted. Besides supplying her with books and newspapers, he takes to composing comic songs for her amusement, and—what is still harder, and at first goes much against his grain—to singing them also.

PHŒBE. His daughter; crippled and helpless in consequence of a fall in infancy. She supports herself by making lace, and by teaching a few little children. Notwithstanding her great misfortune, she is always contented, always lively, always interested in others, of all sorts. She makes the acquaintance of Mr. Jackson ("Barbox Brothers"); and her pure and gentle life becomes the guiding star of his.

POLLY. Daughter of Beatrice and Tresham; a little child found by "Barbox Brothers" in the streets of a large town. *See* JACKSON, MR.

TRESHAM. A former friend of "Barbox Brothers," who advances him in business, and takes him into his private confidence. In return, Tresham comes between him and Beatrice (whom "Barbox Brothers" loves), and takes her from him. This treachery after a time receives its fitting punishment in poverty, and loss of health and children; but "Barbox Brothers," whose awakened wrath had long seemed inappeasable, is made better at last by the discipline and experience of life, and generously forgives those who had forced him to undergo so sharp a trial.

THE BOY AT MUGBY

THIS tale, as originally published, formed the third portion of "Mugby Junction," the extra Christmas number of "All the Year Round" for 1866. It is a satirical description of the ordinary English railway refreshment-room, as it was at that time, with its sawdust sandwiches, its stale cake and pastry, and its wretched tea and coffee, as compared with the excellent provision made in France for the entertainment and comfort of travellers. The proprietress of the Refreshment-room at Mugby Junction crosses the Channel for the express purpose of looking into the French method of conducting such establishments.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

EZEKIEL. "The boy at Mugby;" an attendant in the Refreshment-room at Mugby Junction, whose proudest boast is, that "it never yet refreshed a mortal being."

Up in a corner of the Down Refreshment-room at Mugby Junction, in the height of twenty-seven cross draughts (I've often counted 'em while they brush the First-Class hair twenty-seven ways), behind the bottles, among the glasses, bounded on the nor'-west by the beer, stood pretty far to the right of a metallic object that's at times the tea-urn and at times the soup-tureen, according to the nature of the last twang imparted to its contents which are the same groundwork, fended off from the traveller by a barrier of stale sponge-cakes erected atop of the counter, and lastly exposed sideways to the glare of Our Missis's eye—you ask a Boy so sitiwated, next time you stop in a hurry at Mugby, for anything to drink; you take particular notice that he'll try to seem not to hear you, that he'll appear in a absent manner to survey the Line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body, and that he won't serve you as long as you can possibly bear it. That's me.

PIFF, MISS. One of the "young ladies" in the same Refreshment-room.

SNIFF, MR. "A regular insignificant cove" employed by the mistress of the Refreshment-room.

He looks arter the sawdust department in a back room, and is sometimes, when we are very hard put to it, let behind the counter with a corkscrew; but never when it can be helped, his demeanour towards the public being disgusting servile. How Mrs. Sniff ever come so far to lower herself as to marry him, I don't know; but I suppose *he* does, and I should think he wished he didn't, for he leads a awful life. Mrs. Sniff couldn't be much harder with him if he was public.

SNIFF, MRS. His wife; chief assistant of the mistress of the Refreshment-room.

She's the one! She's the one as you'll notice to be always looking another way from you, when you look at her. She's the one with the small waist buckled in tight in front, and with the lace cuffs at her wrists, which she puts on the edge of the counter before her, and stands a smoothing while the public foams. This smoothing the cuffs and looking another way while the public foams is the last accomplishment taught to the young ladies as come to Mugby to be finished by Our Missis; and it's always taught by Mrs. Sniff.

When Our Missis went away upon her journey, Mrs. Sniff was left in charge. She did hold the public in check most beautiful! In all my time, I never see half so many cups of tea given without milk to people who wanted it with, nor half so many cups of tea with milk given to people as wanted it without. When foaming ensued, Mrs. Sniff would say: "Then you'd better settle it among yourselves, and change with one another." It was a most highly delicious lark.

WHIFF, MISS. An attendant in the Refreshment-room.

TWO GHOST STORIES.

I. The Trial for Murder.

The first of the two stories reprinted under the above title was originally published as a portion of "Doctor Marigold's Prescriptions," the extra Christmas number of "All the Year Round" for 1865. It was the sixth of the "Prescriptions," and was labelled "To be taken with a grain of salt." It is supposed to have been written by "a literary character" whom the doctor discovers in travelling about the country, and to have been intended (as well as the tales accompanying it) for the amusement of his adopted deaf-and-dumb daughter Sophy. It purports to be an account of circumstances preceding and attending a certain noted trial for murder. The narrator, who is summoned to serve on the jury, is haunted, from the time he first hears of the deed until the close of the trial, by the apparition of the murdered man. Though seen by no one else, it mingles with the jury and the officers of the court, looks at the judge's notes over his shoulder, confronts the defendant's witnesses, and stands at the elbow of the counsel, invariably causing some trepidation or disturbance on the part of each, and, as it were, dumbly and darkly overshadowing their minds.

"Finally the Jury returned into Court at ten minutes past twelve. The murdered man at that time stood directly opposite the Jury-box, on the other side of the Court. As I took my place, his eyes rested on me with great attention; he seemed satisfied, and slowly shook a great gray veil, which he carried on his arm for the first time, over his head and whole form. As I gave in our verdict, 'Guilty,' the veil collapsed, all was gone, and his place was empty."

Besides those above mentioned (the names of none of whom are given), the following are the only

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

DERRICK, JOHN. Valet to the haunted juryman.

HARKER, MR. An officer in charge of the jury, and sworn to hold them in safe keeping.

II. The Signal-man.

The second Ghost Story is an account of an incident occurring on one of the branch lines leading from Mugby Junction. It forms the fourth division of the extra Christmas number bearing that name, which was published in 1866, in connection with "All the Year Round." It is supposed to be related by "Barbox Brothers," who makes a careful study of the Junction and its vicinity, and communicates to his poor bedridden friend Phœbe the substance of what he sees, hears, or otherwise picks up on the main-line and its five branches. Exploring Branch Line No. 1, he visits a signal-man who is stationed in a deep cutting near the entrance of a tunnel. He is a cool, vigilant, clear-headed, and educated man, who had been, when young, a student of natural history, and had attended lectures, but had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down, and never risen again. Notwithstanding his intelligence, and his freedom from any taint of superstition, he is continually haunted by a strange apparition, which, just before any fatal accident, stands by the red light at the mouth of the tunnel, and with one hand over its eyes, as if to shut out the frightful scene about to take place, cries "Holloa! Below there! Look out! For God's sake clear the way!" Twice has this occurred, and been followed by accident and death; and now the figure has been seen and heard again. The visitor goes away, hardly knowing how he ought to act in view of his knowledge of the man's state of mind; but he finally resolves to offer to accompany him to a wise medical practitioner, and to take his opinion.

"Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the field-path near the top of the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself—half an hour on, and half an hour back—and it would then be time to go to my signal-man's box.

"Before pursuing my stroll, I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down from the point from which I had first seen him. I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

"The nameless horror that oppressed me passed in a moment; for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men, standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made. The Danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft, a little low hut, entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

"With an irresistible sense that something was wrong—with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fatal mischief had come of my leaving the man there, and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did—I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

"'What is the matter?' I asked the men.

"'Signal-man killed this morning, sir.'

"'Not the man belonging to that box?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Not the man I know?'

"'You will recognise him, sir, if you knew him,' said the man who

spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head, and raising an end of the tarpaulin, 'for his face is quite composed.'

"'O, how did this happen, how did this happen?' I asked, turning from one to another as the hut closed in again.

"'He was cut down by an engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better. But somehow he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad day. He had struck the light, and had the lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel, his back was towards her, and she cut him down. That man drove her, and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom.' . . .

"'Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir,' he said, 'I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective-glass. There was no time to check speed, and I knew him to be very careful. As he didn't seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call.'

"'What did you say?'

"'I said, "Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's sake, clear the way!"'

I started.

"'Ah! it was a dreadful time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes not to see, and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no use.'"

HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

THIS story was written expressly for "Our Young Folks" (a juvenile magazine published in America), and appeared during the months of January, March, April, and May, 1868. It was also brought out in England, in "All the Year Round," in January, February, and March of the same year. The story is in four parts, of which the first, supposed to be written by a young gentleman of eight years of age, explains "how what comes after came to be written." It contains an account of two small boys, who "make believe" that they are married to two little girls, and that they are all high and mighty personages, with relatives and friends of the same stamp. Finding, however, that the "grown-up people won't do what they ought to do," and refuse to allow their claims, they agree that, during the approaching holidays, they will "educate the grown-up people" by hinting to them how things ought to be, veiling their meaning under a mask of romance. They accordingly write three stories, in which the children act the part of men and women, while the men and women are treated as if they were children.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

ALICIA, PRINCESS. The heroine of Miss Alice Rainbird's romance; eldest child of King Watkins the First, and god-daughter of the good fairy Grandmarina, who gives her a magic fish-bone, which can only be used once, but which is warranted to bring her, that once, whatever she wishes for, provided she wishes for it at the right time. The princess is a notable housewife, and is also a very motherly girl, taking sole charge of her eighteen brothers and sisters. She has great good sense, and refrains from using her magic present until some great exigency shall arise. But when, at last, her father informs her that his money is all gone, and that he has

no means of getting any more, though he has tried very hard, and has tried all ways, she thinks the right time must have come for testing the virtue of her godmother's gift, and she therefore wishes it were quarter day; and immediately it *is* quarter day, and the king's quarter's salary comes rattling down the chimney. Moreover, her godmother appears, changes the coarse attire of the princess into the splendid raiment of a bride, and whisks her off to church, where she is married to Prince Certainpersonio, after which there is a magnificent wedding-feast.

When Grandmarina had drunk her love to the young couple, and Prince Certainpersonio had made a speech, and everybody had cried, "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah;" Grandmarina announced to the king and queen that, in future, there would be eight quarter-days in every year, except in leap-year, when there would be ten. She then turned to Certainpersonio and Alicia, and said, "My dears, you will have thirty-five children, and they will all be good and beautiful. Seventeen of your children will be boys, and eighteen will be girls. The hair of the whole of your children will curl naturally. They will never have the measles, and will have recovered from the whooping-cough before being born."

ALICUMPAINE, MRS. One of the characters in Miss Nettie Ashford's romance; a little friend of Mr. and Mrs. Orange, whom she invites to "a small juvenile party" of grown-up people. *See* ASHFORD, MISS NETTIE.

ASHFORD, MISS NETTIE. A child of seven; pretended bride of William Tinkling, Esquire (aged eight), and author of a romance, the scene of which is laid in "a most delightful country to live in," where "the grown-up people are obliged to obey the children, and are never allowed to sit up to supper, except on their birthdays." *See* TINKLING, WILLIAM, ESQUIRE.

BLACK, MRS. One of Mrs. Lemon's pupils in Miss Nettie Ashford's romance. She is a grown-up child, who is always at play, or gadding about and spoiling her clothes, besides being "as pert and as flouncing a minx as ever you met with in all your days."

BOLDHEART, CAPTAIN. Hero of Master Robin Redforth's romance. He is master of the schooner *Beauty*, and greatly distinguishes himself by various valiant exploits, notably his capture of the *Scorpion*, commanded by an old enemy, the Latin-grammar Master, whom he turns adrift in an open boat, with two oars, a compass, a bottle of rum, a small cask of water, a piece of pork, a bag of biscuit, and a Latin grammar. He afterwards finds him on a lonely island, and rescues him from the hands of the natives, who are

cannibals; but, when he subsequently discovers him plotting to give him up to the master of another vessel (the *Family*), he incontinently hangs the traitor at the yard-arm.

BOOZEY, WILLIAM. One of the crew of the *Beauty*, rescued from drowning by Captain Boldheart, and ever afterwards his devoted friend.

BROWN. A vicious (grown-up) boy, greedy, and troubled with the gout, in Miss Nettie Ashford's romance. *See* ASHFORD, MISS NETTIE.

CERTAINPERSONIO, PRINCE. A young gentleman, who becomes the husband of the Princess Alicia. *See* ALICIA, PRINCESS.

DROWVEY, MISS. A schoolmistress in partnership with Miss Grimmer. The opinion of their pupils is divided as to "which is the greatest beast."

GRANDMARINA, FAIRY. Godmother of the Princess Alicia. *See* ALICIA, PRINCESS.

GRIMMER, MISS. A schoolmistress. *See* DROWVEY, MISS.

LATIN-GRAMMAR MASTER, THE. An old teacher and enemy of Captain Boldheart. *See* BOLDHEART.

LEMON, MRS. The proprietress of a preparatory school for grown-up pupils, who figure in Miss Nettie Ashford's romance. *See* ASHFORD, MISS NETTIE.

ORANGE, MR. JAMES. The "husband" of Mrs. Orange.

ORANGE, MRS. A character in Miss Nettie Ashford's romance; "a truly sweet young creature," who has the misfortune to be sadly plagued by a numerous family of grown-up "children," including two parents, two intimate friends of theirs, one godfather, two godmothers, and an aunt. *See* ASHFORD, MISS NETTIE.

PEGGY. Lord Chamberlain at the Court of King Watkins the First, in Miss Alice Rainbird's romance.

PICKLES. A fishmonger in the same story.

RAINBIRD, ALICE. The "bride" of Robin Redforth, and the author of the romance of which the Princess Alicia is the heroine. *See* ALICIA (PRINCESS), and REDFORTH (LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBIN).

REDFORTH, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROBIN. Cousin to William Tinkling, Esquire. He is a young gentleman aged nine, who assumes the part of a pirate, and affects to be peculiarly lawless and bloodthirsty. The romance which contains the story of Captain Boldheart is from his pen. *See* BOLDHEART, CAPTAIN.

TINKLING, WILLIAM, ESQUIRE. Author of the introductory portion of the romance, and editor of the other portions. He is eight years old; and to him Miss Nettie Ashford is "married" in the right-hand closet in the corner of the dancing-school where they first met, with a ring (a green one) from Wilkingwater's toy-shop. His bride, and the bride of his friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Robin Redforth, being in captivity at the school of Drowvey and Grimmer, the two young gentlemen resolve to cut them out on a Wednesday, when walking two and two. The plan fails, however, and Tinkling's bride brands him as a coward. He demands a court-martial, which is granted and assembles; the Emperor of France, the President of the United States, and a certain admiral, being among the members of it. The verdict of "Not guilty" is on the point of being rendered, when an unlooked-for event disturbs the general rejoicing. This is no other than the Emperor of France's aunt catching hold of his hair. The proceedings abruptly terminate, and the court tumultuously dissolves.

TOM. Cousin to Captain Boldheart; a boy remarkable for his cheekiness and unmannerliness.

WATKINS THE FIRST, KING. A character in Miss Alice Rainbird's romance; the manliest of his sex, and husband of a queen who is the loveliest of hers.

They had nineteen children, and were always having more. Seventeen of these children took care of the baby; and Alicia, the eldest, took care of them all. Their ages varied from seven years to seven months.

See ALICIA, PRINCESS.

WHITE. A pale bald child (a grown-up one) with red whiskers, who is a pupil in Mrs. Lemon's preparatory school.

GEORGE SILVERMAN'S EXPLANATION.

THIS tale was written expressly for "The Atlantic Monthly," and was published in that magazine in the months of January, February, and March, 1868. It was republished, the same year, in "All the Year Round."

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

FAREWAY, ADELINA. Pupil of George Silverman, who falls in love with her, and finds his love reciprocated, but resigns her to another out of pure self-depreciation and unworldliness.

FAREWAY, LADY. Her mother; widow of the late Sir Gaston Fareway, Baronet; a penurious and managing woman, handsome, well-preserved, of somewhat large stature, with a steady glare in her great round eyes. She presents Mr. George Silverman to a living of two hundred a year, in North Devonshire, but imposes the condition that he shall help her with her correspondence, accounts, and various little things of that kind, and that he shall gratuitously direct her daughter's studies.

FAREWAY, MR. Her second son; a young gentleman of abilities much above the average, but idle and luxurious, who for a time reads with Mr. Silverman.

GIMBLET, BROTHER. An elderly drysalter; a man with a crabbed face, a large dog's-eared shirt collar, and a spotted blue neckerchief, reaching up behind to the crown of his head. He is an expounder in Brother Hawkyard's congregation.

HAWKYARD, MR. VERITY, of West Bromwich. George Silverman's guardian or patron; a yellow-faced, peak-nosed man, who is an exhorter in a congregation of an obscure denomination, among whom he is called Brother Hawkyard. He is given to boasting, and has a habit of confirming himself in a parenthesis, as if, knowing himself, he doubted his own word. Thus he tells his ward—

"I am a servant of the Lord, George, and I have been a good servant to him (I have) these five-and-thirty years; the Lord has had a good servant in me, and he knows it."

From the first [says George Silverman], I could not like this familiar knowledge of the ways of the sublime, inscrutable Almighty, on Brother Hawkyard's part. As I grew a little wiser, and still a little wiser, I liked it less and less. . . . Before the knowledge became forced upon me, that, outside their place of meeting, these brothers and sisters were no better than the rest of the human family, but on the whole were, to put the case mildly, as bad as most, in respect of giving short weight in their shops, and not speaking the truth,—I say, before this knowledge became forced upon me, their prolix addresses, their inordinate conceit, their daring ignorance, their investment of the Supreme Ruler of heaven and earth with their own miserable meannesses and littlenesses, greatly shocked me.

SILVERMAN, GEORGE. The narrator of the story; born in a cellar in Preston. He thus describes his parents:

Mother had the gripe and clutch of poverty upon her face, upon her figure, and, not least of all, upon her voice. Her sharp and high-pitched words were squeezed out of her, as by the compression of bony fingers on a leathern bag; and she had a way of rolling her eyes about and about the cellar, as she scolded, that was gaunt and hungry. Father, with his shoulders rounded, would sit quiet on a three-legged stool, looking at the empty grate, until she would pluck the stool from under him, and bid him go bring some money home. Then he would dismally ascend the steps; and I, holding my ragged shirt and trousers together with a hand (my only braces), would feint and dodge from mother's pursuing grasp at my hair.

"A worldly little devil" was mother's usual name for me. Whether I cried for that I was in the dark, or for that it was cold, or for that I was hungry; or whether I squeezed myself into a warm corner when there was a fire, or ate voraciously when there was food,—she would still say, "O you worldly little devil!" And the sting of it was, that I quite well knew myself to be a worldly little devil; worldly as to wanting to be housed and warmed; worldly as to wanting to be fed; worldly as to the greed with which I inwardly compared how much I got of those good things with how much father and mother got, when, rarely, those good things were going.

While still a small child, George loses his father and mother, who die miserably of a fever; is taken from the cellar in a half-starved state; and is handed over by the authorities to Brother Hawkyard, who, as it seems, has accepted a trust in behalf of

the boy from a rich grandfather who has just died at Birmingham. After being disinfected, comfortably fed, and furnished with new clothes, he is sent to an old farmhouse at Hoghton Towers, where he remains for a considerable time, and where he begins to form a shy disposition, to be of a timidly silent character under misconstruction, to have an inexpressible and even a morbid dread of becoming sordid or worldly. He is afterwards put to school, told to work his way, and, as time goes on, becomes a Foundation Boy on a good foundation, and is preached at on Sundays by Brother Hawkyard and other expounders of the same kidney. Working still harder, he at last obtains a scholarship at Cambridge, where he lives a secluded life, and studies diligently. Knowing himself to be "unfit for the noisier stir of social existence," he applies his mind to the clerical profession, and at last is presented by Lady Fareway to a living worth two hundred a year. Adelina, the only daughter of Lady Fareway, pursues her studies under his direction; and a strong but undeclared affection springs up between them. But the young clergyman, conscious that her family and fortune place him far beneath her, and feeling that her merits are far greater than his, resolves upon self-sacrifice, and quietly sets to work to turn the current of her love into another channel. For this purpose he introduces to her Mr. Granville Wharton, another pupil of his, and contrives, in various ways, to interest them in each other. The object is accomplished, and, in little more than a year, they come before him, hand in hand, and ask to be united in marriage. As they are both of age, and as the young lady has come into possession of a fortune in her own right, he does not hesitate to do so; but the consequences to himself are disastrous. Lady Fareway has had ambitious projects for her daughter, and indignantly charges George Silverman with taking a percentage upon Adelina's fortune as a bribe for putting Mr. Wharton in possession of it. With the old cry of, "You worldly wretch!" she demands that he should resign his living, contumeliously dismisses him from her presence, and pursues him for many years with bitter animosity. But Adelina and her husband stand by him, and at length he obtains a college living in a sequestered place, lives down the suspicions and calumnies that have dogged his steps, and pens his "Explanation."

SYLVIA. A girl at the farmhouse of Hoghton Towers, where George Silverman is placed by Mr. Hawkyard, after the death of his father and mother.

WHARTON, MR. GRANVILLE. Pupil of George Silverman, and married by him to Adelina Fareway.

NEW UNCOMMERCIAL SAMPLES.

[PUBLISHED IN "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," IN 1869.]

A SMALL STAR IN THE EAST.

JOHN. A boiler-maker, living in the neighbourhood of Ratcliffe and Stepney, who obtains employment but fitfully and rarely, and is forced to live on the work of his wife.

POODLES. A comical mongrel dog, found starving at the door of the "East London Children's Hospital," and taken in and fed, since which he has made it his home. On his neck he wears a collar presented him by an admirer of his mental endowments, and bearing the legend, "Judge not Poodles by external appearances."

A LITTLE DINNER IN AN HOUR.

BULLFINCH. A gentleman, who, having occasion to go to the seaside resort of Namelesston with a friend for the transaction of some business, proposes that they should dine at The Temeraire. They accordingly drive to that house, and order a little dinner, which is to be ready punctually in one hour. They return promptly, but try in vain to eat and drink what is set before them, and come to the conclusion that no such ill-served, ill-appointed, ill-cooked, nasty little dinner could be got for the money anywhere else under the sun.

COCKER, MR. INDIGNATION. A dissatisfied diner at the same house, who disputes the charges in his bill.

MR. BARLOW.

BARLOW, MR. An irrepressible instructive monomaniac, who knows everything, didactically improves all sorts of occasions,

and presents himself in all sorts of aspects and under all kinds of disguises; so named from an all-knowing tutor in Thomas Day's juvenile story of "Sandford and Merton."

ON AN AMATEUR BEAT.

POODLES. A mongrel dog attached to the "East London Children's Hospital." *See* "A Small Star in the East."

I find him making the round of the beds, like a house-surgeon, attended by another dog—a friend—who appears to trot about with him in the character of his pupil-dresser. Poodles is anxious to make me known to a pretty little girl, looking wonderfully healthy, who has had a leg taken off for cancer of the knee. "A difficult operation," Poodles intimates, wagging his tail on the counterpane, "but perfectly successful, as you see, dear sir." The patient, patting Poodles, adds, with a smile, "The leg was so much trouble to me, that I am glad it's gone." I never saw anything in doggery finer than the deportment of Poodles when another little girl opens her mouth to show a peculiar enlargement of the tongue. Poodles (at that time on a table, to be on a level with the occasion) looks at the tongue (with his own sympathetically out) so very gravely and knowingly, that I feel inclined to put my hand in my waistcoat-pocket, and give him a guinea, wrapped in paper.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

THE first number of this work, which closes the series of Dickens's novels, was issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, on the 1st of April, 1870, with two illustrations on wood from drawings by S. L. Fildes. The story was to be completed in twelve monthly parts; but the third part had been published only a few days when death stopped the writer's hand for ever. Three additional numbers, however, were left in manuscript, making just one-half of the entire story.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BAZZARD, MR. Clerk to Mr. Grewgious, over whom he possesses a strange power. He is a pale, puffy-faced, dark-haired person of thirty, with big, dark eyes wholly wanting in lustre, and with a dissatisfied, doughy complexion, that seems to ask to be sent to the baker's. The secret of his influence over Mr. Grewgious is thus explained by that gentleman in a conversation he has with Miss Rosa Bud:

"We were speaking of Mr. Bazzard. . . . What do you think Mr. Bazzard has done?"

"O dear?" cried Rosa, drawing her chair a little nearer, and her mind reverting to Jasper, "nothing dreadful, I hope?"

"He has written a play," said Mr. Grewgious, in a solemn whisper. "A tragedy."

Rosa seemed much relieved.

"And nobody," pursued Mr. Grewgious in the same tone, "will hear, on any account whatever, of bringing it out."

Rosa looked reflective, and nodded her head slowly; as who should say, "Such things are, and why are they!"

"Now, you know," said Mr. Grewgious, "*I* couldn't write a play."

"Not a bad one, sir?" said Rosa, innocently, with her eyebrows again in action.

"No. If I was under sentence of decapitation, and was about to be instantly decapitated, and an express arrived with a pardon for the condemned convict Grewgious if he wrote a play, I should be under the necessity of resuming the block, and begging the executioner to proceed to extremities,—meaning," said Mr. Grewgious, passing his hand under his chin, "the singular number, and this extremity."

Rosa appeared to consider what she would do if the awkward supposititious case were hers.

"Consequently," said Mr. Grewgious, "Mr. Bazzard would have a sense of my inferiority to himself under any circumstances; but when I am his master, you know, the case is greatly aggravated."

Mr. Grewgious shook his head seriously, as if he felt the offence to be a little too much, though of his own committing.

"How came you to be his master, sir?" asked Rosa.

"A question that naturally follows," said Mr. Grewgious. "Let's talk. Mr. Bazzard's father, being a Norfolk farmer, would have furiously laid about him with a flail, a pitchfork, and every agricultural implement available for assaulting purposes, on the slightest hint of his son's having written a play. So the son, bringing to me the father's rent (which I receive), imparted his secret, and pointed out that he was determined to pursue his genius, and that it would put him in peril of starvation, and that he was not formed for it."

"For pursuing his genius, sir?"

"No, my dear," said Mr. Grewgious, "for starvation. It was impossible to deny the position, that Mr. Bazzard was not formed to be starved, and Mr. Bazzard then pointed out that it was desirable that I should stand between him and a fate so perfectly unsuited to his formation. In that way Mr. Bazzard became my clerk, and he feels it very much."

"I am glad he is grateful," said Rosa.

"I didn't quite mean that, my dear. I mean, that he feels the degradation. There are some other geniuses that Mr. Bazzard has become acquainted with, who have also written tragedies, which likewise nobody will on any account whatever bear of bringing out, and these choice spirits dedicate their plays to one another in a highly panegyrical manner. Mr. Bazzard has been the subject of one of these dedications. Now, you know, *I* never had a play dedicated to *me!*"

Rosa looked at him as if she would have liked him to be the recipient of a thousand dedications.

"Which again, naturally, rubs against the grain of Mr. Bazzard," said Mr. Grewgious. "He is very short with me sometimes, and then I feel that he is meditating, 'This blockhead is my master! A fellow who couldn't write a tragedy on pain of death, and who will never have one dedicated to him with the most complimentary congratulations on the high position he has taken in the eyes of posterity!' Very trying, very trying. However, in giving him directions, I reflect beforehand: 'Perhaps he may not like this,' or 'He might take it ill if I asked that;' and so we get on very well. Indeed, better than I could have expected."

"Is the tragedy named, sir?" asked Rosa.

"Strictly between ourselves," answered Mr. Grewgious, "it has a dreadfully appropriate name. It is called The Thorn of Anxiety. But Mr. Bazzard hopes—and I hope—that it will come out at last."

(Ch. xi., xx.)

BILLICKIN, MRS. A widowed cousin of Mr. Bazzard's, who lets furnished lodgings in Southampton Street, Bloomsbury Square. Personal faintness and an overpowering candour are the distinguishing features of her organisation. (Ch. xxii.)

With this lady Mr. Grewgious obtains rooms for his ward, Miss Rosa Bud. Having concluded the bargain, he writes and signs a few lines of agreement, and requests Mrs. Billickin to put her signature to the document also, "Christian and surname" in full.

"Mr. Grewgious," said Mrs. Billickin in a new burst of candour, "no, sir! You must excuse the christian-name."

Mr. Grewgious stared at her.

"The door-plate is used as a protection," said Mrs. Billickin, "and acts as such, and go from it I will not."

Mr. Grewgious stared at Rosa.

"No, Mr. Grewgious, you must excuse me. So long as this 'ouse is known indefinite as Billickin's, and so long as it is a doubt with the riff-raff where Billickin may be hidin', near the street-door or down the airy, and what his weight and size, so long I feel safe. But commit myself to a solitary female statement, no, Miss! Nor would you for a moment wish," said Mrs. Billickin, with a strong sense of injury, "to take that advantage of your sex, if you were not brought to it by inconsiderate example."

Rosa reddening as if she had made some most disgraceful attempt to overreach the good lady, besought Mr. Grewgious to rest content with any signature; and accordingly, in a baronial way, the sign-manual BILLICKIN got appended to the document.

BUD, MISS ROSA, called "ROSEBUD." A wonderfully pretty, childish, and whimsical young lady, who is an orphan, and the ward of Mr. Grewgious. While yet a mere child, she is betrothed to Edwin Drood; her father and his having been very dear and firm and fast friends, and desiring that their only children should be to one another even more than they themselves had been to one another. But, as Rosa and Edwin grow up, they find that they are not truly happy in their engagement, and that each resents being thus married by anticipation. They accordingly agree to break off the engagement, and to "change to brother and sister" thenceforth. Shortly after this event, Edwin Drood disappears, and is supposed to have been murdered. (Ch. iii., vii., ix., xiii., xix.–xxii.) *See* TARTAR, LIEUTENANT.

CRISPARKLE, THE REVEREND SEPTIMUS. One of the minor canons of Cloisterham Cathedral; a model clergy-

man, and a true Christian gentleman. (Ch. ii., vi.–viii., x., xii., xiv.–xvii., xxi.–xxiii.)

Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, fair and rosy, and perpetually pitching himself head-foremost into all the deep running water in the surrounding country; Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, early riser, musical, classical, cheerful, kind, good-natured, social, contented, and boy-like; Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon and good man, lately "Coach" upon the chief Pagan high roads, but since promoted by a patron (grateful for a well-taught son) to his present Christian beat.

CRISPARKLE, MRS., called "The China Shepherdess." His mother; a pretty old lady, with bright eyes, a calm and cheerful face, and a trim and compact figure. (Ch. vi., vii., x.)

DATCHERY, DICK. A mysterious white-haired man, with black eyebrows, who presents himself in Cloisterham shortly after the death of Edwin Drood, and who takes lodgings overlooking the rooms of Mr. Jasper.

Being buttoned up in a tightish blue surtout, with a buff waistcoat and gray trousers, he had something of a military air; but he announced himself at The Crozier (the orthodox hotel, where he put up with a portmanteau) as an idle dog who lived upon his means; and he farther announced that he had a mind to take a lodging in the picturesque old city for a month or two, with a view of settling down there altogether.

Who or what he is does not appear; but it is plain that he takes up his abode in Cloisterham for the sole purpose of watching Jasper. (Ch. xviii., xxiii.)

DEPUTY. A hideous small boy, hired by Durdles to pelt him home, if he catches him out too late. He explains to Jasper that he is a "man-servant up at The Travellers' Twopenny," a crazy wooden inn near the cathedral. As a caution to Durdles to stand clear if he can, or to betake himself home, the young imp always chants the following note of preparation before beginning to fling stones:

Widdy widdy wen!
I—ket—ches—Im—out—ar—ter—tea,
Widdy widdy wy!
Then—E—don't—go—then—I—shy—
Widdy Widdy Wake-cock warning!

—with a comprehensive sweep on the last word.

The relations between Durdles and Deputy are of a capricious kind; for, on Durdle's turning himself about with the slow gravity of beery soddenness, Deputy makes a pretty wide circuit into the road and stands on the defensive.

"You never cried Widdy Warning before you begun to-night," says Durdles, unexpectedly reminded of, or imagining, an injury.

"Yer lie, I did," says Deputy, in his only form of polite contradiction.

"Own brother, sir," observes Durdles, turning himself about again, and as unexpectedly forgetting his offence as he had recalled or conceived it; "own brother to Peter the Wild Boy! But I gave him an object in life."

"At which he takes aim?" Mr. Jasper suggests.

"That's it, sir," returns Durdles, quite satisfied; "at which he takes aim. I took him in hand and gave him an object. What was he before? A destroyer. What work did he do? Nothing but destruction. What did he earn by it? Short terms in Cloisterham Jail. Not a person, not a piece of property, not a winder, not a horse, nor a dog, nor a cat, nor a bird, nor a fowl, nor a pig, but what he stoned, for want of an enlightened object. I put that enlightened object before him, and now he can turn his honest halfpenny by the three penn'orth a week."

(Ch. v., xii., xviii., xxiii.)

DROOD, EDWIN. The character from whom the story takes its name; a young man left an orphan at an early age, and betrothed, in accordance with his father's dying wish, to Miss Rosa Bud, the daughter of an old and very dear friend. At the time the story opens, the young lady is attending the school of Miss Twinkleton, at Cloisterham, and the young gentleman is studying engineering in London. Neither of them is reconciled to the thought that their destiny in life has, in a most important respect, been predetermined for them; yet the thought of questioning the arrangement has not occurred to either; and Edwin runs down to Cloisterham every now and then, both to see his intended and to visit his uncle, Mr. Jasper, who is but little older than himself, and is his most intimate friend and companion. On one of these occasions, he meets at the Reverend Mr. Crisparkle's a young man named Neville Landless, and his sister Helena, who are pursuing their studies—the one under Mr. Crisparkle's direction, the other at Miss Twinkleton's establishment. The young men take a strong dislike to each other. Edwin thinks Neville's sister vastly superior to her brother; while the latter is disgusted by the air of proprietorship with which Edwin treats Rosa. They escort the young ladies home for the night, and then repair at the invitation of Mr. Jasper, to his lodgings to have a glass of wine. The drink is mixed for them by their host; and, although they take only a moderate quantity, it seems to madden them; for from sarcastic remarks they soon come to open violence, when they are separated by Jasper, who takes young Neville home, and reports his conduct to Mr. Crisparkle. In the morning, Edwin

departs for London, and Mr. Crisparkle is consequently unable to bring about an immediate reconciliation; but he resolves to do so on the first opportunity that offers. He talks about the matter to Neville, who expresses himself willing to make an apology; and Mr. Jasper writes to Edwin, who replies that he shall be glad to make any amends for his hasty display of temper. It is therefore arranged that the young men shall meet again at Mr. Jasper's rooms, and "shake hands, and say no more about it." Before revisiting Cloisterham, Edwin calls on Rosa's guardian, Mr. Grewgious, who gives him a wedding-ring, which belonged to her departed mother, and charges him to look carefully into his own heart before making Rosa his wife; for, although the marriage was a wish dear both to his own father and to hers, he ought not to commit himself to such a step for no higher reason than because he has long been accustomed to look forward to it. Edwin departs, and, deeply pondering the injunction of Mr. Grewgious, becomes convinced that the marriage ought not to take place. He resolves to have a frank conversation with Rosa, feeling well assured that her views will coincide with his own. Repairing to the Nuns' House, he seeks her with this intention, but finds himself anticipated; for she enters at once upon the subject herself. The result is, that, although they agree to remain the best of friends, they cease to be lovers, and resolve to send at once for Mr. Grewgious, and communicate their determination to him, but to be quite silent upon the subject to all others, until his arrival. Edwin's sole anxiety, as he tells Rosa, is for his uncle, whom he dearly loves, and who, as he believes, has set his heart on the union. Although Rosa does not declare her thoughts, she yet believes that the breaking-off of the match will not be so great a disappointment to Mr. Jasper as Edwin thinks, having good reason to know that he is himself deeply in love with her. They separate for the night, the young man going to his uncle's to meet Neville Landless, who, after promising Mr. Crisparkle that he will curb his impetuous temper, directs his steps to the same place.

The next morning, Edwin Drood is nowhere to be found; and young Landless sets out early for a two-weeks' ramble through the neighbouring country. Mr. Jasper, becoming alarmed at the disappearance of his nephew, arouses the town. He says that the young men, after meeting at his room, went out together for a walk near the river. The feud between them is well known; and dark suspicions are entertained of foul play. Young Landless is followed and arrested. The river is dragged, and no body is discovered; but a watch, identified as

Edwin's, is found; and a jeweller testifies that he wound and set it for him at twenty minutes past two on the afternoon of his arrival, and that it had run down before being cast into the water. Further than this, nothing can be discovered, and, as there is not evidence enough to warrant Neville's detention, he is set at liberty. So strong is the popular feeling against him, however, that he is forced to leave the town, and takes up his residence in an obscure part of London. Here he is visited by Mr. Crisparkle, who firmly believes in his innocence; and here he is watched and dogged by Mr. Jasper, who has taken a solemn oath to devote his life to ferreting out the murderer.

Although the reader is left in the dark, by the abrupt termination of the novel, as to who is the guilty party, he is led to believe that Mr. Jasper is the real assassin. He is desperately in love with Rosa; though she thoroughly dislikes and despises him. After the death of Edwin, he visits her, and declares his love, promising to forego his pursuit of young Landless, in whom she is deeply interested, if she will give him some encouragement. He shows himself at least to be fully capable of the crime; and he is suspected by Rosa herself and by Mr. Grewgious. (Ch. ii., vii., viii., xi., xiii., xiv.)

DURDLES. A stonemason; chiefly in the gravestone, tomb, and monument way, and wholly of their colour from head to foot. (Ch. iv., xii., xiv.)

No man is better known in Cloisterham. He is the chartered libertine of the place. Fame trumpets him a wonderful workman—which, for aught that anybody knows, he may be (as he never works); and a wonderful sot—which everybody knows he is. With the Cathedral crypt he is better acquainted than any living authority; it may even be than any dead one. It is said that the intimacy of this acquaintance began in his habitually resorting to that secret place, to lock-out the Cloisterham boy-populace, and sleep off the fumes of liquor; he having ready access to the Cathedral, as contractor for rough repairs. Be this as it may, he does know much about it, and, in the demolition of impedimental fragments of wall, buttress, and pavement, has seen strange sights. He often speaks of himself in the third person; perhaps, being a little misty as to his own identity, when he narrates; perhaps impartially adopting the Cloisterham nomenclature in reference to a character of acknowledged distinction. Thus he will say, touching his strange sights: "Durdles come upon the old chap," in reference to a buried magnate of ancient time and high degree, "by striking right into the coffin with his pick. The old chap gave Durdles a look with his open eyes, as much as to say, 'Is your name Durdles? Why, my man, I've been waiting for you a devil of a time!' And then he turned to powder." With a two-foot rule always in his pocket, and a mason's hammer all but always in his hand, Durdles goes continually sounding and tapping all about and about

the Cathedral; and whenever he says to Tope, "Tope, here's another old 'un in here!" Tope announces it to the Dean as an established discovery.

Mr. Jasper visits the cathedral one night with Durdles, whom he plies with liquor until he falls asleep; and he improves the opportunity to make an extended examination of the crypt, using the keys of his companion to obtain admission into its locked-up recesses. For what purpose this exploration is made does not appear, but, probably, for the sake of finding a safe hiding-place for the body of Edwin Drood, whom Jasper, as the reader is led to infer, has made up his mind to put out of the way. *See* DEPUTY.

FERDINAND, MISS. A pupil at Miss Twinkleton's school. (Ch. ix., xiii.)

GIGGLES, MISS. Another pupil at the same school. (Ch. ix., xiii.)

GREWGIOUS, HIRAM, ESQUIRE. Miss Rosa Bud's guardian, and "a particularly angular man." (Ch. ix., xi., xv.–xvii., xx.–xxii.)

He was an arid, sandy man, who, if he had been put into a grinding mill, looked as if he would have ground immediately into high-dried snuff. He had a scanty flat crop of hair, in colour and consistency like some very mangy yellow fur tippet; it was so unlike hair, that it must have been a wig, but for the stupendous improbability of anybody's voluntarily sporting such a head. The little play of feature that his face presented was cut deep into it, in a few hard curves that made it more like work; and he had certain notches in his forehead, which looked as though Nature had been about to touch them into sensibility or refinement, when she had impatiently thrown away the chisel, and said: "I really cannot be worried to finish off this man; let him go as he is."

With too great length of throat at his upper end, and too much ankle-bone and heel at his lower; with an awkward and hesitating manner; with a shambling walk; and with what is called a near sight—which perhaps prevented his observing how much white cotton stocking he displayed to the public eye, in contrast with his black suit—Mr. Grewgious still had some strange capacity in him of making on the whole an agreeable impression.

After the disappearance of Edwin Drood, Mr. Grewgious has an interview with Jasper, whose appearance and conduct are such as to excite the strongest suspicions of his being the murderer of that young gentleman. Mr. Grewgious keeps his thoughts to himself however; but when Rosa, pursued by Jasper, goes to London to throw herself on her guardian's

protection, he astonishes his little ward by his indignation, exclaiming with a sudden rush of amazing energy, "Damn him!

Confound his politics!
Frustrate his knavish tricks!
On Thee his hopes to fix?
Damn him again!"

After this most extraordinary outburst, Mr. Grewgious, quite beside himself, plunged about the room, to all appearance undecided whether he was in a fit of loyal enthusiasm or combative denunciation.

He stopped and said, wiping his face: "I beg your pardon, my dear, but you will be glad to know I feel better. Tell me no more just now, or I might do it again."

He immediately sets about making his ward comfortable, procures lodgings for her, makes arrangements for Miss Twinkleton's staying with her as a companion and friend, and devotes himself to investigating the mystery of Edwin Drood's sudden disappearance.

HONEYTHUNDER, MR. LUKE. Chairman of the Convened Chief Composite Committee of Central and District Philanthropists, and guardian of Neville and Helena Landless. He is a large man, with a tremendous voice, and an appearance of being constantly engaged in crowding everybody to the wall.

Though it was not literally true, as was facetiously charged against him by public unbelievers, that he called aloud to his fellow-creatures: "Curse your souls and bodies, come here and be blessed!" still his philanthropy was of that gunpowderous sort that the difference between it and animosity was hard to determine. You were to abolish military force, but you were first to bring all commanding officers who had done their duty, to trial by court-martial for that offence, and shoot them. You were to abolish war, but were to make converts by making war upon them, and charging them with loving war as the apple of their eye. You were to have no capital punishment, but were first to sweep off the face of the earth all legislators, jurists, and judges, who were of the contrary opinion. You were to have universal concord, and were to get it by eliminating all the people who wouldn't, or conscientiously couldn't, be concordant. You were to love your brother as yourself, but after an indefinite interval of maligning him (very much as if you hated him), and calling him all manner of names. Above all things, you were to do nothing in private, or on your own account. You were to go to the offices of the Haven of Philanthropy, and put your name down as a Member and a Professing Philanthropist. Then, you were to pay up your subscription, get your card of membership and your riband and medal, and were evermore to live upon a platform, and evermore to say what Mr. Honeythunder said, and what the Treasurer said, and what the sub-Treasurer said, and what the Committee said, and what the sub-Committee said, and what the Secretary said, and what the Vice-Secretary said. And this was usually said in the unanimously-carried resolution under hand and seal, to the effect: "That this assembled Body of Professing Philan-

thropists views, with indignant scorn and contempt, not unmixed with utter detestation and loathing abhorrence"—in short, the baseness of all those who do not belong to it, and pledges itself to make as many obnoxious statements as possible about them, without being at all particular as to facts.

(Ch. vi., xvii.)

JASPER, JOHN. A music-master who is employed as choir-master in Cloisterham Cathedral; uncle to Edwin Drood, for whom he professes the strongest affection.

Mr. Jasper is a dark man of some six-and-twenty, with thick, lustrous, well-arranged black hair and whiskers. He looks older than he is, as dark men often do. His voice is deep and good, his face and figure are good, his manner is a little sombre.

Jasper is addicted to the use of opium, and resorts every now and then to a miserable hole in London, where the drug is prepared in a peculiar form by an old hag, and where he smokes himself into the wildest dreams. He goes to this place after the disappearance of Edwin Drood, and is followed, when he leaves, by the old woman, who thus ascertains who and what he is. The two are, in turn, watched by Mr. Datchery, who appears well satisfied on discovering the connection between them. (Ch. i., ii., iv., v., vii.–x., xii., xiv.–xvi., xviii., xix., xxii., xxiii.)

JENNINGS, MISS. A pupil at Miss Twinkleton's Seminary for Young Ladies. (Ch. ix.)

JOE. Driver of an omnibus, which is the daily service between Cloisterham and external mankind. (Ch. vi., xv., xx.)

LANDLESS, HELENA. A native of Ceylon, but the child of English parents; a ward of Mr. Honeythunder's, who sends her to Miss Twinkleton's School for Young Ladies in Cloisterham, where she becomes the friend and confidante of Rosa Bud. She is an unusually handsome, lithe girl, very dark and rich in colour—almost of the gipsy type—with something untamed about her, as there is, also, about her twin brother Neville.

A certain air upon them of hunter and huntress; yet withal a certain air of being the objects of the chase, rather than the followers. Slender, supple, quick of eye and limb; half shy, half defiant; fierce of look; an indefinable kind of pause coming and going on their whole expression, both of face and form, which might be equally likened to the pause before a crouch or a bound.

(Ch. vi., vii., x., xiii., xiv., xxii.)

LANDLESS, NEVILLE. Her brother, studying with the Reverend Mr. Crisparkle, and suspected of the murder of Edwin Drood. (Ch. vi.–viii., x., xii., xiv.–xvii.)

LOBLEY, MR. A boatman in the service of Mr. Tartar—"the dead image of the sun in old woodcuts," his hair and whisker answering for rays all around him. (Ch. xxii.)

REYNOLDS, MISS. A pupil at the Nuns' House, Miss Twinkleton's Seminary for Young Ladies. (Ch. ix.)

RICKITTS, MISS. Another pupil at the same establishment.

SAPSEA, MR. THOMAS. An auctioneer, afterwards Mayor of Cloisterham.

Accepting the Jackass as the type of self-sufficient stupidity and conceit—a custom, perhaps, like some few other customs, more conventional than fair—then the purest Jackass in Cloisterham is Mr. Thomas Sapsea, Auctioneer.

Mr. Sapsea "dresses at" the Dean; has been bowed to for the Dean, in mistake; has even been spoken to in the street as My Lord, under the impression that he was the Bishop come down unexpectedly, without his chaplain. Mr. Sapsea is very proud of this, and of his voice, and of his style. He has even (in selling landed property) tried the experiment of slightly intoning in his pulpit, to make himself more like what he takes to be the genuine ecclesiastical article. So, in ending a Sale by Public Auction, Mr. Sapsea finishes off with an air of bestowing a benediction on the assembled brokers, which leaves the real Dean—a modest and worthy gentleman—far behind.

Mr. Sapsea has many admirers; indeed, the proposition is carried by a large local majority, even including non-believers in his wisdom, that he is a credit to Cloisterham. He posssses the great qualities of being portentous and dull, and of having a roll in his speech, and another roll in his gait; not to mention a certain gravely flowing action with his hands, as if he were presently going to Confirm the individual with whom he holds discourse. Much nearer sixty years of age than fifty, with a flowing outline of stomach, and horizontal creases in his waistcoat: reputed to be rich; voting at elections in the strictly respectable interest; morally satisfied that nothing but he himself has grown since he was a baby; how can dunder-headed Mr. Sapsea be otherwise than a credit to Cloisterham, and society?

Having lost his wife, Mr. Sapsea determines to compose an epitaph for her tombstone, that shall strike all ordinary minds with awe and confusion. When this literary thunderbolt is forged, he calls in Mr. Jasper to get his opinion of it. Not to astound the young man by immediately launching this masterpiece of scholastic workmanship at him, Mr. Sapsea considerately begins by explaining how he came, first by his extensive knowledge, secondly by his wife. The lady thus honoured was a Miss Brobity, the mistress of a school in Cloisterham.

"She revered Mind, when launched, or, as I say, precipitated, on an extensive knowledge of the world. When I made my proposal, she did me the honour to be so overshadowed with a species of Awe, as to be able to articulate only the two words, "O Thou!" meaning myself. Her limpid blue eyes were fixed upon me, her semi-transparent hands were

clasped together, pallor overspread her aquiline features, and, though encouraged to proceed, she never did proceed a word further. I disposed of the parallel establishment by private contract, and we became as nearly one as could be expected under the circumstances. But she never could, and she never did, find a phrase satisfactory to her perhaps-too-favourable estimate of my intellect. To the very last (feeble action of liver), she addressed me in the same unfinished terms."

Mr. Jasper has closed his eyes as the auctioneer has deepened his voice. He now abruptly opens them, and says, in unison with the deepened voice, "Ah!"—rather as if stopping himself on the extreme verge of adding—"men!"

"I have been since," says Mr. Sapsea, with his legs stretched out, and solemnly enjoying himself with the wine and the fire, "what you behold me; I have been since a solitary mourner; I have been since, as I say, wasting my evening conversation on the desert air. I will not say that I have reproached myself; but there have been times when I have asked myself the question: What if her husband had been nearer on a level with her? If she had not had to look up quite so high, what might the stimulating action have been upon the liver?"

Mr. Jasper says, with an appearance of having fallen into dreadfully low spirits, that he "supposes it was to be."

"We can only suppose so, sir," Mr. Sapsea coincides. "As I say, Man proposes, Heaven disposes. It may or may not be putting the same tho[illegible]t in another form; but that is the way I put it."

Mr. Jasper murmurs assent.

"And now, Mr. Jasper," resumes the auctioneer, producing his scrap of manuscript, "Mrs. Sapsea's monument having had full time to settle and dry, let me take your opinion, as a man of taste, on the inscription I have (as I before remarked, not without some little fever of the brow) drawn out for it. Take it in your own hand. The setting out of the lines requires to be followed with the eye, as well as the contents with the mind."

Mr. Jasper complying, sees and reads as follows:

ETHELINDA,
REVERENTIAL WIFE OF
MR. THOMAS SAPSEA,
AUCTIONEER, VALUER, ESTATE AGENT, &c.,
OF THIS CITY.
WHOSE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD,
THOUGH SOMEWHAT EXTENSIVE,
NEVER BROUGHT HIM ACQUAINTED WITH
A SPIRIT
MORE CAPABLE OF
LOOKING UP TO HIM.
STRANGER, PAUSE,
AND ASK THYSELF THE QUESTION,
CANST THOU DO LIKEWISE,
IF NOT,
WITH A BLUSH RETIRE.

* * * * * * *

"Admirable!" quoth Mr. Jasper, handing back the paper.

"You approve, sir?"

"Impossible not to approve. Striking, characteristic, and complete."

The auctioneer inclines his head, as one accepting his due and giving a receipt.

(Ch. iv., xii., xiv.–xvi., xviii.)

TARTAR, LIEUTENANT. An ex-officer of the Royal Navy, who has come into possession of a fortune, and has retired from the service.

A handsome gentleman, with a young face, but with an older figure in its robustness and its breadth of shoulder; say a man of eight-and-twenty, or at the utmost thirty; so extremely sunburnt that the contrast between his brown visage and the white forehead shaded out of doors by his hat, and the glimpses of white throat below the neckerchief, would have been almost ludicrous but for his broad temples, bright blue eyes, clustering brown hair, and laughing teeth.

He becomes the friend of Neville Landless, and makes the acquaintance of Rosa Bud, whose husband, it is probable, Mr. Dickens intended him to become. (Ch. xvii., xxi., xxii.)

TISHER, MRS. A deferential widow, with a weak back, a chronic sigh, and a suppressed voice, who looks after the young ladies' wardrobes at the Nuns' House, Miss Twinkleton's seminary at Cloisterham. (Ch. ii., vii., ix., xiii.)

TOPE, MR. Chief verger of Cloisterham Cathedral. (Ch. ii., vi., xii., xiv., xvi., xviii., xxiii.)

TOPE, MRS. His wife. (Ch. ii., xii., xiv., xvi., xviii., xxiii.)

TWINKLETON, MISS. Mistress of a boarding-school for young ladies in Cloisterham, attended by Rosa Bud and Helena Landless. (Ch. iii., vi., vii., ix., xiii., xxii.)

In the midst of Cloisterham stands the Nuns' House; a venerable brick edifice, whose present appellation is doubtless derived from the legend of its conventual uses. On the trim gate enclosing its old courtyard is a resplendent brass plate flashing forth the legend: "Seminary for Young Ladies. Miss Twinkleton." The house-front is so old and worn, and the brass plate is so shining and staring, that the general result has reminded imaginative strangers of a battered old bean with a large modern eye-glass stuck in his blind eye. . . .

Miss Twinkleton has two distinct and separate phases of being. Every night, the moment the young ladies have retired to rest, does Miss Twinkleton smarten up her curls a little, brighten up her eyes a little, and become a sprightlier Miss Twinkleton than the young ladies have ever seen. Every night at the same hour, does Miss Twinkleton resume the topics of the previous night, comprehending the tenderer scandal of Cloisterham, of which she has no knowledge whatever by day, and references to a certain season at Tunbridge Wells (airily called by Miss Twinkleton in this state of her existence "The Wells"), notably the season wherein a certain finished gentleman (compassionately called by Miss Twinkleton, in this stage of her existence, "Foolish Mr. Porters") revealed a homage of the heart, whereof Miss Twinkleton, in her scholastic state of existence, is as ignorant as a granite pillar.

REPRINTED PIECES.

UNDER this name, thirty-one sketches, all of them originally published in "Household Words," between the years 1850 and 1856, were first brought together in 1858, and published in the twelfth volume of the "Library Edition" of Dickens's works, issued jointly by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, and Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. In the pages here devoted to these "Reprinted Pieces," several are wholly left out of view; the characters in them being nameless, and therefore not falling within the scope of this Dictionary.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

THE LONG VOYAGE.

(Containing recollections of various incidents of travel.)

BLIGH, CAPTAIN. Master of the *Bounty*, turned adrift on the wide ocean in an open boat.

BRIMER, MR. Fifth mate of the *Halsewell.*

CHRISTIAN, FLETCHER. One of the officers of the *Bounty*; a mutineer.

CHRISTIAN, THURSDAY OCTOBER. A native of Pitcairn's Island; son of Fletcher Christian by a savage mother.

MACMANUS, MR. A midshipman on board of the *Halsewell*, an East-Indiaman wrecked on the island of Purbeck.

MANSEL, MISS. A passenger on the same ship.

MERITON, MR. HENRY. Second mate of the *Halsewell.*

PIERCE, CAPTAIN. Master of the *Halsewell.*

PIERCE, MISS MARY. His daughter.

ROGERS, MR. Third mate of the *Halsewell.*

SCHUTZ, MR. A passenger in the same ship.

THE BEGGING-LETTER WRITER.

SOUTHCOTE, MR. One of the many aliases of a professional swindler, who writes letters soliciting money for the relief of his necessities.

SOUTHCOTE, MRS. His wife.

OUR ENGLISH WATERING-PLACE.

MILLS, MISS JULIA. A sentimental novel-reader, who figures also in "David Copperfield" as the bosom friend of Dora Spenlow.

She has left marginal notes on the pages, as, "Is not this truly touching?—J. M." "How thrilling!—J. M." "Entranced here by the magician's potent spell.—J. M." She has also Italicised her favourite traits in the description of the hero, as "His hair, which was *dark* and *wavy*, clustered in *rich profusion* around a *marble brow*, whose lofty paleness bespoke the intellect within." It reminds her of another hero. She adds, "How like B. L.! Can this be mere coincidence?—J. M."

PEEPY, THE HONOURABLE MISS. The beauty of her day, but long deceased.

OUR FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

LOYAL DEVASSEUR, M. Citizen, town-councillor, and landlord. He is an old soldier, and a staunch admirer of the great Napoleon.

His respect for the memory of the illustrious general is enthusiastic. Medallions of him, portraits of him, busts of him, pictures of him, are thickly sprinkled all over the property. During the first month of our occupation, it was our affliction to be constantly knocking down Napoleon: if we touched a shelf in a dark corner, he toppled over with a crash; and every door we opened shook him to the soul. Yet M. Loyal is not a man of mere castles in the air, or, as he would say, in Spain. He has a specially practical, contriving, clever, skilful eye and hand. His houses are delightful. He unites French elegance and English comfort in a happy manner quite his own. He has an extraordinary genius for making tasteful little bedrooms in angles of his roofs, which an Englishman would as soon think of turning to any account as he would think of cultivating the desert. We have ourselves reposed deliciously in an elegant chamber of M. Loyal's construction, with our head as nearly in the kitchen chimney-pot as we

can conceive it likely for the head of any gentleman, not by profession a sweep, to be. . . . M. Loyal's nature is the nature of a gentleman. He cultivates his ground with his own hands (assisted by one little labourer, who falls into a fit now and then); and he digs and delves from morn to eve in prodigious perspirations—"works always," as he says—but cover him with dust, mud, weeds, water, any stains you will, you never can cover the gentleman in M. Loyal. A portly, upright, broad-shouldered, brown-faced man, whose soldierly bearing gives him the appearance of being taller than he is. Look into the bright eye of M. Loyal, standing before you in his working blouse and cap, not particularly well shaved, and, it may be, very earthy, and you shall discern in M. Loyal a gentleman whose true politeness is ingrain, and confirmation of whose word by his bond you would blush to think of.

FÉROCE, M. A gentleman "in the bathing line;" immensely stout, of a beaming aspect, and of very mild and polished manners.

BIRTHS. MRS. MEEK, OF A SON.

BIGBY, MRS. Mother of Mrs. Meek, and a most remarkable woman. Her son-in-law says of her—

In my opinion, she would storm a town, single-handed, with a hearth-broom, and carry it. I have never known her to yield any point whatever to mortal man. She is calculated to terrify the stoutest heart.

MEEK, AUGUSTUS GEORGE. Infant son of Mr. George Meek.

MEEK, MR. GEORGE. The narrator of the story; a quiet man, of small stature, a weak voice, and a tremulous constitution. He is made utterly miserable by the manner in which his infant child is smothered, and rasped, and dosed, and bandaged by the nurse, aided and abetted by his wife's mother; and he is betrayed into expressing himself warmly on the subject, notwithstanding his wish to avoid giving rise to words in the family.

MEEK, MRS. His wife.

PRODGIT, MRS. Mrs. Meek's nurse; considered by Mr. Meek to be "from first to last a convention and a superstition," whom the medical faculty ought to take in hand and improve.

One afternoon . . . I came home earlier than usual from the office, and, proceeding into the dining-room, found an obstruction behind the door, which prevented it from opening freely. It was an obstruction of a soft nature. On looking in, I found it to be a female, who stood in the corner, behind the door, consuming sherry-wine. From the nutty smell of that beverage pervading the apartment, I have no doubt she was consuming a second glassful. She wore a black

bonnet of large dimensions, and was copious in figure. The expression of her countenance was severe and discontented. The words to which she gave utterance on seeing me were these, "Oh! git along with you, sir, if *you* please. Me and Mrs. Bigby don't want no male parties here."

LYING AWAKE.

WINKING, CHARLEY. A sturdy vagrant in one of Her Majesty's jails, who, like Her Majesty, like the author, like everybody else, has had many astonishing experiences in his dreams.

THE POOR RELATION'S STORY.

(One of the tales in "A Round of Stories by the Christmas Fire," the Christmas number of "Household Words" for 1852.)

CHILL, UNCLE. An avaricious, crabbed old man; uncle to Michael.

CHRISTIANA. An old sweetheart of Michael's, to whom he imagines that he is married.

FRANK, LITTLE. A cousin of Michael's; a diffident boy, for whom he has a particular affection.

MICHAEL. The "poor relation," and the narrator of the story, which hinges upon a fancy of *what might have been.* Premising that he is not what he is supposed to be, he proceeds, in the first place, to state what he *is* supposed to be, and then goes on to tell what his life and habits and belongings really are. He is thought to be very poor; in fact, he is rich. He is thought to be friendless; but he has the best of friends. He is thought to have been refused by a lady whom he loved: it is a mistake; he married the lady, and has a happy family around him. He is thought to live in a lodging in the Clapham Road: in reality, he lives in a castle—*in the air.*

SNAP, BETSEY. Uncle Chill's only domestic; a withered, hard-favoured, yellow old woman.

SPATTER, JOHN. Michael's clerk, and afterwards his partner.

THE CHILD'S STORY.

(One of the tales in "A Round of Stories by the Christmas Fire," the Christmas number of "Household Words" for 1852.)

FANNY. One of the prettiest girls that ever was seen, in love with "Somebody."

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S STORY.

CHEESEMAN, OLD. A poor boy at a boarding-school, who is a general favourite with his fellows, until he is made second Latin master; when they all agree in regarding him as a spy and a deserter, who has sold himself for gold (two pounds ten a quarter, and his washing). After this his life becomes very miserable; for the master and his wife look down upon him, and snub him; while the boys persecute him in many ways, and even form a society for the express purpose of making a set against him. One morning he is missed from his place, and it is thought at first by the pupils that, unable to stand it any longer, he has got up early and drowned himself. It turns out, however, that he has come into a large fortune, a fact which puts a very different face upon matters, making the master obsequious, and the scholars afraid for the consequences of what they have done. But "Old Cheeseman" is not in the least puffed up or changed by his sudden prosperity, addressing them as "his dear companions and old friends," and gives them a magnificent spread in the dining-room.

PITT, JANE. A sort of wardrobe-woman to the boys. Though a good friend to the boys, she is also a good friend to "Old Cheeseman;" and the more they go against him the more she stands by him. It is therefore only a natural thing and one to be expected, that when "Old Cheeseman" succeeds to his grandfather's large property, he should share it with her by making her his wife.

TARTAR, BOB. The "first boy" in the school, and president of the "Society" formed for the purpose of annoying "Old Cheeseman."

NOBODY'S STORY.

BIGWIG FAMILY, THE. A large household, composed of stately and noisy people, professed humanitarians, who do nothing but blow trumpets, and hold convocations, and make speeches, and write pamphlets, and quarrel among themselves.

NOBODY, otherwise "LEGION." The narrator of the story, which, under the guise of an allegory, contains an appeal to the governing classes in behalf of the poor, and an argument for their proper instruction and rational amusement as a means of preventing drunkenness, debauchery, and crime.

THE GHOST OF ART.

(A satire on the conventionalities of Art.)

PARKINS, MRS. A laundress who invariably disregards all instructions.

OUT OF TOWN.

(A description of a little town named Pavilionstone, which has become a favourite seaside resort.)

Within a quarter of a century, it was a little fishing town; and they do say, that the time was, when it was a little smuggling town. . . . Now, gas and electricity run to the very water's edge, and the South-Eastern Railway Company screech at us in the dead of night. . . . We are a little mortary and limy at present; but we are getting on capitally. Indeed, we were getting on so fast, at one time, that we rather overdid it, and built a street of shops, the business of which may be expected to arrive in about ten years. We are sensibly laid out, in general, and, with a little care and pains (by no means wanting, so far), shall become a very pretty place. We ought to be; for our situation is delightful; our air is delicious; and our breezy hills and downs, carpeted with wild thyme, and decorated with millions of wild flowers, are, on the faith of a pedestrian, perfect.

OUT OF THE SEASON.

BLOCKER, MR. A grocer.

WEDGINGTON, MR. B. A singer and clog-dancer, who gives an exhibition at a watering-place, after the "season" is over.

WEDGINGTON, MRS. B. His wife; a singer and pianist.

WEDGINGTON, MASTER B. Her infant son, aged ten months; nursed by a shivering young person in the boxes, while his mother is on the stage.

A POOR MAN'S TALE OF A PATENT.

BUTCHER, WILLIAM. A Chartist; friend to John.

JOHN. The narrator of the story; a poor man, a smith by trade, who undertakes to obtain a patent on an invention which he has been twenty years in perfecting. He succeeds in doing so only after going through thirty-five distinct stages of obeying forms and paying fees, at a cost of ninety-six pounds, seven, and eightpence, though nobody opposes his application.

JOY, THOMAS. A carpenter with whom John lodges in London.

A FLIGHT.

COMPACT ENCHANTRESS, THE. A French actress.

DIEGO, DON. Inventor of the last new flying-machine.

ZAMIEL. A tall, grave, melancholy Frenchman, with whom (and with other passengers) the writer takes a flying trip from London to Paris.

THE DETECTIVE POLICE.

CLARKSON. Counsel for Shepherdson and other thieves, traced out and arrested by Sergeant Mith.

DORNTON, SERGEANT. A detective police-officer; a man about fifty years of age, with a ruddy face and a high sunburnt forehead. He is famous for steadily pursuing the inductive process, working on from clue to clue until he bags his man.

DUNDEY, DOCTOR. A man who robs a bank in Ireland, and escapes to America, whither he is followed and captured by Sergeant Dornton.

FENDALL, SERGEANT. A detective police-officer; a light-haired, well-spoken, polite person, and a prodigious hand at pursuing private inquiries of a delicate nature.

FIKEY. A man accused of forgery; taken prisoner by Inspector Field.

MESHECK, AARON. A Jew, who gets acceptances from young men of good connections (in the army chiefly) on pretence of discount, and decamps with the same. He is finally found by Sergeant Dornton in the Tombs prison in New York City.

MITH, SERGEANT. A detective police-officer; a smooth-faced man with a fresh, bright complexion, and a strange air of simplicity. He is a dab at housebreakers.

PIGEON, THOMAS. *See* THOMPSON, TALLY-HO.

SHEPHERDSON, MR. A thief, who informs Detective Mith (who, under the disguise of a young butcher from the country, has gained his confidence) that he is going "to hang out for a while" at The Setting Moon, in the Commercial Road, where he is afterwards found, and is taken into custody.

STALKER, MR. INSPECTOR. A detective police-officer; a shrewd, hard-headed Scotchman; in appearance not at all unlike a very acute, thoroughly-trained schoolmaster from the Normal Establishment at Glasgow.

STRAW, SERGEANT. A detective; a little wiry man of meek demeanour and strong sense, who would knock at a door, and ask a series of questions in any mild character you choose to prescribe to him, from a charity-boy upward; and seem as innocent as an infant.

THOMPSON, TALLY-HO, alias THOMAS PIGEON. A famous horse-stealer, couper, and magsman, tracked to a lonely inn in Northamptonshire by Sergeant Witchem, who, single-handed, arrests him, and takes him to London; though he has two big and ugly-looking companions with him at the time.

WIELD, MR. INSPECTOR. A detective police-officer; a middle-aged man, of a portly presence, with a large, moist, knowing eye, a husky voice, and a habit of emphasizing his conversation by the aid of a corpulent fore-finger which is constantly in juxtaposition with his eyes and nose.

WITCHEM. A detective; a short, thick-set man, marked with the small-pox, and having something of a reserved and thoughtful air, as if he were engaged in deep arithmetical calculations. He is renowned for his acquaintance with the swell mob.

THREE "DETECTIVE" ANECDOTES.

GRIMWOOD, ELIZA, called "THE COUNTESS." A handsome young woman, found lying dead, with her throat cut, on the floor of her bedroom, in the Waterloo Road.

PHIBBS, MR. A haberdasher.

TATT, MR. A gentleman formerly in the public line; quite an amateur detective in his way. He loses a diamond pin in a scrimmage, which is recovered by his friend Sergeant Witchem, who sees the man who took it, and while they are all down on the floor together, knocking about, touches him on the back of his hand, as his "pal" would; and he thinks it *is* his pal, and gives it to him.

TRINKLE, MR. A young man suspected of the murder of Eliza Grimwood, but proved innocent.

ON DUTY WITH INSPECTOR FIELD.

BARK, BULLY. A lodging-house keeper, and a receiver of stolen goods, who lives in the innermost recesses of the worst part of London.

Bark is a red villain and a wrathful, with a sanguine throat, that looks very much as if it were expressly made for hanging, as he

stretches it out, in pale defiance, over the half-door of his hutch. Bark's parts of speech are of an awful sort,—principally adjectives. I won't, says Bark, have no adjective police and adjective strangers in my adjective premises. I won't, by adjective and substantive! Give me my trousers, and I'll send the whole adjective police to adjective and substantive! Give me, says Bark, my adjective trousers! I'll put an adjective knife in the whole bileing of 'em. I'll punch their adjective heads. I'll rip up their adjective substantives. Give me my adjective trousers, says Bark, and I'll spile the bileing of 'em.

BLACK. A constable, who, with his fellow-constable Green, accompanies Inspector Field to Wentworth Street to unveil its midnight mysteries.

BLACKEY. An impostor, who has stood soliciting charity near London Bridge for five-and-twenty years, with a painted skin, to represent disease.

CLICK, MR. A vagabond.

FIELD, INSPECTOR. A detective officer, who accompanies the writer, by night, to the lowest parts of London, visiting Rats' Castle (a dark, close cellar, a lodging-house for thieves, near St. Giles's Church), the old Farm House near the Old Mint, the sailors' dance-houses in the region of Ratcliffe Highway, the low haunts of Wentworth Street, and revealing the worst mysteries of the great city.

GREEN. A constable, who, with another constable, named Black, acts as an escort to Inspector Field, on his visiting Wentworth Street.

MILES, BOB. A vagabond and jail-bird.

PARKER. A constable who attends Inspector Field on the occasion of his visit to the Old Mint.

ROGERS. A constable who goes with Inspector Field to Rats' Castle.

WARWICK, THE EARL OF. A thief, so called.

WHITE. A constable who shows Inspector Field and his visitor the lodging-houses in Rotten Gray's Inn Lane.

WILLIAMS. A constable who pilots Inspector Field and his visitor to the sailors' dance-houses in the neighbourhood of Ratcliffe Highway.

DOWN WITH THE TIDE.

PEA, or PEACOAT. A river policeman, with whom the writer goes down the Thames, at night, on a tour of inspection.

WATERLOO. A toll-taker, so called, at the bridge of that name.

PRINCE BULL: A FAIRY TALE.

BEAR, PRINCE. An enemy of Prince Bull; intended as a personification of Russia.

BULL, PRINCE. A powerful prince, married to a lovely princess named Fair Freedom, who brought him a large fortune, and has borne him an immense number of children.

He had gone through a great deal of fighting, in his time, about all sorts of things, including nothing; but had gradually settled down to be a steady, peaceable, good-natured, corpulent, rather sleepy prince.

Under this name the English Government is satirised, with especial reference to its bungling, inefficient prosecution of the Crimean war, and its obstinate adherence, under all circumstances, to mere official routine and formality.

TAPE. A malicious old beldame; godmother to Prince Bull.

She was a fairy, this Tape, and was a bright red all over. She was disgustingly prim and formal, and could never bend herself a hair's-breadth, this way or that way, out of her naturally crooked shape. But she was very potent in her wicked art. She could stop the fastest thing in the world, change the strongest thing into the weakest, and the most useful into the most useless. To do this she has only to put her cold hand upon it, and repeat her own name, Tape. Then it withered away.

OUR HONOURABLE FRIEND.

TIPKISSON. A saddler; a plain, hard-working man, and an opponent of "Our Honourable Friend," who is returned to Parliament as the member for Verbosity—the best represented place in England.

OUR SCHOOL.

BLINKINS, MR. Latin master; a colourless, doubled-up, near-sighted man, with a crutch, who is always cold, and always putting onions into his ears for deafness, and always disclosing ends of flannel under all his garments, and almost always applying a ball of pocket-handkerchief to some part of his face with a screwing action round and round.

He was a very good scholar, and took great pains where he saw intelligence and a desire to learn; otherwise, perhaps not. Our memory presents him (unless teased into a passion) with as little

energy as colour; as having been worried and tormented into monotonous feebleness; as having had the best part of his life ground out of him in a mill of boys.

DUMBLEDON, MASTER. A parlour-boarder; an idiotic, goggle-eyed boy, with a big head, and half-crowns without end; rumoured to have come by sea from some mysterious part of the earth, where his parents rolled in gold; and said to feed in the parlour on steaks and gravy, likewise to drink currant wine.

FROST, MISS. A school-girl.

MAWLS, MASTER. A school-boy, with manners susceptible of much improvement.

MAXBY, MASTER. A day-pupil, favoured by the usher, who is sweet upon one of his sisters.

PHIL. A serving-man, with a sovereign contempt for learning.

OUR VESTRY.

(A satire on the proceedings of Parliament.)

BANGER, CAPTAIN (of Wilderness Walk). A vestryman, and an opponent of Mr. Tiddypot, with whom he has a Pickwickian altercation.

CHIB, MR. (of Tucket's Terrace). A hale old gentleman of eighty-two, who is the father of the vestry.

DOGGINSON, MR. A vestryman who is regarded as "a regular John Bull."

MAGG, MR. (of Little Winkling Street). One of the "first orators" of "Our Vestry."

TIDDYPOT, MR. (of Gumtion House). A vestryman. *See* BANGER, CAPTAIN.

WIGSBY, MR. (of Chumbledon Square). A vestryman, who is a debater of great eminence.

SOME UNCOLLECTED PIECES.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

THIS is a comic burletta, in two acts. It was first performed at the St. James's Theatre on Thursday, the 29th of September, 1836; was well received; and ran until December, when it was withdrawn for "The Village Coquettes," a comic opera by the same author. "The Strange Gentleman" was acted by J. P. Harley. In 1837, the piece was published, under the pseudonym of "Boz," by Chapman and Hall, in a small octavo pamphlet of forty-six pages, illustrated with an etched frontispiece by "Phiz" (Hablot Knight Browne).

The play is a dramatised version of the story of "The Great Winglebury Duel," in "The Sketches by Boz," with some few changes in the plot, and some alterations of the names of places and persons. Thus "Great Winglebury" becomes a small anonymous town on the road to Gretna; "The Winglebury Arms" is turned into "The St. James's Arms;" "Stiffun's Acre" (the scene of the proposed duel) is renamed "Corpse Common;" instead of Mr. Horace Hunter and Mrs. Williamson, we have Mr. Horatio Tinkles and Mrs. Noakes; Miss Julia Manners turns her surname into Dobbs; and Mr. Joseph Overton, his christian-name into Owen; while Mr. Alexander Trott figures as the Strange Gentleman, and is at last discovered to be Mr. Walker Trott. *See* pp. 14, 15.

CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

BROWN, MISS EMILY. A young lady beloved by both Mr. Trott (the Strange Gentleman) and Mr. Tinkles, but married to the latter.

DOBBS, MISS JULIA. A wealthy woman, formerly engaged to be married to a Mr. Woolley, who died, leaving her his property, free from all incumbrances; the incumbrance of himself as a husband not being among the least. Being

desperately in want of a young husband, she falls in love with a certain wild and not very strong-minded nobleman, Lord Peter, who engages to run away with her to Gretna and be married. He fails to keep the appointment, however; and she gives her hand to Mr. Trott (the Strange Gentleman) instead.

JOHN. A waiter at The St. James's Arms.

JOHNSON, JOHN. A hare-brained madcap, enamoured of Miss Mary Wilson, with whom he starts for Gretna Green, but is temporarily detained at The St. James's Arms by his thoughtless liberality to the postboys, which leaves him absolutely penniless. A timely loan, however, enables him to continue his journey.

NOAKES, MRS. Landlady of The St. James's Arms.

OVERTON, MR. OWEN. An attorney, who is mayor of the small town in which is The St. James's Arms.

PETER, LORD. A sprig of nobility, very wild, but not very sagacious or strong-minded, who is in love with Miss Julia Dobbs—or her handsome fortune.

SPARKS, TOM. "Boots" at The St. James's Arms.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN, THE. *See* TROTT, MR. WALKER.

TOMKINS, CHARLES. A young gentleman in love with Miss Fanny Wilson. He has arranged to run away with her to Gretna Green, and meets her for this purpose at The St. James's Arms. As he has agreed not to disclose his name, she imagines that the Strange Gentleman staying at that house, and rumoured to be insane, but whom she has not seen, is her lover. When she meets Mr. Tomkins, therefore, she acts upon the presumption that he is actually mad; and her conduct seems to him so strange, that he suspects her of playing him false, and works himself up into a tempest of jealousy, which only serves to confirm her belief in his lunacy. They are both, however, disabused at last, and set off, without delay, for their original destination.

TROTT, MR. WALKER, called "THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN." A young man desirous of marrying Miss Emily Brown, but deterred by the hostile attitude of Mr. Horatio Tinkles, who challenges him to mortal combat (on Corpse Common) for daring to think of such a thing. He accepts the challenge in a bloodthirsty note, but immediately sends another, and an anonymous one, to the mayor, urging that a Strange Gentleman at The St. James's Arms be forthwith arrested, as he is bent upon committing a rash and sanguinary act. By a ludicrous

blunder, he is mistaken for Lord Peter, who is expected at the same house for the purpose of meeting Miss Julia Dobbs, his intended; and who is to be seized and carried off as an insane person, in order that his relatives may not discover him. As he is being forced into the carriage, however, the lady discovers that he is unknown to her; and she refuses to accompany him. At the same moment, a letter from his rival is put into his hands, saying that the challenge was a *ruse*, and that the writer is far on his way to Gretna to be married to Miss Emily Brown. Determined not to be thus balked of a wife, Mr. Trott offers himself to Miss Dobbs on the spot, is accepted, and starts *instanter* for the same place in a post-chaise and four.

WILSON, FANNY. A young lady affianced to Mr. Charles Tomkins.

WILSON, MARY. The *inamorata* of Mr. John Johnson.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES.

This "comic opera in two acts," for which Mr. John Hullah composed the music, was written in 1835, and was brought out at the St. James's Theatre, in London, on Tuesday evening, December 6, 1836. The libretto of the opera was published by Bentley, in 1836, in a pamphlet of seventy-one pages, the dedication, to James Pritt Harley, being dated December 15. The scene is laid in an English village, and the time is supposed to be the autumn of 1729.

BENSON, LUCY. A beautiful village girl betrothed to George Edmunds, a humble but worthy man. Squire Norton, a man much her superior in social station, tries to lead her astray, and for a time she coquettes with him; but, before it is too late, she sees her error, rejects the elopement he urges, and returns to her discarded lover.

BENSON, OLD. Her father; a small farmer.

BENSON, YOUNG. His son; Lucy's brother.

EDMUNDS, GEORGE. A young man in love with Lucy Benson.

FLAM, THE HONOURABLE SPARKINS. Friend to Squire Norton; fascinated by Rose, a village beauty, whom he ineffectually endeavours to lead from the path of virtue; though she is at first flattered by his attentions.

MADDOX, JOHN. A young man attached to Rose.

NORTON, SQUIRE. A country gentleman who attempts, but unsuccessfully, to seduce the fair Lucy Benson.

ROSE. Cousin to Lucy Benson; a lovely village maiden, whom the Honourable Sparkins Flam vainly seeks to ruin.

STOKES, MR. MARTIN. A very small farmer with a very large circle of particular friends.

IS SHE HIS WIFE?

Or, Something Singular.

An inedited comic burletta, in one act, played at the St. James's Theatre, on Monday, March 6, 1837. The part of the principal character, Mr. Felix Tapkins, was taken by James Pritt Harley.

JOHN. Servant to Mr. Lovetown.

LIMBURY, MR. PETER. A friend of Mr. Felix Tapkins's; made furiously jealous by the attentions his wife receives from Mr. Lovetown.

LIMBURY, MRS. A vain, conceited woman, who carries on a flirtation with Mr. Lovetown, for the double purpose of assisting him in curing his wife of her self-tormenting suspicions, and of teaching her husband the misery of the jealous fears he has been accustomed to harbour.

LOVETOWN, MR. ALFRED. A newly-married man, perpetually yawning, and complaining of *ennui.* His wife, chagrined by his seeming indifference, determines to remove it, if she can, by wounding his vanity, and arousing his jealousy. She accordingly carries on a flirtation with a gay young bachelor (Mr. Tapkins), which perfectly effects her object. Lovetown, stung to the quick, affects a passion for Mrs. Limbury, which he does not feel, and to which she never really responds, with the double motive of obtaining opportunities of watching his wife, and of awaking any dormant feelings of affection for himself that may be slumbering in her bosom. In the carrying on of these intrigues, many amusing misunderstandings occur; but in the end mutual explanations remove all suspicions, and re-establish the confidence and affection which have temporarily been driven away.

LOVETOWN, MRS. His wife.

TAPKINS, MR. FELIX. A gay, good-hearted bachelor, who has a sufficient share of vanity, and who plumes himself on his gallantry. He resides at Rustic Lodge (near Reading), a remarkable cottage, with cardboard chimneys, Grecian balconies, Gothic parapets, and a thatched roof. Such a model

of compactness is this house, that even the horse can't cough without his owner's hearing him; the stable being close to the dining-room windows. *See* LOVETOWN, MR. ALFRED.

PUBLIC LIFE OF MR. TULRUMBLE (ONCE MAYOR OF MUDFOG).

(From "Bentley's Miscellany," January, 1837.)

JENNINGS, MR. A gentleman with a pale face and light whiskers, whom Mr. Tulrumble imports from London to act as his secretary.

SNIGGS, MR. Predecessor of Mr. Tulrumble in the mayoralty of Mudfog.

TULRUMBLE, MRS. Wife of Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble; a vulgar, ignorant woman.

TULRUMBLE, MR. NICHOLAS. A coal-dealer, who begins life in a wooden tenement of four feet square, with a capital of two-and-ninepence, and a stock-in-trade of three bushels and a half of coals. Being industrious and saving, he gradually gets rich, marries, builds Mudfog Hall (on something which he endeavours to delude himself into thinking a hill), retires from business altogether, grows vain and haughty, sets up for a public character and a great gentleman, and finally becomes Mayor of Mudfog.

> Mudfog is a pleasant town . . . situated in a charming hollow by the side of a river, from which [it] derives an agreeable scent of pitch, tar, coals, and rope-yarn, a roving population in oil-skin hats, a pretty steady influx of drunken bargemen, and a great many other maritime advantages. There is a good deal of water about Mudfog; and yet it is not exactly the sort of town for a watering-place either. . . . In winter, it comes oozing down the streets, and tumbling over the fields; nay, rushes into the very cellars and kitchens of the houses with a lavish prodigality that might well be dispensed with. But in the hot summer weather it *will* dry up and turn green; and although green is a very good colour in its way, especially in grass, still it certainly is not becoming to water; and it cannot be denied that the beauty of Mudfog is rather impaired even by this trifling circumstance.

Having, when in London, been present at the Lord Mayor's show, Mr. Tulrumble determines to have one of his own in Mudfog, which shall equal if not surpass it. He make arrangements, therefore, for a grand procession and dinner; but the day of his inauguration is dim and dismal, the crowd is unreasonable and derisive, the show is a failure, the dinner is flat, and Nicholas is deeply disappointed. Get-

ting statistical and philosophical, he exerts himself to prevent the granting of a new license to an old and popular inn, called The Jolly Boatmen, and commences a general crusade against beer-jugs and fiddles, forgetting the time when he was glad to drink out of the one and to dance to the other. He soon finds, however, that the people have come to hate him, and that his old friends shun him; he begins to grow tired of his new dignity and his lonely magnificence; and at last he dismisses his secretary, goes down to his old haunt, The Lighterman's Arms, tells his quondam companions that he is very sorry for having made a fool of himself, and hopes they will give him up his old chair in the chimney-corner again, which they do with great joy.

TULRUMBLE, NICHOLAS, JUNIOR. Their son. When his father becomes rich, he takes to smoking cigars, and calling the footman a "feller."

TWIGGER, EDWARD, called "BOTTLE-NOSED NED." A merry-tempered, pleasant-faced, good-for-nothing sort of vagabond, with an invincible dislike to manual labour, and an unconquerable attachment to strong beer and spirits. He is engaged to take part in the procession in honour of the election of Mr. Tulrumble as Mayor of Mudfog, and is to make his appearance in a complete suit of ancient brass armour of gigantic dimensions. Unfortunately, however, he gets drunk, makes a most extraordinary exhibition of himself, as well as a laughing-stock of the mayor, and has to be conducted home, where his wife, unable to get the armour off, tumbles him into bed, helmet, gauntlets, breastplate, and all.

TWIGGER, MRS. His wife.

THE PANTOMIME OF LIFE.

(Published in "Bentley's Miscellany," March, 1837.)

DO'EM. A confederate of Captain Fitz-Whisker Fiercy, acting as his livery-servant.

FIERCY, THE HONOURABLE CAPTAIN FITZ-WHISKER. A swindler, who struts about with that compound air of conscious superiority and general blood-thirstiness, which is characteristic of most military men, and which always excites the admiration and terror of mere plebeians. He dupes all the tradesmen in his neighbourhood, by giving them orders for all sorts of articles, which he afterwards disposes of to other dealers by means of his confederate, Do'em.

THE LAMPLIGHTER'S STORY.

MR. JOHN MACRONE, the publisher of the "Sketches by Boz," died in 1841, leaving his wife and children in straitened circumstances. For their benefit, Mr. Dickens undertook to procure and supervise the publication of a series of voluntary literary contributions. These were issued in three volumes, by Henry Colburn, under the following title: "The Pic-Nic Papers. By various hands. Edited by Charles Dickens." The work was illustrated by George Cruikshank and "Phiz." It served the purpose for which it was intended, and brought Mrs. Macrone the sum of three hundred pounds. Mr. Dickens wrote the Preface, and furnished the opening tale, called "The Lamplighter's Story," which is a narrative version of a farce that he wrote in 1838 or 1839 for the manager of the Covent Garden Theatre.

BARKER, MISS FANNY. Niece to an old astrologer, who takes Tom Grig to be pointed out by the stars as her destined husband. He describes her as having "a graceful carriage, an exquisite shape, a sweet voice, a countenance beaming with animation and expression, and the eye of a startled fawn." She has also, he says, five thousand pounds in cash; and this attraction, added to the others, inclines Tom to marry her; but, when he finds that her uncle has borrowed and spent the whole sum in an unsuccessful search for the philosopher's-stone, he alters his mind, and declares that the scheme is "no go," at which the uncle is enraged, and the niece is delighted, she being in love with another young man.

EMMA. Daughter of a crazy astrologer who has spent fifteen years in conducting fruitless experiments, having for their object the discovery of the philosopher's-stone. Her father designs marrying her to his partner, "the gifted Mooney;" but he utterly refuses to take her, alleging that his "contemplation of womankind" has led him to resolve that he "will not adventure on the troubled sea of matrimony."

GALILEO ISAAC NEWTON FLAMSTEAD. The christian-names of the son of the crazy astrologer who takes Tom Grig to be "the favourite of the planets." He is a tall, thin, dismal-faced young gentleman, in his twenty-first year; though his father, absorbed in chimerical projects, considers him "a mere child," and hasn't provided him with a new suit of clothes since he was fourteen.

GRIG, TOM. A lamplighter, who, on going his rounds one day, is accosted by one of the strangest and most mysterious-looking old gentlemen ever seen. This person proves to be a very learned astrologer, who is on the point of discovering the philosopher's-stone, which will turn everything into gold.

He imagines that he has found in Tom a noble stranger, whose birth is shrouded in uncertainty, and who is destined by the stars to be the husband of his young and lovely niece. He therefore takes him into his house forthwith, and introduces him to the lady. She is greatly disturbed, and suggests that the stars must have made a mistake; but is silenced by her uncle. After this, Tom accompanies the old gentleman to the observatory, where Mr. Mooney—another scientific gentleman—casts his nativity, and horrifies him by predicting his death at exactly thirty-five minutes, twenty-seven seconds, and five-sixths of a second, past nine o'clock, A.M., on that day two months. Tom makes up his mind, that, while alive, he had better be rich than poor, and so assents to the proposed marriage. The preliminaries are nearly concluded, when suddenly the crucible containing the ingredients of the miraculous stone explodes with a tremendous crash, and the labours of fifteen years are destroyed in an instant. Moreover, a mistake is discovered in the old gentleman's computation; and it turns out that Tom is to live to a green old age—eighty-seven, at least. Upon this, not caring for a portionless bride who doesn't love him, he utterly refuses to marry the lovely niece, whereupon her uncle, in a rage, wets his forefinger in some of the liquor from the crucible that was spilt on the floor, and draws a small triangle upon the forehead of the young lamplighter, who instantly finds himself in the *watch-house*, with the room swimming before his eyes.

MOONEY, MR., called "THE GIFTED." A learned philosopher, with the dirtiest face we can possibly know of in this imperfect state of existence. He is so very absent-minded, that he always has to be brought to by means of an electric shock from a strongly-charged battery.

A CLASSED LIST OF CHARACTERS, ETC.

NOTE.—The following list embraces only a portion of the names contained in Dickens's novels and shorter tales. Not a few names are omitted, as being quite unclassifiable; others, as belonging to persons, places, or things altogether insignificant; others again, because, if brought together at all, they could only be so under headings of very little interest or importance. Incomplete—designedly incomplete—as the list is, however, it is thought that the groupings it presents will be found to be both curious and useful for reference.

The tales in which the names occur may easily be ascertained by means of the General Index on page 587.

Actors.—Master Crummles; Master Percy Crummles; Vincent Crummles; Mr. Folair; Jem Hutley; Alfred Jingle; John; Jem Larkins; Thomas Lenville; Mr. Loggins; Nicholas Nickleby; Mr. Pip; P. Salcy Family; Smike; Mr. Snevellicci; Mr. Snittle Timberry; Mr. Wopsle.

Actresses.—Miss Belvawney; Miss Bravassa; The Compact Enchantress; Ninetta Crummles; Miss Gazingi; Mrs. Grudden; Miss Ledrook; Mrs. Lenville; Henrietta Petowker; Miss Snevellicci.

Actuary.—Mr. Meltham.

Adventurers.—Mr. Jingle; Alfred Lammle.

Aeronauts.—Mr. Green; Mr. Green, junior.

Alderman.—Mr. Cute.

Amanuensis.—Caddy Jellyby.

Americans.—Mr. Bevan; Julius Washington Merryweather Bib: Jefferson Brick; Mrs. Jefferson Brick; Oscar Buffum; Cyrus Choke; Hannibal Chollop; Miss Codger; Colonel Diver; Doctor Ginery Dunkle; General Fladdock; Colonel Groper; Mrs. Hominy; Mr. Izzard; Mr. Jodd; Captain Kedgick; La Fayette Kettle; Mr. Norris and family; Major Pawkins; Mrs. Pawkins; Professor Piper; Elijah Pogram; Zephaniah Scadder; Putnam Smif; Miss Toppit.

Apprentices.—Noah Claypole; Mark Gilbert; Hugh Graham; Simon Tappertit; Oliver Twist; Dick Wilkins.

Architects.—Martin Chuzzlewit; Seth Pecksniff; Tom Pinch: John Westlock.

Articulator of bones, &c.—Mr. Venus.

Astrologer.—Mr. Mooney.

Auctioneer.—Thomas Sapsea.

Authors, &c.—Theodosius Butler; Miss Codger; David Copperfield; Mr. Curdle; Mrs. Hominy; Mrs. Leo Hunter; Miss Toppit; Professor Mullit.

Babies.—Frederick Charles William Kitterbell; Sally Totterby; Alexander MacStinger.
Bachelors.—George Chuzzlewit; Nicodemus Dumps; The Single Gentleman; John Jarndyce; Michael; Newman Noggs; Mr. Saunders; Felix Tapkins; Tackleton; Mr. Topper; Watkins Tottle.
Bailiff.—Solomon Jacobs.
Ballad-seller, &c.—Mr. Wegg.
Bankers.—Josiah Bounderby; Mr. Meagles; Mr. Merdle; Tellson and Co.
Barbers.—Crofts; Jinkinson; Mr. Slithers; Poll Sweedlepipe.
Barmaids.—Becky; Miss Martin.
Beadles.—Mr. Bumble; Mr. Bung; Mooney; Simmons; Sownds; Sowster.
Begging-letter writer.—Mr. Southcote.
Bird-fancier.—Poll Sweedlepipe.
Blind persons.—Bertha Plummer; Mr. Sampson Dibble; Stagg.
Boarding-house keepers.—Mrs. Pawkins; Mrs. Tibbs; Mrs. Todgers.
Boobies.—Bentley Drummle; Edmund Sparkler.
Boots.—Bailey, junior; Cobbs; Tom Sparks; Sam Weller.
Bore.—Mr. Barlow.
Brokers.—Mr. Brogley; Clarriker; Fixem; Wilkins Flasher; Fascination Fledgeby; Mr. Gattleton; Frank Simmery; Grandfather Smallweed; Tom Tix.
Burglars.—*See* HOUSEBREAKERS.
Butlers.—David; Giles; Nicholas.

Carpenters.—Thomas Joy; Samuel Wilkins.
Carriers.—Mr. Barkis; John Peerybingle.
Chambermaid.—Mrs. Pratchett.
Chandler.—Tom Cobb.
Chapel.—Little Bethel.
Charity-boys.—Noah Claypole; Robin Toodle.
Charwomen.—Mrs. Bangham; Mrs. Blockson.
Cheap Jacks.—Doctor Marigold; Willum Marigold.
Chemists.—Thomas Groffin; Mr. Redlaw.
Circus performers, &c.—E. W. B. Childers; Emma Gordon; Signor Jupe; Master Kidderminster; Josephine Sleary; Mr. Sleary; Miss Woolford.
Clergymen, &c.—Mr. Chadband; Horace Crewler; Septimus Crisparkle; Alfred Feeder; Brother Gimblet; Verity Hawkyard; Melchisedech Howler; Mr. Long Ears; Frank Milvey; George Silverman; Mr. Sliverstone; Mr. Stiggins; Charles Timson.
Clerks, &c.—Mr. Adams; Clarence Barnacle; Mr. Bazzard; Bitzer; Young Blight; Alexander Briggs; James Carker; John Carker; Frank Cheeryble; Mr. Chuckster; Chuffey; Mr. Clark; Bob Cratchit; Mr. Dobble; Walter Gay; Tom Gradgrind; William Guppy; Uriah Heep; Mr. Jones; Mr. Jackson; Mr. Jinks; Tim Linkinwater; Jarvis Lorry; Mr. Lowten; Mr. Mallard; Wilkins Micawber; Augustus Minns; Mr. Morfin; Nicholas Nickleby; Newman Noggs; Nathaniel Pipkin; Thomas Potter; Bartholomew Smallweed; Putnam Smif; Mr. Smith; Robert Smithers; Horatio Sparkins; John Spatter; Dick Swiveller; Mr. Tiffey; Tom; Alfred Tomkins; Mr. Tupple; John Wemmick; Mr. Wicks; Reginald Wilfer; Mr. Wisbottle. *See also* PARISH CLERKS.
Clients.—Mr. Watty; Michael Warden; Amelia; Mike.

Coachmen, &c.—William Barker; George; Joe; Martin; Sam; William Simmons; Tipp; Tom; Tony Weller; William.
Coal-dealer.—Nicholas Tulrumble.
Collectors.—Mr. Buffle; Mr. Lillyvick; Mr. Pancks; Mr. Rugg.
Companions.—Mrs. General; Mary Graham; Kate Nickleby; Rosa Dartle.
Constables.—Black; Darby; Green; Daniel Grummer; Rogers; White; Williams.
Convicts.—Alice Brown; Compeyson; John Edmunds; Kags; Abel Magwitch.
Corn-chandlers.—Octavius Budden; Wilkins Micawber; Uncle Pumblechook.
Corporations, &c.—Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company; Circumlocution Office; Eden Land Corporation; Human Interest Brothers; Inestimable Life Assurance Company; United Grand Junction Lirriper and Jackman Great Norfolk Parlour Line; United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company.—*See* SOCIETIES.
Costumer.—Solomon Lucas.
Cricketers.—Mr. Dumkins; Luffey; Mr. Podder; Mr. Staple; Mr. Struggles.
Cripples.—Phœbe; Tiny Tim; Fanny Cleaver; Mr. Wegg.

Dancing-masters.—Mr. Baps; Signor Billsmethi; Prince Turveydrop.
Deaf-mute.—Sophy Marigold.
Detectives.—Mr. Inspector Bucket; Sergeant Dornton; Sergeant Fendall; Inspector Field; Sergeant Mith; Mr. Nadgett; Rogers; Inspector Stalker; Sergeant Straw; Mr. Tatt; Inspector Wield; Witchem.
Distiller.—Mr. Langdale.
Dogs.—Boxer; Bull's-eye; Diogenes; Jip; Merrylegs; Poodles.
Dressmakers.—Fanny Cleaver (dolls' dressmaker); Miss Knag; Madame Mantalini; Amelia Martin; Kate Nickleby; Miss Simmond.
Drivers.—*See* COACHMEN, &c.
Drunkards.—Mrs. Blackpool; Mr. Dolls; John; Krook; Warden.
Drysalters.—Brother Gimblet; Verity Hawkyard.
Dustman.—Nicodemus Boffin.
Dwarfs.—Quilp; Miss Mowcher.

Editors, &c.—Jefferson Brick; Colonel Diver; Mr. Pott; Mr. Slurk.
Emigrants.—Susannah Cleverly; William Cleverly; Dorothy Dibble; Sampson Dibble; Jessie Jobson; Wiltshire; Anastasia Weedle.
Engine-driver.—Mr. Toodle.
Engineers.—Daniel Doyce; Edwin Drood.

Fairies.—Grandmarina; Tape.
Farmers.—Old Benson; John Browdie; Godfrey Nickleby; Martin Stokes.
Fishermen.—Ham Peggotty; Daniel Peggotty.
Footmen.—Mercury; Muzzle; John Smauker; Thomas Towlinson; Tuckle; Whiffers.
Forgers.—Mr. Fikey; Mr. Merdle.
Frenchmen and Frenchwomen.—Bebelle; Blandois (*or* Rigaud); Madame Bouclet; The Compact Enchantress; Charles Darnay (*or* Evrémonde); Lucie Darnay; Ernest Defarge; Thérèse Defarge; Monsieur the Face-

maker; Théophile Gabelle; Gaspard; Mademoiselle Hortense; Jacques (One, Two, Three, Four, Five); Lagnier (*or* Rigaud); M. Loyal Devasseur; Alexander Manette; Lucie Manette; Monsieur Mutuel; St. Evrémonde; P. Salcy Family; Corporal Théophile; The Vengeance; Monsieur the Ventriloquist.

Gamblers.—Joe Jowl; Isaac List; Miss Betsey Trotwood's Husband; Little Nell's Grandfather.
Gamekeeper.—Martin.
Gardeners.—Mr. Cheggs; Hunt; Wilkins.
Gentlemen.—Mr. Tite Barnacle; Sir Joseph Bowley; Mr. Brownlow; Sir John Chester; Sir Thomas Clubber; Hon. Mr. Crushton; Sir Leicester Dedlock; The Hon. Sparkins Flam; Mr. Alexander Grazinglands; Mr. Grimwig; Geoffrey Haredale; Sir Mulberry Hawk; Master Humphrey; Sir William Joltered; Hon. Mr. Long Ears; Nicholas Nickleby; Squire Norton; Samuel Pickwick; Mr. John Podsnap; Sir Matthew Pupker; Jack Redburn; Sir Barnet Skettles; the Hon. Wilmot Snipe; Sir Hookham Snivey; the Hon. Mr. Snob; the Hon. Bob Stables; Mr. Melvin Twemlow; Mr. Wardle.
Germans.—Baron and Baroness von Koëldwethout; Straudenheim; Baron and Baroness von Swillenhausen.
Giants.—Gog; Magog; Pickleson.
Governesses.—Mrs. General; Miss Lane; Ruth Pinch.
Greengrocers.—Harris; Tommy; Richard Upwitch.
Grocers.—Jacob Barton; Mr. Blocker; Joseph Tugg's.
Groom.—Thomas.
Guards.—George; Joe.

Haberdashers.—Mr. Omer; Mr. Phibbs.
Hangman.—Ned Dennis.
Hop-grower.—Mr. Chestle.
Horse-jockey.—Captain Maroon.
Hostlers.—Hugh; Mark Tapley.
Housebreakers.—Toby Crackit; Bill Sikes.
Housekeepers.—Mrs. Bedwin; Miss Benton; Molly; Mrs. Pipchin; Miss Pross; Mrs. Rouncewell; Peg Sliderskew; Mrs. Sparsit; Esther Summerson; Mrs. Tickit; Agnes Wickfield.
Hypocrites.—Charity Pecksniff; Mercy Pecksniff; Seth Pecksniff; Julius Slinkton.

Impostor.—Blackey.
Invalids.—Bill Barley; Mrs. Clennam; Mrs. Crewler; Mr. Gobler; Mrs. Gradgrind; Mrs. Skimpole; Mr. Tresham.
Inventors.—Mr. Crinkles; Don Diego; Daniel Doyce; John; Professor Queerspeck; Mr. Tickle.
Irishman.—Frederick O'Bleary.
Ironmaster.—Mr. Rouncewell.
Italians.—Giovanni Carlavero; John Baptist Cavalletto.

Jailer.—Mr. Akerman.
Jews.—Barney; Fagin; Aaron Mesheçk; Mr. Riah.
Judge.—Mr. Justice Stareleigh.
Jugglers.—African Knife-Swallower; Sweet William.
Jurymen.—Thomas Groffin; Richard Upwitch.

Labourers.—Bayton; Will Fern; Joe; Wiltshire.

Ladies.—Princess Alicia; Lady Bowley; Lady Clubber; Lady Dedlock; Mrs. Gowan; Baroness von Koëldwethout; Mrs. Merdle; Lady Fareway; Lady Scadgers; Lady Skettles; the Hon. Mrs. Skewton; Lady Snuphanuph; Lady Tippins; Baroness von Swillenhausen.

Lamplighter.—Tom Grig.

Landladies.—Mrs. Bardell; Mrs. Billickin; Madame Bouclet; Mrs. Craddock; Mrs. Crupp; Mrs. Lirriper; Mrs. Lupin; Mrs. MacStinger; Mrs. Noakes; Miss Abbey Potterson; Mary Ann Raddle; Mrs. Tibbs; Mrs. Todgers; Mrs. Whimpld Mrs. Williamson; Miss Wozenham.

Landlords.—Bark; The Black Lion; James George Bogsby; Christopher Casby; James Groves; W. Grubble; Captain Kedgick; Mr. J. Mellows; Mr. Licensed Victualler; John Willet.

Laundresses.—Mrs. Dilber; Mrs. Parkins; Mrs. Stubbs; Mrs. Sweeney.

Law stationers.—Mrs. Harris; Mr. Snagsby.

Law student.—Percy Noakes.

Law writers.—Captain Hawdon; Tony Jobling.

Lawyers.—Sally Brass; Sampson Brass; Samuel Briggs; Serjeant Buzfuz; Sydney Carton; Clarkson; Thomas Craggs; Mr. Dodson; Mr. Fips; Mr. Fogg; Hiram Grewgious; Uriah Heep; Mr. Jaggers; Mr. Jorkins; Conversation Kenge; Mortimer Lightwood; Percy Noakes; Joseph Overton; Owen Overton; Solomon Pell; Mr. Perker; Mr. Phunky; Mr. Rugg; Mr. Skimpin; Jonathan Snitchey; Serjeant Snubbin; Francis Spenlow; Henry Spiker; Mr. Stryver; Mr. Tangle; Thomas Traddles; Mr. Tulkinghorn; Mr. Vholes; Mr. Wickfield; Eugene Wrayburn.

Literary productions.—Considerations on the Policy of removing the Duty on Beeswax; Last Moments of the Learned Pig; Ode to an Expiring Frog; Speculations on the Sources of the Hampstead Ponds, with some observations on the Theory of Tittlebats; the Thorn of Anxiety.

Locksmith.—Gabriel Varden.

Lodying-house keepers.—Bully Bark; Mrs. Billickin; Mr. Bulph; Mrs. Lirriper; Miss Wozenham.

Lords.—*See* NOBLEMEN.

Lunatics.—Mr. Dick (Richard Babley); The Gentleman in Small-clothes; Miss Flite.

Magistrates.—Alderman Cute; Mr. Fang; Mr. Nupkins.

Manufacturer.—Josiah Bounderby.

Matrons of Workhouses.—Mrs. Corney; Mrs. Mann.

Mayors.—George Nupkins; Joseph (*or* Owen) Overton; Mr. Sniggs; Mr. Tulrumble.

Medical students.—Ben Allen; Alfred Heathfield; Jack Hopkins; Bob Sawyer.

Member of Congress.—Elijah Pogram.

Members of Parliament.—William Buffey; Cornelius Brook Dingwall; Mr. Gregsbury; Sir Matthew Pupker; Sir Barnet Skettles; Honest Tom; Hamilton Veneering. *See also* NOBLEMEN.

Merchants.—Barbox Brothers (Mr. Jackson); Cheeryble Brothers; Clarriker; Arthur Clennam; Mr. Dombey; Mr. Fezziwig; Mr. Thomas Gradgrind; Mr. Murdstone; Mr. Miles Owen; Herbert Pocket; Mr. Quinion; Scrooge.

Messengers.—Jerry Cruncher; Jenkinson; Mr. Perch.

Military men.—Captain Adams; Matthew Bagnet; Major Bagstock

Captain Bailey; Major Banks; Captain Boldwig; Colonel Bulder; General Cyrus Choke; Major Hannibal Chollop; Colonel Chowser; Captain Doubledick; Captain Dowler; General Fladdock; Tom Green; Colonel Groper; Captain Hawdon; Captain Helves; Captain Hopkins; Major Jemmy Jackman; Captain Kedgick; the Recruiting Sergeant; George Rouncewell; Lieutenant Slaughter; Wilmot Snipe; Lieutenant Tappleton; Captain Taunton; Corporal Théophile; Joe Willet.

Milliners.—Miss Knag; Madame Mantalini; Amelia Martin.

Misers, &c.—Uncle Chill; Christopher Casby; Anthony Chuzzlewit; Jonas Chuzzlewit; Arthur Gride; Ralph Nickleby; Scrooge; Bartholomew Smallweed; Grandfather Smallweed.

Murderers.—Jonas Chuzzlewit; Gaspard; Bradley Headstone; Mademoiselle Hortense; Captain Murderer; Rigaud; Mr. Rudge; Bill Sikes; Julius Slinkton; William Warden.

Musical performers.—Antonio; Matthew Bagnet; Banjo Bones; Mrs. Banjo Bones; Mr. Brown; Mr. Cape; Frederick Dorrit; Mr. Evans; Mr. Harleigh; John Jasper; Miss Jenkins; Signor Lobskini; Miss A. Melvilleson; Master Wilkins Micawber; Lætitia Parsons; Little Swills; Mr. Tippin; Mrs. Tippin; Miss Tippin; Mr. and Mrs. B. Wedgington.

Nautical-instrument maker.—Solomon Gills.

Newsmen, &c.—Adolphus Tetterby; 'Dolphus Tetterby.

Newspapers.—Eatanswill Gazette; Eatanswill Independent; New York Rowdy Journal.

Noblemen, &c.—Lord Decimus Tite Barnacle; Prince Bear; Lord Boodle; Prince Bull; Prince Certainpersonio; Cousin Feenix; Baron von Koëldwethout; Monseigneur; Lord Mutanhed; Lord Peter; Marquis St. Evrémonde; Count Smorltork; Lord Snigsworth; Lord Lancaster Stiltstalking; Baron von Swillenhausen; Lord Frederick Verisopht; King Watkins the First.

Notaries.—Abel Garland; Mr. Witherden.

Nurses.—Mrs. Bangham; Mrs. Blockitt; Dawes; Sally Flanders; Flopson; Sairey Gamp; Mercy; Millers; Betsey Prig; Mrs. Prodgit; Mrs. Polly Toodle; Mrs. Wickham.

Old Maids.—Miss Barbary; Volumnia Dedlock; Miss Havisham; Miss Lillerton; Miss Jane Murdstone; Miss Anastasia Rugg; Judy Smallweed; Miss Clarissa Spenlow; Miss Lavinia Spenlow; Miss Lucretia Tox; Rachael Wardle; Miss Witherfield.

Orators.—Mr. Edkins; Mr. Magg; Mr. Slackbridge.

Orphans.—Johnny; Lilian.

Pages.—Alphonse; Withers.

Painters.—Henry Gowan; Miss La Creevy.

Parish-clerks.—Solomon Daisy; Nathaniel Pipkin; Mr. Worsle.

Paupers.—Anny; Little Dick; Mrs. Fibbetson; Martha; John Edward Nandy; Oakum Head; Chief Refractory; Refractory Number Two; Old Sally; Mrs. Thingummy; Oliver Twist.

Pawnbrokers.—David Crimple; Mr. Henry; Pleasant Riderhood.

Pensioners.—Mr. Battens; Mrs. Quinch; Mrs. Saggers.

Pew-opener.—Mrs. Miff.

Philanthropists.—Bigwig Family; Luke Honeythunder; Mrs. Jellyby; Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle; Mr. Quale; Miss Wink.

Philosophers.—Doctor Jeddler; Mr. Mooney.

Physicians.—Bayham Badger; Mr. Chillip; Ginery Dunkle; Doctor Grummidge; Doctor Haggage; John Jobling; Doctor Kutankumagen; Doctor Lumbey; Alexander Manette; Mr. Pilkins; Parker Peps; Doctor Soemup; Joe Specks; Doctor Toorell; Doctor Wosky. *See also* SURGEONS.

Pirate.—Lieutenant-Colonel Robin Redforth.

Pickpockets.—*See* THIEVES.

Pilot.—Mr. Bulph.

Places (*various*).—Ball's Pond; Borrioboola Gha; Chinks's Basin; Chumbledon Square; Cloisterham; Dingley Dell; Dullborough; Eatanswill; Eden; Great Winglebury; Grogzwig; Haven of Philanthropy; Mill Pond Bank, Chinks's Basin; Mugby Junction; Muggleton; Namelesston; New Thermopylæ; Oldcastle; Old Hell Shaft; Old Mint; Pavilionstone; Plashwater Weir Mill; Pocket-Breaches; Pod's End; Poplar Walk; Port Middlebay; Princess's Place; Rats' Castle; Staggs's Garden; Stiffun's Acre; Tom-all-alone's; Tucket's Terrace; Verbosity; Wilderness Walk.

Plasterer.—Thomas Plornish.

Poets.—Mr. Slum; Augustus Snodgrass; Mrs. Leo Hunter.

Policemen.—Sergeant Dornton; Inspector Field; Mr. Inspector; Sergeant Mith; Parker; Peacoat; Quickear; Sharpeye; Inspector Stalker; Trampfoot; Williams; Sergeant Witchem.

Political parties.—Eatanswill Buffs; Eatanswill Blues.

Politicians.—Lord Boodle; Horatio Fizkin; Major Pawkins; Mr. Rogers; Samuel Slumkey.

Pony.—Whisker.

Porters, &c.—Bullamy; "Lamps;" Tugby; Toby Veck.

Postmasters.—Tom Cobb; Monsieur Gabelle.

Postmistress.—Mrs. Tomlinson.

Pot-boy.—Bob Gliddery.

Prisoners.—Mr. Ayresleigh; John Baptist Cavalletto; the Chancery Prisoner; William Dorrit; Charles Evrémonde; Doctor Haggage; George Heyling; Captain Hopkins; Horace Kinch; Mr. Martin; Wilkins Micawber; Mr. Mivins; Neddy; Mr. Price; Rigaud; Mr. Simpson; Smangle; Mr. Walker; Mr. Willis.

Public-houses.—Black Boy and Stomachache; Black Lion; Blue Boar; Blue Dragon; Boot-jack and Countenance; The Bush; The Crozier; Dolphin's Head; Golden Cross; Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity; Great White Horse; Holly-Tree; Jolly Bargemen; Jolly Boatmen; Jolly Sandboys; Jolly Tapley; Lighterman's Arms; Marquis of Granby; Maypole; National Hotel; Nutmeg Grater; Original Pig; The Peacock; Pegasus Arms; Pig and Tinderbox; St. James's Arms; Saracen's Head; Setting Moon; Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters; Slamjam Coffee-House; Sol's Arms; The Temeraire; Three Cripples; Three Jolly Bargemen; Travellers' Twopenny; Valiant Soldier; White Conduit House; White Horse Cellar; Winglebury Arms.

Pugilist.—The Game Chicken.

Pupils.—Adams; Belling; Bitherstone; Bitzer; Mrs. Black; Bobbo; Bolder; Briggs; Rosa Bud; Cobbey; David Copperfield; Cripples; George Demple; Dumbledon; Miss Edwards; Richard Evans; Adelina Fareway; Miss Ferdinand; Miss Frost; Miss Giggles; Bully Globson; Graymarsh; Harry; Charley Hexam; Miss Jennings; Johnson; Helena Landless; Jemmy Jackman Lirriper; Mary Anne; Mawls; Maxby; Mobbs; John Owen; Miss Pankey; Miss Reynolds; Miss Rickitts; Miss Shepherd; Barnet Skettles, junior; Snike; Miss Smithers;

Sophia; Joe Specks; Steerforth; Bob Tartar; Tomkins; Toots; Tozer; Traddles; Granville Wharton; White.

Ranger.—Phil Parkes.
Raven.—Grip.
Receivers of Stolen Goods.—Bully Bark; Fagin; Joe; Mr. Lively.
Reporter.—David Copperfield.
Residences, &c.—Abel Cottage; Amelia Cottage; Blunderstone Rookery; Boffin's Bower; Chesney Wold; The Den; The Elms; Fizkin Lodge; The Growlery; Gumtion House; Harmony Jail; Hoghton Towers; Manor Farm; Mudfog Hall; Norwood; Oak Lodge; Rose Villa; Rustic Lodge; Satis House; Stone Lodge; The Warren; Wooden Midshipman.
Resurrectionist.—Jerry Cruncher.
Rioters.—Ned Dennis; Hugh; Barnaby Rudge; Simon Tappertit.
Robe-maker.—Mr. Jennings.

Saddlers.—Old Lobbs; Tipkisson.
Schools.—Dotheboys Hall; Minerva House; Nuns' House; Salem House; Westgate House.
Sciences.—Ditchwateristics; Umbugology.
Seamen, &c.—Old Bill Barley; Captain Boldheart; William Boozey; Mr. Bulph; Captain Bunsby; Captain Cuttle; Dando; Dark Jack; Mercantile Jack; Job Potterson; Captain Purday; Lieutenant Tartar.
Secretaries.—Ferdinand Barnacle; Mr. Fish; Mr. Gashford; John Harmon; Mr. Jennings; Lafayette Kettle; Jonas Mudge; Mr. Wobbler.
Servants.—I. *Male.* Benjamin Britain; Brittles; Deputy; John Derrick; Do'em; Jeremiah Flintwinch; Old Glubb; John Grueby; James; Joe (the Fat Boy); John; Littimer; The Native; Kit Nubbles; Peak; Pepper; Phil; Pruffle; Tom Scott; Sloppy; Smike; Phil Squod; William Swidger; Mark Tapley; Tinkler; Robin Toodle; Job Trotter; Tungay; Samuel Weller.—II. *Female.* Jane Adams; Agnes; Anne; Barbara; Becky; Berinthia; Betsey; Biddy; Charlotte; Clickett; Mary Daws; Emma; Affery Flintwinch; Flowers; Goodwin; Guster; Hannah; Mademoiselle Hortense; Jane; Janet; Winifred Madgers; The Marchioness; Martha; Mary; Mary Anne; Caroline Maxey; 'Melia; Miss Miggs; Clemency Newcome; Susan Nipper; Mary Anne Paragon; Clara Peggotty; Mary Anne Perkinsop; Phœbe; Priscilla; Mrs. Rachael; Sally Rairyganoo; Robinson; Rosa; Tilly Slowboy; Betsey Snap; Sophia; Willing Sophy; Tamaroo; Tattycoram.
Sextons, &c.—Bill; Old David; Gabriel Grub.
Sharpers.—*See* SWINDLERS.
Sheriff's Officers.—Blathers; Dubbley; Duff; Mr. Namby; Mr. Neckett; Mr. Scaley; Mr. Smouch; Tom.
Shipwright.—Chips.
Shoe-binder.—Jemima Evans.
Shops.—Wooden Midshipman; Old Curiosity Shop.
Shopkeepers.—Giovanni Carlavero; Mrs. Chickenstalker; Mrs. Chivery; Augustus Cooper; Ernest Defarge; Little Nell's Grandfather; Mrs. Plornish; Pleasant Riderhood; Straudenheim; Mrs. Tugby.
Showmen, &c.—Tom Codlin; Mr. Grinder; Mr. Harris; Mrs. Jarley; Jerry; Mim; Vuffin.
Shrews.—Mrs. Bumble; Mrs. Joe Gargery; Mrs. MacStinger; Mrs. Mari-

gold; Miss Miggs; Mrs. Raddle; Sarah; Mrs. Snagsby; Mrs. Sowerberry; Fanny Squeers; Mrs. Squeers; Mrs. Varden.

Smiths.—Richard; Joe Gargery; Dolge Orlick; John.

Societies.—All-Muggleton Cricket Club; Finches of the Grove; Convened Chief Composite Committee of Central and District Philanthropists; Glorious Apollos; Infant Bonds of Joy; Ladies' Bible and Prayer-Book Distribution Society; Master Humphrey's Clock; Mr. Weller's Watch; Pickwick Club; 'Prentice Knights; Social Linen Box Committee; Superannuated Widows; United Aggregate Tribunal; United Bull-Dogs; United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association; Watertoast Association of United Sympathisers.

Spaniard.—Antonio.

Spendthrift.—Edward Dorrit.

Spies.—Roger Cly; Solomon Pross.

Sportsman.—Nathaniel Winkle.

Statisticians.—Mr. Filer; Mr. Kwakley; Mr. X. Ledbrain; Mr. Slug.

Stenographer.—David Copperfield.

Steward.—Mr. Rudge; Job Potterson.

Stoker.—Mr. Toodle.

Stonemason.—Durdles.

Straw-bonnet maker.—Jemima Evans.

Street-sweeper.—Jo.

Student.—Edmund Denham.

Sugar-baker.—Gabriel Parsons.

Suitors in Chancery.—Richard Carstone; Ada Clare; Miss Flite; Mr. Gridley; John Jarndyce.

Surgeons.—Mr. Knight Bell; Mr. Dawson; Mr. Lewsome; Mr. Losberne; Doctor Payne; Doctor Slammer; Allan Woodcourt. *See also* PHYSICIANS.

Swindlers, &c.—Blackey; Mr. Bonney; Do'em; Fitz-Whisker Fiercy; Alfred Jingle; Mr. Jinkins; Alfred Lammle; Mr. Merdle; Rigaud; Zephaniah Scadder; Montague Tigg; Job Trotter; Captain Walter Waters; Mr. Wolf.

Tailors.—Mr. Omer; Mr. Trabb; Alexander Trott.

Taxidermist.—Mr. Venus.

Teachers, &c.—Cornelia Blimber; Doctor Blimber; Mr. Blinkins; Old Cheeseman; Mr. Creakle; Mr. Cripples; Amelia and Maria Crumpton; Mr. Dadson; Miss Donny; Miss Drowvey; Mr. Feeder; Miss Grimmer; Miss Gwynn; Bradley Headstone; Betty Higden; Latin-Grammar Master; Mrs. Lemon; Mr. M'Choakumchild; Mr. Marton; Charles Mell; Miss Monflathers; the Misses Nettingall; Nicholas Nickleby; Emma Peecher; Professor Piper; Mr. Sharp; Wackford Squeers; Doctor Strong; Miss Tomkins; Miss Twinkleton; the Misses Wackles. *See also* GOVERNESSES.

Temperance Reformers.—Anthony Humm; Jonas Mudge; Brother Tadger.

Thieves.—Charley Bates; Bet; Tom Chitling; Noah Claypole; John Dawkins (the Artful Dodger); Doctor Dundey; Aaron Mesheck; Nancy; Mr. Shepherdson; Bill Sikes; Tally-ho Thompson; Earl of Warwick.

Toadies.—Mr. Boots; Mr. Brewer; Mr. and Mrs. Camilla; Mrs. Coiler; Mr. Flamwell; Georgiana; Mr. Pluck; Sarah Pocket; Mr. Pyke.

Tobacconist.—Miss Chivery.

Toy-maker.—Caleb Plummer.

Toy-merchant.—Tackleton.

Tramps.—John Anderson; Mrs. Anderson.
Turner.—Mr. Kenwigs.
Turnkeys, &c.—Mr. Akerman; Bob; John Chivery; Young John Chivery; Solomon Pross; Tom Roker.

Umbrella-maker.—Alexander Trott.
Undertakers.—Mr. Joram; Mr. Mould; Mr. Omer; Mr. Sowerberry; Tacker; Mr. Trabb.
Usurers.—Anthony Chuzzlewit; Arthur Gride; Ralph Nickleby; Grandfather Smallweed.

Vagabonds, &c.—John Anderson; Mr. Click; Bob Miles; Edward Twiggs; Winking Charley.
Valets.—*See* SERVANTS.
Verger.—Mr. Tope.
Vessels.—The Beauty; the Cautious Clara; the Family; the Royal Skewer; the Scorpion; the Screw; the Son and Heir.
Vestrymen.—Mr. Chib; Captain Banger; Mr. Dogginson; Mr. Magg; Mr. Tiddypot; Mr. Wigsby.

Waiters.—Ben; Christopher; Ezekiel; Jack; John; Miss Piff; William Potkins; Mrs. Sniff; Thomas; Miss Whiff; William.
Watermen.—Dando; Jesse Hexam; Mr. Lobley; Roger Riderhood; Tommy.
Weaver.—Stephen Blackpool.
Wharfinger.—Mr. Winkle, senior.
Wheelwright.—Mr. Hubble.
Widowers.—Mr. John Dounce; John Podgers; Tony Weller.
Widows.—Barbara's Mother; Mrs. Bardell; Mrs. Bedwin; Mrs. Billickin; Mrs. Bloss; Mrs. Brandley; Mrs. Briggs; Mrs. Budger; Mrs. Clennam; Mrs. Coiler; Mrs. Copperfield; Mrs. Corney; Mrs. Crisparkle; Lady Fareway; Mrs. Fielding; Flora Finching; Sally Flanders; Mrs. General; Mrs. Gowan; Edith Granger; Mrs. Gummidge; Mrs. Guppy; Mrs. Heep; Mrs. Jiniwin; Mrs. Markleham; Mrs. Maplesone; Mrs. Mitts; Mrs. Nickleby; Mrs. Nubbles; Mrs. Pegler; Mrs. Skewton; Mrs. Sparsit; Mrs. Starling; Mrs. Steerforth; Mrs. Taunton; Lady Tippins; Mrs. Tisher; Mrs. Wardle; Mrs. Woodcourt.

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